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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

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### EDUCATION AND PESSIMISM.

Every age in humanity's history has had its problems to solve. These have been solved peaceably or violently, partly or entirely, permanently or provisionally; or else they have been handed over as an heritage to some succeeding age for solution. But every problem, the significance of whose solution is not limited to particular times or places, is one that has received not a permanent and complete but only a partial and a progressive solution. That problem whose solution must affect every age must look to every age for its solution. Such problems may be solved for a time and thought to be solved forever, but sooner or later they return for a reconsideration, demanding a new or a deeper and a broader answer. Humanity's profoundest problems are not to receive their final and finished solution until humanity's course shall have been completed, and all the what's and the why's of its past, its present and its future shall have been fully answered. In fact these problems themselves are revealed to humanity only

little by little, and little by little are they to be solved; yet every partial solution is a fixed point in the line that determines the direction in which every new and better solution must be sought if ever found.

It seems quite clear that not only is the present age called upon to solve many new problems of its own—problems largely unknown to other ages, but also the demand is laid upon it to reconsider and to solve anew many very old problems. The most crying need of the present, and especially of the soon-to-be-present future, is not a solution of new problems—not a temporary adjustment of immediate difficulties; but it is a need for the going back to more fundamental principles and the reconstructing of the theories and consequent practices out of which have grown the difficulties now demanding removal. What the present age is longing for is not so much the patch-work reformer—not so much the giver of temporary relief—not the man that would stay destruction for an hour, but a man that is willing and able to go back and reopen questions that have been considered long since settled. In almost, if not quite, every important department of human conduct, there are serious blunders if not also deep wrongs. This no one for a moment will deny. In no department of human living has perfection been reached. In no realm of life has humanity yet attained unto the ideal that *now* hovers before its mind. To this every thoughtful man will agree. But to tell the whole truth it must be said that the mad rush of modern so-called human progress is not at present bringing the great mass of humanity any nearer to its ideal.

In saying this, there is no intention to discount either the fact or the significance of modern progress; but the intention is to show that *the* significance of modern progress lies chiefly if not wholly in the fact of the experimental lessons it teaches, the main import of which is that humanity is seeking the *summum bonum* by a path that leads not thither. To the loving, thoughtful, candid student of

human affairs, as he looks out upon the mad rush and dizzy whirl of pushing progress, and hears the pantings and the hasty heart-beats of the surging throng striving for place or property, or sees the languid looks and hears the deep-drawn sighs of those that loiter amid luxuries and long for what they have not, there comes inevitably the feeling, yea a sad consciousness amounting to more than a mere feeling—a knowledge—that humanity is laboring under some sad mistake—some serious blunder. Something has been overlooked, or the wrong thing been sought for, or it has been disappointing when found. At any rate no one will dare deny that there is a vast amount of energy expended in these times that fails either to increase the quantity or to elevate and enrich the quality of human well-being. In every department both of labor and of leisure there are criticisms and complainings.

In view of these facts, the inquiring mind cannot refrain from asking, Why all this hot haste and wearying work with so little really gained? In attempting to answer such questions, one may at once recognize that the sources and causes of these misunderstandings, errors, and wrongs are many and are much complicated. But it seems quite clear that one of the most fruitful sources of modern discontent and pessimism is to be found in the modern misconceptions that lie at the very foundations of modern education.

This age is an *objective* age. Every part and parcel of our modern education, and consequently of our civilization, have become permeated by this spirit of objectivity. In the earlier history of human thinking, men recognized a reciprocal action and reaction between the external world of things and the internal world of mind. Those ancient sages observed the many internal derires for many eternal things, but they considered man's power over external things much more limited and uncertain than his control over his own internal desires; and they, therefore, concluded that the nearer and surer way to man's well-being lay along the line of self-

conquest rather than in the direction of conquering the objective world. These systems of thought and consequent practice were one-sided and, therefore, failed to satisfy. Men learned later that for the best living they were dependent upon the external world of things about them—a dependence, too, which they could not escape. Then came the crusade for conquering the objective world. How grandly this conquest is succeeding (for it is still in progress) only modern and future material science and civilization can tell: and how utter is it be the defeat of the victors only the same witnesses can testify.

In attempting to determine what *ought to be*, one must take for a starting point what *is*. Consequently, in seeking rational grounds for any course of conduct, there are two fundamental truths, neither of which should ever be overlooked or disregarded. First, man is a sentient, æsthetico-ethical and religious being; that is, a being having *sensibility*, in the broadest sense of the term. Second, each man is one being in an inter-related system of reciprocally affected and mutually affecting beings; that is, each man is a part of one universal system.

It is from this first condition or characteristic of what *is*, namely, the fact of sensibility, that all *values* in the universe arise. Remove from existence all feeling consciousness, and at once all value, all worth, all obligation, is done away. Remove sensibility from the universe, and every thing, action or state becomes a matter of completest indifference. How universally extended may be this phase of consciousness, whether every really existent being or thing possess it or not, are questions left for the present to metaphysics. But it is true that, if aught else than conscious sensibility does exist anywhere within the universe, such thing or existence has only an extrinsic purpose or value; that is, its purpose is one lying outside the thing, action or state, itself and is only a means to an end lying beyond itself. Nor can that purpose rationally be ought else than the origin-

ating, continuing, changing, or destroying some state of conscious sensibility. In short, all that is or is done is of value only as it has produced, does, or shall, produce some modification of conscious sensibility; all else, be there other, is in vain: (though far be it from this conception to mean no more than narrow human utilitarianism, for the very doctrine here combated is but a form of the crassest inverted utilitarianism.) The fact is, in this following up of the modern signal victories of man over the physical external world of things, led on by rich treasures poured out by the way, man has become a slave to the very vanquished which he pursues. Thus the age has gone wild in its pursuit of physical things and the laws that govern their behavior, and humanity has wandered far away from its true home where alone it can find real nourishment and rest.

Rich indeed have been the spoils wrested from the material realm; but the treasures have not yet been brought home. Every store-house of physical nature has been invaded and many of her stubborn doors unbolted. Earth, air, fire and water have been laid under contribution at the almighty dictate of man. He has gone to the soil and has demanded harvests abundant and heavy, fruits luxuriant, richest and rarest. Here he has received his request, but these appease not his hunger, for it springs from a source in his nature too deep for the reach of meat and bread or milk and wine. He has yoked together fire and water and harnessed them to his wheels by which he leaves the winds in his flight over wave or through mountain; and yet he finds no haven of refuge from the storms that beat and break upon him, for they rise and rage within his own breast, and from them no ship or car can take him. The same agents he has compelled to create and to carry his produce and his merchandise to and fro and to turn the wheels that do his work; but neither freight nor express can carry the burden that weighs him down, nor can wheels and pulleys do

the work that makes him weary. He has gone to the clouds and has robbed them of their lightenings and made these the bearers of his messages; but the tidings they carry are not always those of peace and good-will, but often they murmur the discontent of millions, mutter the madness of mobs, or sob out the sorrows of the suffering. There is no denying the fact that the materialistic scientific spirit of this age has had and still has its mission and its message for humanity; but the mistake lies in making the mere getting and understanding of things physical an end in itself with all else a mere means to this end; while the mere getting and knowing of all things physical ought to be but a means to an end higher and nobler. This age has been making man, even in the world of culture, a mere piece of scientific apparatus, or a scrap-book or scrap-box for the reception of facts; or it has been preparing him for, and using him in, the world of business as a mere machine for creating or collecting some material stuff, either produce or money, for its own sake. Herein lies the fundamental mistake in the modern conception of education; and not in the modern only, but in the conception at all stages in the history of education.

The problem: What is educating and what is an education? is the old problem that is now pressing this age for a new and broader or deeper answer. None of the answers to this problem wrought out in actual practice in the past can suffice for the use of the future. The past has been teaching and the present is still teaching in practice that to educate man is to prepare him *for* something *else*. It is no uncommon thing, even in the sunset glow of the Nineteenth Century, for a student or a high class professor to ask: what *use* will that course of study ever be to me? A human life itself—a human soul itself—has come to be measured or valued by the amount of money or merchandise it can get and control, and the end or purpose of education is supposed to be a better preparation for getting

goods material. What purely culture courses there are in college curricula of to-day seem to be given and taken either for the purpose of preparing the students to teach them to coming generations for the pay they may get for teaching them, or else they are taken with the vague idea that they somehow educate and prepare the student for a better place, meaning by a "better place" one that will pay more money or honor for less labor. We are taught to believe that the prosperity of the individual is measured by the rate of increase in his material wealth; while the prosperity of a community or nation is measured by the same standard or weighed in the same scales. Yet who does not know how false are all these standards and methods and ideas? Money and material things are not what the world needs nor are they what it desires. Men and women are longing for a better state of inner spiritual life, or more corrrectly, they are striving after an increasing rate of inner progressive living in conscious sensibility. Because money and material things have relieved *some* longings and given *some* peace and pleasure, they have been sought and striven for with the hope that when found they will bring all that the human heart can desire. By many these have been found in richest abundance, and, by almost all, the amount or rate of increase of material wealth has become vastly augmented in this age of material science and mechanical inventions; but this vast increase in material things and mechanical contrivances has not brought with it the once expected and yet looked-for commensurate increase in human contentment and well-being. In material good things is to be found one of the two correlates or factors necessary for the production of human well-being; but when they are sought with the expectation that they alone and of themselves will bring all that heart can wish regardless of the inner state of heart itself, sad indeed must be the disappointment of the successful seeker; for the saddest wails of the human soul come not from failing to find that which it

seeks, but they come when the ideal is sought and found and reached but found to be false and mocking. When life has been spent in pursut of an ideal which, when at last it is attained unto, is found to be false, such success spreads a gloom over the future whose blackness of disappointment casts a deep hadow over the entire past of such life and makes *all* seem but "vanity and vexation of spirit"—far worse, indeed, than never to have reached the goal sought. Fortunate indeed is it for the satisfaction of this life that so few people ever come so near their goal of gain as to discover its utter unsatisfactoriness when it alone is attained. To draw progressively nearer and nearer to it with increasing haste, anxiety and effort, and at the same time with an increasing consciousness of disappointment, is budding and growing pessimism; to reach it, to grasp it and find it false is pessimism ripe and bitter.

Education is not a preparation for getting things and making money. It is not a preparation at all of any kind nor is it one *for* any *thing* outside itself. Educating is itself an unfolding of the mental life locked within the mental germ. It is itself the living, the growing, the developing of mind- or soul-life in accordance with rational laws; that is, in accordance with laws that shall maintain the harmony of the soul with the other units in the all-inclusive system of things and minds or souls about the soul or mind so unfolding. But this unfolding *is* the life of the mind, and this living consciousness *is* the very essence of the soul itself. Education or educating is itself soul-living increasing, and it is not a means to an end but is itself *the* end to which all else is but a means. No being or action can defend its right to real existence that is not inself this end or a means to it. If this age could only learn that all there is of any value whatever either *is* or is *for* the broadening and deepening, the heightening and the intensifying of soul-life, and could it learn that in mere getting and having there is naught of good save

what conduces to this one end, and would it learn to think and to act upon these principles and convictions, an old problem would have been resolved, and a capacity given for the appropriation and use of the rich stores laid at humanity's feet by the progress, inventions and discoveries of modern science and its methods.

But let it not be supposed by any one that his only mission in the world is an egotistic development of himself, and let no one think that the universe is constructed for his exclusive benefit, nor even for that of humanity alone. It is an incontrovertible fact that it is the right, yea the duty, of every individual to get for himself all he can out of the universe. But in inseparable connection with this let it be remembered that man is an altruistic, as well as an egoistic, a sympathetic, as well as a selfish, being, and that he is one in an interconnected, interrelated, interdependent system of others, both like and unlike himself. Therefore it is in the very nature of man and of things about him that, if a man would get most and be most for himself, he must give most and be most for others than himself. In fact and in short, man is a sympathetic social being in a universe of sympathetic social beings; and the essential nature of his real rational living, or soul-growing, is just the strengthening and the multiplying of the sympathetic cords that bind him to other than self. The very essence of soul-expansion is the ever increasing communion of soul or mind with other than itself in a language that grows ever more definite and more clearly intelligible. This and this alone is educating; this and this alone is real living. The world of men and of things is not for the individual to hoard up and possess as slaves and property with which to employ all one's time and on which to expend all one's energy in the mere hoarding and managing. There is no value in the mere hoarding and controlling of things material but only in the giving and receiving of soul-life, in the mutual influencing, the communing, the living together with,

of one and many. The universe of things and men is one grand choir or orchestra, yea rather the grand sweet symphony itself, whose sweetness and harmony are but the living sympathetic union in concord of its every part. Men and things together form but one grand social gathering of kindred natures met to commune one with another. But in this would-be glad company man is taught in this age that his business is to run hither and thither and to heap up or grasp-together all else than himself and call it his, while above him the stars are shining, the fleecy clouds are flying, at his feet rivers roll and brooks babble, and before him landscapes stretch away over hill and valley garlanded with flowers and foliage redolent with friendly fragrance and resonant with sympathetic songs of sylvan singers and with merry music wafted from wings of dainty denizens, all of which—stars, suns and skys, rivers, brooks and breezes, budding branch and blossom, bird, bee and beetle —call to him with ten thousand tongues in tender tones inviting him to come and share with them their rich luxury of living and to join their careless songs of gratefulness to Him who made and loveth all and liveth ever in all.

Further, not only does this age need to be taught that man is thus a social, sympathetic, æsthetic being in the midst of a vast universe of life, which it is his privilege and duty to share and enjoy, rather than to *get* for the getting's sake, but also it needs to realize that man has a God-given longing after the Infinite, which nothing but the Infinite can satisfy. But since human consciousness in any given time is finite quantitatively, it cannot grasp and contain the infinite quantitatively. It is the effort to do this that makes man *the* one intemperate, dissipating creature that he is. He tastes the divine infinite in this or that good thing, and is loth to take his lips from the ambrosial nectar until he has drunk in the Infinite quantitatively and all of one kind. But man's capacity for the Infinite is a capacity for infinite variety and infinite

quality. Include among the factors of human life and destiny the capacity for progressive improvement and infinite time—factors which every element of his nature demands—and you place before him the possibility of realizing all that his deepest longing for the Infinite can demand, and at the same time indicate the way in which it must be sought. Could man take in at once infinite quantity and quality and infinite variety, he would be the All-divine Infinite. Infinite quality he may have all the time, but infinite quantity in variety infinite time alone can suffice to supply. The infinite quality, ever within the reach of man, is a sympathetic living in harmonious communion with all parts of God's universe in loving good-will to all, together with a heart full of purest, deepest gratitude to, and adoration for, Him, because he maketh and sustaineth all. This would be to learn in practice the life of the God-man. This would stop man's attempt to satisfy his hungering for the Infinite by the gathering together and possessing infinite quantities of finite things, and would thus remove the very roots of pessimism and discontent; while the continued grasping after things and the knowledge of things for their own sake can but more and more intoxicate man and increase his hunger and his madness. May some great Capernicus in the educational world soon arise and take his stand upon this new center and give us a new system revolving around it! Such educating on such principles would be a sure and speedy cure for all pessimism and discontent; nor is there any other remedy.

W. I. CRANFORD.

## THE NORTH CAROLINA MANUMISSION SOCIETY.

Perhaps it will be a matter of considerable surprise to many, in fact a majority of the citizens of the State, to know that the anti-slavery sentiment was ever strong enough here to take the form of organized protest and endeavor against the practice of slavery. And they would be still more surprised to know that this was the case in some of our most prominent counties. Nor was this simply the agitation of abolitionists just on the eve of the great war, but it was organized and carried on in the early part of this century. And it would be the occasion for still greater surprise to know that this organization ever reached so prominent a position as to receive such recognition from a similar general American Society, as to be asked to present their views to the general society at Washington. Yet such was the case.

The first record we have of this organization is the minutes of the several branches of the "Manumission Society" in Guilford and Randolph counties, which met at "Center Meeting House" July 19, 1816. This name it retained for two or three years; but there seems to have been some discontent with the limited sphere of work which was implied in the name, and after several unimportant changes the name was finally agreed upon and the society became known as the "Manumission and Colonization Society of North Carolina." And by this name it would have been known if the attempt, on the part of some of the members, to have the society incorporated had succeeded, but it was not seconded by a majority and so the project failed.

In the matter of organization, the aim of the society was to have, in the various townships, as many local branches as was possible. These were all entitled to send delegates to the General Society which met twice a year, alternating between Deep River and Center Meeting Houses. The local branches were usually called by the name of the

"meeting house" at which their meetings were held, and they seem to have been carried on in nearly all the most populous communities of the two counties. These branches were allowed representation based on membership, and their delegates were elected for certain terms just as the other officers of the Society.

Among those who were present at the first meeting in 1816, we may notice the familiar names of Swain, Mendenhall, Sherwood and Worth, along with many others. The election of permanent officers resulted in choosing Moses Swain for President, Thomas Sherwood for Clerk, and Hugh Sherwood for Treasurer.

Upon a call of the local branches, it was found that the aggregate membership of the General Society of 147. At the September meeting in 1817 the whole number of members was reported at 256. In April, 1819, the total membership was estimated at 281. From this date until 1822 there were regular meetings, but in that year there were two attempts to hold sessions. but were both failures. This marks the first flagging of the zeal of the Society.

In 1824 there began to be agitated the question of the advisability of longer continuing the organization, and also in that year a committee was appointed to meet a State Abolition Society and to try to effect a consolidation of the two societies; this design was never carried out.

In September, 1825, the whole number of members was placed at 497, and in addition to the regular branches, a female society, located in the vicinity of Jamestown, was reported. and the Society resolved to recognize it as an auxiliary. From this time on there were, at various meetings, addresses and papers presented by this auxiliary to the General Society, and scarcely a meeting passed without there being adopted some suitable resolution in commendation of the work being done by the female society, and it continually furnishes a subject for praise to the President in his semi-annual address.

In March, 1826, we see a name somewhat more noted than the others when Wm. Swain was elected Secretary. There are no other occurrences of importance until 1828, when a committee on that subject recommended the division of the Society into two societies, and that there thus be formed Eastern and Western sections. Whether this was ever done, does not appear on the records. Nothing more worthy of note in the internal history of the Society is shown until 1834, when the question of longer continuing the Society again arose and, after a rather prolonged debate, it was decided that, as the Society had not yet accomplished all it started out to do, it would be wise to discontinue. Here the record ceases and we are left to suppose that the resolution was immediately carried into effect.

Such is a brief history of the Society, but not of its work, and there remains to be treated yet the various undertakings and how it went about carrying them out. Its plans and methods will give us not only an insight into the workings of the Society, but their success will throw great light upon the state of public sentiment on the question that was afterwards to become vital in the United States.

In the preamble to their constitution they ask whether they are acting in accord with the time-honored principles of liberty in holding slaves; and then declare their adherence to the Declaration of 1776, and that all men are entitled to freedom without reference to race or color, and the more enlightened men are, the greater disgrace in keeping our fellow-men in bondage. With such a declaration of principles as this they were positively committed to an aggressive campaign in the interest of freedom.

The Society was primarily and pre-eminently a *Manumission* Society. Of course it was out of its power to do anything effective along this line further than the dissemination of literature on the subject, and in every way possible to strive to stir up the consciences of men. It did

not attempt or profess to be a political organization, and only once do we find it discussing the issue as a political one, and then it was on the question as to whether the voting for candidates for legislature who were not in favor of emancipation was an impeachable offence. We are not told how it was decided, the record only saying that the seventh article of by-laws was struck out, but as this article does not touch that part of the subject, it does not throw any light on the subject.

One of the most effective means of arousing public sentiment in favor of manumission, was of course, to be through printing, and so at the very first meeting there was appointed a committee to superintend all printing. At the second meeting this committee read a letter from Mr. Jo. Gales, the editor of the Raleigh Register, in which he declined to print an article they had sent him, on the grounds that the subject was one on which the people of the State were not then in a temper to bear discussion; also because it might produce consequences of a direful nature by falling into the hands of the slaves, many of whom, he says, can read. Notwithstanding his refusal, though he did not openly espouse their cause, yet he expressed the wish that an end could be put to the practice of slavery, but, according to his opinion, it must be brought about by gradual means.

This refusal led to a proposition to establish a printing press subject to their own control. This was never carried into effect, but later we find an order to print and distribute free "The Friend of Peace," copies of which had been sent them by the Ohio Peace Society. They also stepped outside their proscribed bounds and discussed the printing of a pamphlet on war, which may be accounted for, however, by the strong Quaker sentiment that was predominant in the Society. They also seem to have reached the conclusion of the editor of the Register, and we find them ordering the printing of an essay in the East Tennessee

Patriot which should set forth the views of the Society, as it was not seasonable to publish it in this State. It may be well to mention just here that there was a similar society in Tennessee, and that a special committee had been appointed to carry on a correspondence with it, and some very encouraging reports were received from that State. Besides numerous other articles which were ordered printed, a committee was appointed to draw up a paper setting forth the comparative value of free and slave labor. And at another time the branches are all advised to subscribe for Benj. Lundy's "The Genius of Universal Emancipation."

Another department of work which naturally suggested itself, from the name under which they worked for a while, would be the encouragement of colonization and the rendering of pecuniary aid to such enterprises; but this part of the work does not seem to have met with a very hearty response on the part of the members. Perhaps the impracticability of such a scheme readily presented itself to their extremely practical minds. At any rate, we find few references to this part of it. At different times the scheme is mentioned in the addresses of the President. At one time he recommends Hayti, and at another time French Guina, for colonization purposes. Also at one meeting a motion was made and carried to send money to General Colonization Society. This seems to have been the extent of the aid and interest.

The Society also, at one of its earliest meetings, ordered the appointment of a commission to examine the laws of the different States and to make extracts of any parts relating to slavery.

At a later meeting the question of kidnaping was discussed, as was also the expediency of examining into certain cases of this kind which had been reported, and of trying to enforce the law against the practice. Later a standing committee was appointed to act in all cases of the kind that were reported to them, and they were instructed

to inquire into certain cases of persons who were reported to be held in bondage illegally; the Society agreeing to bear all expenses of the investigation.

The President, in his address in April, 1821, states that New Garden was making the experiment in the tuition of colored children in schools by themselves, and expressed the wish that it might be successful, and a committee on that matter reported favorably, recommending that the Society take steps to the same end. Along this same line was a resolution asking the slave-owners to teach their slaves how to take care of themselves. But afterwards a protest against the use of slave labor in the construction of the proposed railroad was indefinitely postponed, which virtually amounted to killing the proposition.

As another method of stirring up the public, it was suggested that a correspondence be entered into with the various religious organizations, and accordingly persons were appointed to write to the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and Moravians, and seem to have met with very hearty sympathy and assurances. At a later date the Society drew up a petition for the Baptists, asking the legislature to grant negroes license to preach, with certain restrictions.

Correspondence had also been opened with various abolition societies, and with the Bible and peace societies. They also sent out an address to the various branches to which they were asked to secure signers, and to have it forwarded to Congress. At a subsequent meeting two hundred and sixty names were reported as secured and sent to Thomas Settle, who was the representative at Washington.

To show the temper of the Society and the ardor of some of its members, it will not be out of place to quote the following from the minutes:

"There were two essays introduced from Reedy Fork branch, one entitled 'An apology for becoming a Manu-

mission member,' and the other comparing some among christian professors with Mohometans as far as respects slavery, which were read, approved and directed to be signed by the President and Secretary on behalf of the Society, and that they be forwarded on to the editor of the Emancipator for publication.''

In August, 1830, it was reported and approved in open session, that there was nothing libellous in the article for which W. L. Garrison was indicted and convicted, and that he did not overstep the liberty of speech guaranteed to him by the Constitution, and the committee recommend that the Association enter its protest against the unconstitutional decision in Garrison's case.

Toward the latter part of its existence, the meetings of the Society were conducted in somewhat the form of a debate on certain questions suggested by a committee for that purpose. These questions all relate in some way to the question of slavery; either the means of getting rid of it, or of arousing sentiment concerning it, or of a citizen's duty concerning it. But as they were always with one accord on the same side, they must have partaken of the nature of harangues instead of debates.

CHAS. C. WEAVER.

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## THE INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY INTO AMERICA.

It is interesting to notice that with the first introduction of civilized Europeans into America there should have come the plague of slavery, a system which was to curse and pollute its social life, and destined after two hundred and forty years of development to shake the very foundation of its government. It aroused section against section and lighted the fires of that civil war in the flames of which, kindled by its own hand, it perished. Nor is it less interesting to see how America and Africa became united, as it were, and how the fate of the Indian was joined with that of the

negro from the time of Prince Henry of Portugal. He it was who first explored the African coast in 1440 and to him is due the introduction of modern or negro slavery into America. Thus, as this discovery opened up a vast field for the wholesale traffic in men, so the discovery of America in 1492, with its almost illimitable undeveloped wealth and its scanty supply of labor, opened up a field in which this great mass of men could be utilized, and without which the development of to-day would have been impossible.

Had it not been for the discovery of America just at *this* time, the slave trade would probably have been shortlived, for the agricultural and mining interests of Europe would have created no demand for slaves. The same conditions existed in New England and it was only in the "sub-tropical region of the New World that it grew up quickly and sturdily as some foul weed in a congenial soil."

But first let us consider Indian slavery, for it was this form of slavery which first existed in the colonies, especially among the Spaniards. When Columbus came to Hispaniola on his second voyage, he found the whites and Indians already hostile, and in order to win the friendship of the Indians and also procure food for his men, he made war on a tribe of Caribs—who were in the habit of swooping down on the coast of Hispaniola seizing their men, women and children and eating them. In his encounter with these Caribs many of them were captured: these he sent to Spain to be converted, and then sent back as missionary interpreters. He said that it was indeed a kindness for him thus to save their souls, but also added that they might be taken in payment for the cargoes of provisions sent out by Spain.

It was only a short while after this, however, that a light tax was placed on the population of Hispanola over fourteen years old, in order that provisions might be obtained for the colonists; a provision indeed being made that all those who

were unable to pay this tax should render bodily service to the Spaniards. This regulation was perhaps well meant, but it was only two years before bodily service was required of whole villages, and in 1499 Hispaniola was divided into *repartimientos* or shares, which meant that one or more villages under their chief should toil for one Spaniard or a partnership of Spaniards; thus they were reduced to a kind of villienage resembling that of Feudal times.

In 1503 Ferdinand and Isabella, who disapproved of the *repartimiento* system, gave discretionary power to the Governor to compel Indians to work, but for wages. They also provided that they must be taught the Christian faith, and only Caribs actually taken in war should be enslaved. The Governor took advantage of this power to form "*encomiendas.*" By this was meant that the Indians were to be divided into lots of 50, 100 or 500 and given to the Spaniards. The deed of gift ran thus: "To you such a one is given on *encomienda* of so many Indians, and you are to teach them the things of our holy Catholic faith." This last clause was entirely disregarded by the Spaniards and the Indians were reduced to absolute bondage, virtually consigned, soul and body, to their mercy. All Indians were now called Caribs and were enslaved under that very law made to protect them.

It was about this time that the Spaniards, manifesting that spirit of cruelty and greed which always characterized their transactions in the New World, put the Indians to work in their mines, and thinking the supply inexhaustable, counted an Indian's life of no value; consequently they worked them to death without mercy. This tyranny continued until it seemed as if a pestilence had been among the natives, so great had been the destruction. Duruy says, that the island of Hispaniola, which in 1492 had a million inhabitants, nineteen years later had only 14,000. Thus we see that the natives were almost exterminated and labor became so scarce that it was necessary

to bring Indians from other islands and negroes to work in the mines. It was this scarcity of labor which practically started the negro slave trade in America, and we see Charles V. in 1517 granting a monopoly of this trade to a Genoese favorite, giving him the right to transport 4,000 Africans annually to the colonies.

In 1537 the enslavement of Indians was forbidden by Pope Paul III., but negroes were not mentioned, and in 1542 Charles V. commanded that for no cause whatever should an Indian be enslaved; this command joined with that law which was passed a little later, namely, that all *encomiendas* should be inherited during only two lives and should then escheat to the crown, practically freed the Indian forever. This fortune of the Indian however cost the negro race dear, for from this time the negroes were the only laborers employed by the Spaniards, and it has been said that domestic animals of civilized nations to-day fare much better than negro slaves at that time. The Spaniards, hardened by centuries of warfare, seem to have had an utter contempt for human life, and esteemed their slaves as beasts of burden to be worked as long as possible and cast aside when they ceased to be profitable.

This harsh and grasping spirit does not seem to have predominated in the English colonies of which we will now treat, and we find no evidence of the horrible conditions which existed among the Spaniards. Indian slavery seems here, as among the Spaniards, to have been the first form of slavery, and we see it existing in all the colonies. Captives taken in war seem to have been first enslaved, not so much for pecuniary gain, but for defense; for in this way the enemies of the colonists were weakened. We also find that at this time the commissioners of New York, Massachusets, Connecticut and other states, anticipating Indian warefare, decreed that "all plunder and captives taken in war shall be divided among the soldiers." In Maryland, Virginia and the other colonies, similar conditions existed

to those above mentioned, and we see this form of slavery existing almost everywhere until it was displaced by negro slavery about the beginning of the seventeenth century.

It has been well said, that before negro slavery could become firmly founded, there were three obstacles which must be overcome:

1. The Indians must be removed so that there will be no danger of massacre.

2. The whites must become strong enough to resist any attempt of the negroes to strike for liberty.

3. White servitude must be overcome.

In Virginia and Carolina, one of these obstacles seems to have been providentially removed, according to Governor Archdale, the Quaker Governor of Carolina at that time, who said that the hand of God seemed, indeed, to be thinning out the Indians by small-pox, etc., for the English, so that they might not have their blood upon their hands.

Under these favorable circumstances negro slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619, twelve years after the settlement of Jamestown. These two events, though close together in time, had quite a vast difference in their significance, and those two ships which came across the Atlantic bore elements so powerful, yet so unlike; the one with its freight of learning and civilization, the other with its ill-starred burden of wretchedness and woe, bearing the seed of a system destined to poison American civilization for years. From this time negro slavery, under the "fostering smile of Royalty," flourished, and the Royal African Company, a company in which Queen Ann, owned a quarter of the stock, imported so many slaves into the colony that the Virginia Assembly passed laws to restrain them, but the company obtained their repeal and continued their importations.

In North Carolina the conditions were naturally similar to those in Virginia, as it was settled, in a large measure, by Virginians. There is one point of difference, though,

namely: that every master or mistress who should import a slave fourteen years old into the colony, should be granted fifty acres of land. This offer was made by the Lords Proprietors.

It is unknown when negro slavery was introduced into Connecticut, but it is supposed to have been about 1625. From the laws made for his protection the negro must have been very kindly treated here, for even after a slave had been freed, if he should ever come to want, his master or the town in which he lived was compelled to support him. The clergy in this State also encouraged the system, each one being allowed to own two slaves.

In Maryland, when or by whom slavery was introduced is not known, but it must have been some time after its settlement before it was firmly planted; for as has already been said, there are three obstacles which must be overcome before a colony can firmly establish slavery, and it must have taken some time to wipe out these. Soon after the introduction of this system into Maryland, a very interesting question arose as to what effect the conversion of a negro should have on his status. The English courts decided that he could no longer be held a slave after conversion, for no Christian could be a slave legally. The General Assembly of Maryland, however, knowing that all the negroes would pretend to be converted, whether they were or not, in order to obtain their freedom, thereby causing their master great loss, passed a law that all slaves then in the colony, and all that should thereafter be imported, should be held in bondage for life. Another question which arose at this time was, if one parent should be free and the other a slave, what would be the status of the offspring. The courts, following the old law, said that the child should take the status of the mother.

In South Carolina, Governor John Yeaman imported slaves from the Barbadoes and first planted slavery there.

Georgia, however, which was settled by colonists under

the command of James Oglethorpe, who held that slavery was wrong according to the Gospel and the laws of England, was for a time a free colony. Soon, though, the colonists began to complain and slaves were secretly brought from South Carolina, and it was only a short while after this that, with the aid of the British Government, Georgia became a slave colony.

Slavery also quickly found its way into Delaware, Massachusets, New York, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and the other colonies. The Royal African Company being especially commanded by Queen Ann to keep New Jersey well supplied with "merchantable negroes." A similar offer to that made by the Lord Proprietors of North Carolina, was also made by the promoters of this colony, they offering to give seventy-five acres of land to any person who would import a negro into the colony.

Thus we have seen the beginning of slavery in the Spanish and English colonies. We have seen how the Spanish, forgetting for many years that they were men, treated the docile and unsophisticated Indians as if they were beasts, and how, having almost exterminated their race, they introduced negroes whom they thought to be hardier and more capable of work, to take their place. They seemed to forget that their slaves were created in the image of God and were their fellow-creatures.

In contrast to this cruelty we have seen the manner in which slaves were treated in the English colonies, how humanely the Indians were treated, and after them, how the negroes, especially in the South, were taken into the family in many cases, and treated not as a mere pieces of property, but as members of that family. Here a master knew his slaves by name, and valued them not as so many cattle without souls, but as human beings with whom he was to live, not on equal terms, 'tis true, because he thought he had a right, a divine right we might say, to rule over and be above them. It was his pleasure to teach

them and provide for their comfort, and in many cases there existed the warmest love between master and slave.

This servitude, it seems to us, as it existed in the English colonies, was the best thing which could have happened to the negro. It is true that it did smother for a time that "spirit of liberty in the blacks," yet it is also true that but for this servitude, which brought him in contact with the most advanced civilization of the age, he never would have accomplished what he has accomplished. Some persons, indeed we might say some nations, seem born for slavery, and these Africans who were brought to America, were such a people and in need of just such servitude as they were placed under here, and it is difficult to see how, as a race, the utterly "ignorant, improvident and aimless Africans" could ever have been brought to till the ground, and after two hundred and forty years of development take their place among the most intellectual people of the day, not as mere day-laborers, but some of them as men of thought, capable of holding their own with the best, had it not been for the "tutalage of their slave-holding masters." And thus taking these things into consideration, it seems to us that the end attained almost, if not wholly, justifies the means used for attaining it.

P. V. ANDERSON.

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## JOHN S. CAIRNS, ORNITHOLOGIST.

North Carolina has produced many men of genius whose lives gave rich prospects of fame and usefulness, who doubtless would have brought honor and glory to the shrine of the "Old North State;" but when life has seemed most hopeful to them, when their work has begun, as it appeared, to cast upon them the halo of success, they have been snatched away from the merited renown of this world to the rest and greater glory of the Unknown. The lamented Fuller, with his thirty ideal years of a faithful

life, and the invalid Gillespie, struggling against the evils of a life-devouring disease for the calling of his muse, are illustrations of this lamentable fact—this law of Fate.

It is not of one who showed talents for the work of the poet, the statesman, or the orator that I now write, but of one who had gifts which promised him a station of note in the scientific world.

John S. Cairns was born February 10, 1862, at Lawrence, Mass. He was of Scotch parentage. His father had left "the banks and braes" of "bonnie Scotland" for the new prosperity of America. Being an intelligent, well-read man, he and his faithful wife brought with them a large and valuable stock of Scotch ideas of work and industry.

Mr. Cairns, when his son was about eight years of age, moved to Western Carolina, taking charge of some woolen mills several miles from Asheville. Here, in the very heart of nature, among the mountains of our own Carolina, the subject of this sketch found his life work. He early showed much interest in natural history. So absorbed was he in this work, that he could not be prevailed upon to pay strict attention to school studies. Whenever the young lover of nature found an opportunity, he would steal away to observe the habits of the wild animals. Adam Moss might have been speaking for him when he said: "As one goes early to a concert hall with a passion even for the preliminary tuning of the musicians, so my ear sits alone in the vast amphitheatre of Nature and waits for the earliest warble of the blue-bird, which seems to start up somewhere behind the heavenly curtains."

At eighteen, he began his collections, the finest of North Carolina specimens. Henceforth his life is an illustration of a noble devotion to a high aim; what Philips Brooks might well call "Deep calling unto Deep;" that longing in the mind of man to reach out and lay hold upon the heart of Nature—to learn of her, to read her lessons, to solve her problems, to hear the music of her many voices

which but forms a part of the great symphony of God. His work was all done under great difficulties. His family were opposed to his wanderings among the mountains in search of specimens. Then it was hard for him to secure the best books to aid him in the first steps of his study. He was shamefully cheated in his first efforts at exchanges and classifications by men who cared less for the science and more for "the loaves and fishes." And not least of all, he was compelled to support himself while at work. Notwithstanding these difficulties, he obeyed his call with the characteristic zeal of the true scientist, and nature greatly rewarded him for his interest in her behalf.

His work was done entirely in Western North Carolina. Here is one of the vastest and richest fields for ornithological study in America. Every hill and dale has a separate family of birds; each woodland discloses new secrets to discourage the heart of the observer. Mr. Cairns went to work with an untiring zeal and vigilance. As the result of his labors, many thousand skins and eggs have been added to our zoological museums. To him, more than to any one else, is indebted our knowledge of the Western Carolina birds, a region differing very much in this, as in other respects, from Eastern Carolina. He discovered a rare species of the Acadian owl, before unknown to be native to our State. Many were the days and nights he spent among the rugged Black Mountains and other ranges in pursuit of his favorite work.

In every particular, Mr. Cairns obeyed the divine command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." His early collections, he sold. His last collection numbers about one thousand skins and fifteen hundred eggs. Many of these have been separated from the main body; yet it is wonderful to stand and view the remains of his work at his home at Weaverville. So well did he obey the "God-given mandate, 'Work thou in well-doing,'" that the Smithsonian Institution, the New York Museum,

Harvard, and the State Museum of North Carolina considered it a favor to receive his collections. Not only this, but he had correspondence with the leading ornithologists of this country and made exchanges not only with his own countrymen, but also with those of foreign lands. He was a member of the American Ornithologists Union.

Unfortunately for science, he, to a certain extent, possessed the peculiarly reticent nature of his great fellow-scientist, Thoreau. Hence it is that very little of his work has appeared in print. His friends desired him to publish a book on North Carolina Ornithology, but he would not. He could not be prevailed upon to write for magazines, except at the special request of the editors. But as has been said of the recluse of Walden Pond, "He saw as with a microscope, heard as with an ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." Of his magazine articles, two are in the Ornithologist and Oologist on the Birds of Buncombe County, North Carolina. He also wrote a valuable article on the Black-Throated Blue-Warbler. He furnished many lists to C. Hart Mirriam, Director of the Department of Ornithology, at Washington. From observation and personal study he made a classified list of the birds of Western North Carolina, a copy of which is now in the Trinity Historical Museum.

But the greatest and best thing that can be said of Mr. Cairns is that he was authentic. Many so-called scientists make reports of birds and animals they have not seen, but only read of or imagined they have seen. Mr. Cairns was a careful observer. He never made a statement unless he had a specimen to support his assertion—never entered into a discussion without convincing evidence that he was right. He was the indirect means of teaching the Academy of Natural Sciences at Philadelphia the proper identification of the wild turkey. So skilled was he that he could easily identify birds by their mode of flight.

Speaking of him and his work, Mr. William Brewster, of Cambridge, says: "Of all the correspondents whom I have had during an experience of more than twenty years, Mr. Cairns has proved himself to be one of the most helpful and kind. His generosity has been simply boundless. He has done far more than any other one man to advance our knowledge of the birds of Western North Carolina, and his loss to ornithologists is a heavy one."

Like our own Dr. Mitchell, his life was not only spent in the service of science, but it was lost in it. In June, 1895, while searching for some rare specimens among the Black Mountains, he became separated from his party. When he did not return, a search was made. After many hours of weary toil and anxious expectation, he was found lying by the trunk of a large tree, his head pillowed upon a bed of moss, and life extinct. While knocking the fungus from a log with his gun, it was discharged, killing him instantly. The place where he died is but a few miles from where the lifeless body of Dr. Mitchell was found. His remains were brought back to his home and buried with Masonic honors in the village cemetery, where the birds sing their requiem above the still heart that loved them so well.

The Auk, the organ of the American Ornithologists Union, in commenting upon the death of Mr. Cairns, says: "His untimely and sad death is a distinct loss to ornithology. Fortunately, some of his notes, so generously sent to ornithologists with whom he was in correspondence, may yet see the light." Had his life been prolonged he would doubtless have given us a valuable and useful scientific work.

"But Nature never did betray the heart that loved her." Cairns and Mitchell, in their zeal to serve her, lost their lives. And we can but trust that "beyond the Orient meadows of Eternity" they rest upon the slopes of Mount Zion, "which abideth forever," and the secrets they longed

to fathom here are revealed to them there, and they know "as we are known."

To bear witness of Mr. Cairns' noble labors in behalf of the cause he loved so well, there remains a large collection of specimens. This is beyond a doubt the finest of North Carolina bird museums. Many organizations have already attempted to secure it. But let us as North Carolinians guard this collection as one of the treasures of our State, nor allow it to go beyond our borders. We would rejoice to know that Trinity could make this valuable acquisition to her store of scientific possessions.

W. K. BOYD.

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## TO MY CLASSMATES.

We've left the roofs where love supremely reigns,
  Where thoughtful hearts the chains of self suppress;
Where never lip a cheering word retains
  And every hand is lifted but to bless.

Full many times our dreams had taken flight
  And caught a happy glimpse of college days;
But now the dreamy strangeness of the night
  Has vanished in the glow of morning rays.

Here the streamlets of our life begin to flow
  From smiling springs o'er rocks and silvery sands,
And deeper, broader, stronger should they grow,
  To carry sweeter life to barren lands.

But why stay here confined within these walls,
  And day by day revolve our minds in thought?
Why spend our time in narrow college halls
  And see the world with myriad pleasures frought?

Were it not best to seek a freer life,
  To smite the world and seize upon its gold?
And then retire to rest from all its strife
  And live in prosperous ease, with merry soul?

Ah! noble life sees higher peaks than these;
  The eagle soars where small birds never rise:
And could our gold all other wants appease,
  It cannot buy the treasures of the wise.

O listless mind! take time to meditate;
  No mystic fount our youth can e'er restore;

Dream not away these days of precious weight,
  But let each day some hidden depth explore.

We will not halt 'till Alpine heights we scale,
  Where God's own skies their hidden secrets speak;
For even then we stand as in a vale
  And long in vain to mount yon distant peak.

We need not leave our name on gilded domes—
  'Twill perish 'neath the silent tramp of years;
But in the beating hearts of humble homes
  Where grateful souls will keep it fresh with tears.

And though we ne'er attain to sovereign pow'r
  And with our greatness charm admiring throng;
Yet each is heir to some more lowly dow'r
  Whose use will lift and help the world along.

Though wiser still each day we seem to grow,
  Though ev'ry hour some hidden thoughts unfold;
Yet when our locks in silvery ripeness flow,
  We still shall see great worlds of thought untold.

D. W. N.

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## CONFERENCE OF SOUTHERN STUDENTS AT KNOXVILLE

The work of Trinity College Young Men's Christian Association of last year, was one that will be long remembered by those who attended school during '95 and '96. Its influence, which was felt throughout the entire college year, was far-reaching and the results of its work eternity alone will reveal.

Much of the good done may be traced to the zeal of our delegates to the Knoxville Summer School in June 1895. It was here that our men received much of their necessary training; here where they came in contact with the very best type of Christian manhood in the South; and here too among the hills of the Tennessee valley that the resolves for the year's work were made and its battles fought and won.

Firmly believing in the advisability of again sending delegates to this Conference, with the kindly aid of the friends "down town," the College Faculty and the student-

body, Trinity was able to send to the Southern Student's Conference in June last, six delegates to represent her interests in Christian work. This was the fifth session of the Conference in Knoxville, and was held from June 19, to 28. It was under the direction of the College Department of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

One hundred and ninety-five men gathered there from nearly all the Colleges of the Southern States. Among the platform speakers were some of the most prominent Bible students and leaders in Christian thought of all denominations. Very much might be written about the personality of the men who took active part in the public meetings. Among those present were: Rev. R. A. Torry of Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago; Rev. Dr. Brooks of St. Louis; Mr. Chas. T. Studd of Cambridge University, England, a Missionary recently returned from China; Dr. Sampey of Louisville, Ky., and Dr. S. A. Steele, Epworth League Secretary of the Southern Methodist Church.

The "work" may be said to have been divided into two main classes, the Bible and Missionary Classes, the College Conferences, and the Platform Meetings. We make no mistake when we call this "work," for the lectures and meetings began at 7:30 in the morning and continued until 10:30 at night, with a recess in the afternoon for athletics. There was first the Missionary Institute, then a Devotional Bible Study Class, and a Bible Worker's Training Class. After this came the College Conference at which reports were made daily on different items of work and general interest from the several Institutes represented. Then the Platform Meetings, which were addressed by men chosen for the occasion. These were open to the public and every one of them was an inspiration to those who were privileged to attend.

Every evening in the open air on the hillside was held one of the most impressive meetings of the whole gathering. Entirely informal, nearly 200 young men were seated

around on the grass in the twilight of the June evenings as one or another would present to them the pressing needs for consecrated Christian manhood in business, the Home and the Foreign Missionary fields. This was the time of all times to many young men. It was the "Life Work" Conference and well might it be called such, for during its sessions, many a young man decided his life's work as he was impressed with the various and urgent needs of the lines of service presented to him. From beginning to end the Conference itself was a decided success. The personal contact with men from every quarter of our Southern States was one of the greatest benefits received. Conversation and conference with them taught us to believe and to hope the very best future for the religious interests of our country.

With the College as the leader of thought in our public life, and consecrated Christian men leading the thought of the College community, the very best that God has shall be ours. In doing this work these Annual Conferences are materially aiding the Facultles of the various Institutions to solve the problems which they alone could never solve. The real life of the students is in a very large measure decided by their schools. When Christian life prevails there, every man must feel its influence, nothing contrary to its teachings can live in such an atmosphere. It makes the "College Days" the days to be remembered as time well spent. They are days of opportunities and it remains for the Christian young men of our College to take advantage of them as they come.

## "THE HAUNTED HOUSE."

Notwithstanding the enlightenment and culture of the nineteenth century, we are often astonished at the superstitious ideas that darken the judgment of seemingly intellectual people. The time is probably far distant, when this really ludicrous belief in ghosts, hobgoblins, and other equally as airy personages will be entirely discarded.

Among the negroes of the South, is this relic of antiquity especially noticeable. They yet retain that horror of the supernatural, which in the palmy days "befo' de wa'," caused them to magnify the slightest occurence into something wonderful, and to deem the sighing of winter winds, the melancholly whisperings of unhappy souls come back to haunt the scenes of their mortality. The left hind foot of a grave-yard rabbit still retains for them magic powers to charm away the worst of calamities, and the horse-shoe is an indispensable magnet to attract that most unreliable of all things—good luck to their homes.

Yet superstition is not confined, altogether, within the bounds of the negro race. We find symptoms of this disease (for it must be a disease) even among the better classes of society. But it is more marked among the uncultured, especially that class who early choose the sea as a vocation. That same fear of the supernatural which turned back from a new world nautical aspirants in the day of Columbus is prevelant to-day among nine-tenths of our ordinary sailors. The phantom ship is yet a reality, and no matter how propitious the weather, it is the next thing to an impossibility to induce a crew to begin a voyage on Friday.

But it is not my intention to enter into a lengthy discussion concerning superstition, but rather to relate simply a story, as related to me by an "old tar," whose companion I often was before he found a grave beneath the surge of the mourning sea.

Close down by the seashore in the little town of C——, stands an old, dilapidated dwelling of antique architecture, nearly screened from view by many stately elms and white-skin beeches. The rustic fence surrounding it is overgrown with creeping vines, that run riot in every direction and form an almost impassible barrier to those who might be urged to enter, if for no other reason, for the gratification of curiosity. The broken shutters, open doors hanging loose on rusty hinges, unkept grounds, and the almost impassible walls of untrimmed vines, indicate the place to be untenanted and long since deserted. Yet there is an indescribable something, a charm irresistable, about the old place.

We had sat down, old Uucle Jack and I, upon an overturned yawl just in front of the old house, and near the water's edge. The day was nearly done, and the lambent rays of the sinking sun kissed the rippling waters, causing them to blush and glow, until the wide expanse seemed a wavy sheet of gleaming gold.

"What, Uncle Jack!" I asked, "You believe in ghosts?"

"Yes lad," (he called me "lad" when he desired to be especially kind). "I really do believe in ghosts, and why not—have I not seen one with my own eyes?"

"How incredible!—I cannot believe that you have seen a real, orthodox ghost: tell me all about it, how did it look?"

"I saw it right over there." His grey eyes lighted with a half smile as he said this, pointing in the direction of the old house. The house did, indeed, have a ghostly appearance, looming up there so still, surrounded by stately trees that sifted the amber light through their foliage, producing a weird effect of light and shadow.

"Yes, I was a young man then," he continued after a pause, "and captain of the Polly Ann, as good a craft as ever poked prow over a stormy bar. I spent much of my time here. It was during one of my stays ashore at this place that I heard the strange story of 'The Haunted House.'

"One night several young men of the town and myself were discussing the reality of ghosts. I was not a believer in ghosts at that time, and at once declared all such to be humbuggery and folly.

"One of them, in the heat of discussion, offered to wager five dollars that if I remained over night in yonder house I would see a ghost before sunrise. I at once accepted the wager, at the same time asking why the house was called 'The Haunted House.'

'Well, this is the reason,' one of them began. 'A few years ago an old man came here reputed to be very wealthy, and desirous of ending the few remaining years alloted to him in quiet. He bought the Tucker lot, a beautiful situation, and erect. an elegant home, fitting it up in magnificent style, and surrounding it with every attraction.

'For some years he lived there in seclusion with his daughter and a servant who attended to the duties of the house. Sometimes he would come down town to attend to some business transaction, and then return home without futher ado. He was a stranger to all except those who had business with him, and all regarded him as a queer man.

'It soon circulated about the town that his daughter was very beautiful. This created some commotion among the young men; but they seldom had the opportunity of seeing her, for Miss Annie Lecraft rarely appeared in public, and when she did, her face was concealed by a heavy veil. She was as distant as her father, and repulsed all by her haughty demeanor and cold reserve.

'Strange stories were whispered concerning the relationship of the old man and this young and beautiful woman. Some went so far as to aver, openly, that she was not his daughter at all, but such talk was finally dismissed as gossip, though many would shake their heads and look wise when she passed by, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by the housekeeper.

'After a time the gossips about town were given a new theme. A stranger, and a young man at that, had been seen at old Mr. Lecraft's home. All the young ladies were at once wild to see him, as he was declared by those who had seen him to be very handsome. Their desire was often gratified, for as he and Miss Lecraft rode out together nearly every afternoon. On these occasions Miss Lecraft substituted a thin veil for the heavy one usually worn, and those who saw them pronounced them the handsomest couple they had ever seen. What most astonished all was, that a woman who had repulsed every one with such haughty dignity and cold reserve, could in so brief a time be metamorphosed into a veritable chatter box, laughing and chatting gayly with her debonaire companion, who seemed to be perfectly happy, and oftimes greeted her smiles with smiles of admiration that beautifully lighted his strong face and splended eyes. Anyone could easily perceive that they were *bona fide* sweethearts, and rumor at once circulated it throughout the town that they were soon to be married.

'But a strange thing was yet to happen, which gave the young ladies, who were so eager, an opportunity to meet Mr. Landale. The town for a while was electrified, as it were, with wonder and astonishment. Mr. Lecraft, who had lived among them so long in utter seclusion now opened wide his doors and invited all the best people to come in, which they did, more out of curiosity at first, but later, for the real pleasure which they enjoyed. As if by magic the loneliness of the place was converted into wildest festivity, and every evening found the house and grounds teaming with visitors and merry with the mirth of as many happy hearts. Miss Annie was always present among her guests, showing those courtesies which they demanded with a simple, unassumed grace that was highly commendable and worthy of a queen. Yet every one could see that her heart was not her own, but in the possession of hand-

some Auther Landale, who paid some attention to many of the ladies, but more to Miss Annie.

"'Too quickly the palmy days of summer passed away, but not so quickly as not to see a marked change in the opinion and demeanor of all towards Mr. Lecraft and his beautiful daughter. All vied with each other now in the profusiveness of their praise, while only a short time ago, they were as eager to condemn. Verily, who can tell to-day what the morrow will bring? Perhaps changes never dreamed of.

'Summer had gone, and autumn too was preparing to change her rich robes for winter. As usual, the halls and grounds were ringing with mirth and happiness. None seemed conscious that amid the scenes of their festivity a tragedy that would convert all their joys into sorrow was being enacted. Nothing indicated it. The night was calm and serene, and the moon, half full, raised her peaceful brow above the waves, and let fall her soft light to bathe the changing leaves and kiss the rippling waters. The stillness was unbroken, except by peals of laughter vibrating from happy lips and the swash, swash, swash of the sea's gentle undulations upon the gleaming sands. When suddenly—a shot, a scream—another shot—and then all was still. Laughter was hushed and all the mirth changed into gloom. Faces a moment before so bright were now horror-stricken. For some time all sat in silence—no one seemed able to break the spell. Their faculties were dulled and their limbs paralized, but the first shock over they gradually recovered and, as if with one accord, began to move in the direction of a small pavilion, from which the sound of the shots had come.

'The first to arrive at the pavilion was young Charlie Blair; and the sight which met his vision froze the blood in his veins and sent him staggering back as from the force of a blow.

'Outstretched upon the floor lay handsome Arthur. Upon

his upturned face the moonlight, fell disclosing a jagged wound in the forehead, from which the blood still flowed and meandered slowly along the uneven floor like a serpant of fire. Across his body, with one gleaming, white arm half entwined about his neck, lay the form of Annie Lecraft. Her golden hair had fallen from its coil and tumbled in a wavy cloud about her; her right hand, pressed beneath her, still grasped a small gold-mounted revolver. All at once realized that her fair, tender fingers had sent both into eternity. But why? Only a few ever knew, and in looking back, these few could hardly find heart to censure her, who preferred death to a life of endless shame.

'They were laid in the same grave, beneath an old beech-tree behind the house. Above them the winds sigh both by day and by night, a sad requiem for such a sad end.

'Not long did the old man, broken in years, survive the blow given on that eventful night. But quickly as a tree severed at its roots, he began to totter to his fall, and soon another grave was made beneath the beech by the side of the one already there. Was she right or wrong in causing three souls to cross the chilly waters? I know not; nor shall I know until time is no more, and we all meet somewhere—I know not where—beyond the grave.

'Since that day, no man has ever dared to remain over night in that house alone. And I have heard good authority declare that often, when all is still, and the moon riding high in the heavens, the report of a pistol can be heard resounding clear and distinct on the midnight air, from out the clump of bushes which now marks the spot where the pavillion stood.'

"Thus he spoke, and when he had finished, turned to me. However, nothing daunted, I again declared that I would remain over night in that house, as all such reports were the vain productions of idle imaginations and absolutely without foundation.

"Next night, accompanied by a few friends, I came to

the old house over there. Climbing the rustic fence, I leaped boldly into the yard. Bidding my friends good night, I passed like a shadow through the door, and stood alone in a strange house, reputed to be haunted. The moonbeams, which streamed in at the open door, somewhat lighted the dust-covered hall across which no man had gone for many years. Making my way along the hall for some distance, I came to a door, at the lower end, slightly ajar. Pushing it open, I found myself entering the bed-chamber of Miss Lecraft—I at least supposed so, as in the flickering light of a candle, (brought with me) I saw many articles of female attire lying in much disorder on all sides, and almost buried in dust and mildew. Everywhere, from the frescoed walls to the window curtains of rarest lace that drooped in many folds down to the carpeted floor were indications of opulence. On one side stood a fine old mahogany bedstead, and the bed, although covered with dust, was undisturbed and looked as tempting as though made up by the old house-keeper on that very day. Other articles of furniture were scattered about the room in much profusion. Why these artiticles were left undisturbed I never knew, but suppose the old man was too feeble to attend to them.

"The air was intensely oppressive when I entered, so I crossed the room and pushing aside the curtains threw up the window, letting in the moonlight and the night's fresh air. For sometime I sat there by the window, looking out upon the azure skye, flecked with a few pale stars, and occasionally let fall my eyes to where the beech trees raised themselves so silently in the moonlight. Beneath one I could plainly see two graves marked by ghostly stones. I could not but think of the story I had listened to on the night before, and muse concerning the strange fate that had brought those three to a sad end.

"The town clock heralded the hour of eleven. I arose and prepared to retire. After lying down, for some time

I tossed restlessly. I could not sleep, but lay there gazing out upon the dull sky, the still beeches, and the two silent graves, above which the two stones kept guard like white robed angels that none might approach.

"Ah, well I remember that night. I can never forget it, and even now all comes back so real, I almost fear to remain here, although the day is not ended. I lay there and often bolstered up my waning courage, for I really felt uncomfortable, and the air felt so close and heavy I could scarcely breathe. I endeavored to divert my mind from the strange story of Annie Lecraft, but in vain. I must have fallen asleep; I was still musing, yet I was asleep. The story I had heard haunted my dreams, and all the scenes passed before me as vividly as though I myself had seen her raise the pistol and shoot Arthur Langdale down, and then, ere the report echoed away, fall upon his neck and send a ball through her own heart; I could see the jagged wound in his forehead, from which the blood still flowed; I could see her form half enveloped in a cloud of golden hair lying across him, with one gleaming, white arm entwined around his neck, and many horror-stricken faces peering down upon them, lying there so cold and so still in the moon-light.

"If it were a dream, it was a horrible one, and one from which I awoke with a cry of terror. I leaped from the bed, and stood trembling upon the floor completely unnerved. For surely as I live, I heard the report of a revolver, sharp and clear, echo across the midnight air, followed by a hoarse scream and the dull thud of a falling body and then another shot rang out, accompanied by another scream, shrill and high and full of agony. Then audible was the tramp of hurrying feet—I rushed to the door, and —Oh! the sight that met my eyes! Down the hall I saw a woman come arrayed in garments of purest white. Her golden hair was disheveled. In her arms, she bore the form of a man, handsome as a god; his upturned face dis-

closed a jagged wound in the forehead. That one glance was enough; the awful truth burst upon me—it was surely Annie Lecraft and the victim of her wrath. I fell to the floor unconscious.

"When I recovered, I found myself in the room of the young man with whom I had made the wager. A few others were also present, and they were using powerful stimulents to restore me. I paid the five dollars without a word, and from that day to this I have been a firm believer in ghosts, no matter what othrs may say. But come, lad, let's go, it is late and that house is surely haunted."

E. W. HILL.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IN TAKING into its hands the management and destiny of THE ARCHIVE, the present Senior Class finds it raised by its predecessor to a standard far above anything it had attained in former years, and, when compared with other college magazines of the South, holding a position among them of which it need not be ashamed. This degree of excellence has been attained by organized effort on the part of the preceding Senior Class, and by the support of the student-body at large and the Alumni and friends of the college. Stronger support and increased effort in the same direction will add to the worth of the magazine and raise it to yet a higher standard. All that is necessary is for us as a class to go into the work with a spirit of progressiveness and zeal that will cause THE ARCHIVE to be worthy of the support of students, alumni and friends, and then, for these last named persons to do their duty toward us, their college and themselves, by supporting it. The class is, we believe, willing to do its part, and will endeavor to see that the magazine is filled with matter that will pay for the support given it.

Students and Alumni, you doubtless think that the Senior Class has a great responsibility resting on its shoulders and a duty cast in its path which it should not perform slightly. You are right in your opinion; we are aware of the responsibility that falls upon us. But have you no part of this responsibility to bear? Does it all depend upon our loyalty and devotion to duty? Is there not resting upon you a duty which, though far easier to perform, is just as binding as ours? We think there is. As every effort to get up a good magazine will be futile without your aid, and as run-

ning a college magazine is a double-sided affair, we earnestly beg you to do your part; you have our promise that we will do ours.

The word, support, is often used in a narrow sense, as if it meant helping a cause in some one particular way only. We do not mean to use the word in that restricted sense. When we say that the students should support THE ARCHIVE, we do not intend to convey alone the idea that they should subscribe and thereby help it financially, but that they should go farther than this and give it their full, all-round support; they should give their sympathy, encouragement and appreciation. It will be hard—even impossible—for those in charge of the magazine to do the best for it, unless their fellow-students appreciate their efforts.

There is another way of supporting the magazine, which, if not so direct as some of the others, is, nevertheless, real and far-reaching. It is patronizing those who advertise in THE ARCHIVE. By doing this the students perform a duty which they owe those men who have helped us by advertising, not knowing whether or not it would pay them; and they help THE ARCHIVE by helping them to get enough out of the advertisements to make their continuation profitable. The students should not forget or neglect this duty toward the advertisers, the magazine and themselves.

But the greatest and most telling mode of support remains yet to be mentioned. It is the very life of the magazine and for its sake all the other modes of support exist. This most important thing is writing for the college magazine. The students, by supporting THE ARCHIVE in this way, bring about the very purpose of its founding and existence. THE ARCHIVE is not published for the money there is in it, for there is none, but distinctly to encourage and foster a literary spirit among the students by giving them an opportunity for bringing their thoughts before the public. If the students desire to obtain the greatest benefit, and the benefit that it is intended they should have, from THE ARCHIVE, they should

Please, DO NOT remove!

Roach, Sally Neill (Part III)
"The Power of His Resurrection"
In The Review and Expositor
Vol. XXV (1928)
pp. 29-38

contribute to its pages. Do this and reap the reward that is intended for you.

We hope to see a greater pride taken by the Alumni and students in their magazine. It should mean much to all of us, and the time of its forth-coming will, it is to be hoped, be a time of gladness to those in whose behalf it is gotten up, and for whom so much valuable time and energy is spent. When it is opened and its pages read there may be found no great literary production, but there will be found the result of an earnest effort of a fellow-student to express something in proper literary form. These efforts should be appreciated and encouraged.

TRINITY is fortunate in having so able a man as Dr. William Preston Few to fill the chair of English this year, during Prof. Mims' absence. He is a native of South Carolina and received his early education in that state. He entered Wofford College in 1885, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from that institution in 1889. In 1892 he entered the Graduate School of Harvard University as a student of English and Modern Literature, and Philosophy. Here he remained, with some intermissions, till 1896, when the degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him.

Dr. Few is well acquainted with his field of work, and is a thorough scholar. The students have been very favorably impressed with him both inside and outside the class-room. It is well for the students of English to be under the guidance of such an enthusiastic lover of English literature; they will no doubt be greatly benefited.

THE athletic spirit at Trinity reached its lowest ebb among the students during the year in which a large sum of money was spent in hiring men for both football and baseball teams. Last year we came down to a sure foundation, when, in a meeting of the student-body, it was decided not to hire men

for any position whatsoever in athletic amusements. From that time a healthy athletic spirit has been growing among the student-body, and as a result we have a baseball team made up of young, earnest and enthusiastic players. They have the support and sympathy of their fellow-students, which is a large factor in the success of any team, in fact the success of "our boys" on the diamond this year depends as much upon the second team men, and those who do not play, as upon the first team.

The presence of a large number of the students at the practice games is always encouraging and increases the interest of the players themselves. An hour or two spent every afternoon on the athletic field, is time well spent, and especially is this true here at Trinity. There is danger of our becoming too much secluded and, therefore, lacking in that strength, energy and decision which "push men forward through a life of shocks."

---

A PLAN for reviving interest in other athletic sports has been somewhat discussed among the students. Though no definite steps have yet been taken, we hope to have a successful Field Day during the Spring term, at which time there will be contests of various kinds—in running, jumping, vaulting, etc. We have an excellent track for the purpose and it would add much interest to invite the other colleges in the State to join in this movement and thus vary the monotony of football and baseball. We would like to hear from them as to the advisability of Intercollegiate contests of this kind and the need of other athletic sports beside ball games.

---

THERE is another phase of our college life which, if developed, would add much to the interest and pleasure of the college community. Many of the students have a talent for music and have instruments with them here. If these men would meet and organize, under a good teacher, we could soon have a Glee Club that would rank with the best in the State.

# Wayside Wares.

G. H. HUMBER, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

## A FEW WANDERING THOUGHTS OF A WEARY.

Vacation, with its varied experiences, is over, and we are come to the beginning of the scholastic year 1896–'97, with nothing to console us, perhaps, in our separation from the girls we left behind save the recollections, which we hold as precious jewels in memory's casket of happy days and happier evenings spent by the side of some damsel dear, holding whose hand we forgot all time and place, for then was being verified unto us the dictum of the song which sayeth that such occupation bringeth a feeling most divine. Or perhaps —for who shall attempt to set limitations to the audacity of college youths on pleasure bent?—perhaps some among us, more fortunate than the rest, being infused with a spirit of boldness by that same feeling most divine, took a step farther in the pursuit of happiness, and, O ingenious youth! making the holding out of the hand but the first act in that heavenly tableau, reached out his arms to surround the world—for was she not all the world to him?—and finding them encircling the form of a "rare and radiant maiden," he—but I desist from further attempt to paint the scene, for none, save those who have had experience, can hope to convey to the uninitiated even the faintest conception of its joys. I cannot do better than quote a certain Freshman, who solemnly assured me that he once trod the elysian fields without going through the painful operation of "shuffling off this mortal coil." He said he lost, for once, his interest in the advance of science, wished the great world might cease to heed the future that beckons her down "the ringing grooves of change," and that she might stand, like "Joshua's moon in Ajalon," forever at gaze, leaving him to enjoy an eternity of bliss.

Such pleasant memories as these, I say, may serve to beguile the tedium of days of separation for some of us, and those who have been less fortunate, among whom, of course, "I am which," may count themselves among the blessed if they can puff their cares away, for while others are feasting upon the pleasures of by-gone days, the devout devotee of the pipe may fire up his never-failing consoler, and when the delicious fumes of the care-dispelling weed get in their accustomed soothing effect, and the wreaths of smoke are curling gracefully around his head, he is lulled into peace with all womankind. We are all back, let us hope, with renewed energies, larger aspirations, and a fixed purpose to make this the most successful year in our college course. Here the weary Senior, the—I had almost said the "dignified" Senior, but alas! the dignity of the Senior has, I fear, become a thing of the past, and he has naught to distinguish him now from the common herd save Cleveland badges on the rear-guard of his pantaloons, and pity in his heart for benighted Freshmen—here the Senior, I say, walketh about bareheaded in the noonday sun, or gazeth on the stars at midnight's holy hour, propounding to himself the momentous question, "To be, or not to be," wondering whether it is nobler to kick with unrelenting bitterness 'gainst heart-rending book-room bills, or to take up "scads" against a sea of debts, and by paying, end them.

We have the Junior with us, beset by many doubts and fears, gradually losing that absolute confidence in his ability to set to right the times that are "out of joint," that accompanied him undisturbed through his Sophomore days; and he goeth about with contempt in his heart for the Freshman. And the Sophomore: verily, he standeth on freedom's ground, for who shall gainsay his right to the universe, or who shall have the temerity to deny that the world's store of knowledge is laid at his feet? He yells complacently his *nos sumus populi!* believing firmly, deep down in his heart of hearts, that he is pre-eminently the stuff. He pats father Trig.

patronizingly upon the back, and performs easy gymnastics with his sin., cos. and sec., but when the Fall term is ended, Xmas holidays over, and the second term of this scholastic year shall have declined into the genial warmth of Spring, we will find that self-same youth vainly striving to win a smile from a heartless maiden, who has received with nonchalance the attention of generation upon generation of sighing Sophomores. His confident *nos sumus populi*, gives place to a half credulous *labor omnia vincit*, which he repeats to himself to gain assurance therefrom, and he almost believes, as he sits with puckered brow by his midnight lamp, that the awful secrets Miss Annie holds were never meant for Sophomoric minds. He hath in his heart for the Freshman hatred most profound.

But Oh, the Freshman! Let us drop a tear over his unknown and unknowable fate. For him the Senior hath pity, the Junior contempt, the Sophomore hatred, and in his own heart there is fear and trembling, for when the shades of evening fall the great and unterrified Soph. prowleth these college walks and halls unchained and knowing that

> "For ways that are dark
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The Sophomore's extremely peculiar,"

he bolts and bars his bed-room door, breathes a devout prayer for safety, and lies down with no assurance that ere the morrow's sun shall have kissed the dew from the grasses and clover, he shall not have taken on an ebony hue as black as the ace of spades, and that he shall not spend the wee sma' hours demonstrating the stick-to-it-iveness of Mason's challenge blacking, asking himself o'er and o'er, while great tears course their way down his blackened cheeks, that most impertinent of questions: "Can the Leopard change his spots, or the Ethiopian his skin?"

Last, but by no means least, the ubiquitous Weary is here. All honor, say I, to the members of that noble band! Come sunshine or shadow, hail, rain, sleet or snow, your Weary

knows no change. He constitutes a class by himself. While others come to college to toil and strive to gleam by the midnight lamp some fruit from the tree of knowledge, your genuine Weary toils not, and yet, verily, Freshmen in their palmiest days do not recite like one of these. What! Toil? Study? Think you he will lose himself in a maze of thought, and weary his brain trying to solve problems he can shirk? Not much, he don't; he's tired already, and while others hurry to and fro, and bother themselves over class-room records, he seeks some shady nook, lies supinely upon his back the live-long day smoking his short-stemmed pipe, while visions float through his mind of a happy land, where angel-cake and bull-dogs do not molest, where hay-stacks dot the landscape galore, and where rivers of beer flow through shady groves, 'neath whose every tree is a lunch-counter free for all. Yet time brings changes, and your Weary advances, because, forsooth, he must, and down the coming years methinks I see a Weary who entered as a sockless Freshman, applying as a pantless Senior, for a degree. The entreaties of his friends have at last prevailed, and he has decided to represent his noble order by orating on Commencement day. His theme is rest. Methinks I catch the last words of that mighty effort. "Rest, ah, sweetest of words! Adown the corridors of the future I can see, O my prophetic soul! a land of rest. There Spring perennial reigns, and the weary ones recline upon grassy banks, while the singing birds, sighing winds and gurgling streams of beer, bring comfort to his soul. To this land the Wearies are gathering. From north, south, east and west they come, and as they come, they swell the anthem loud and strong:

"We seek a land where angel-cake
And bull-dogs are unknown,
Where hay stacks are abundant,
And lager beer abounds;
Where, though clad in tattered garments,
We're not of all bereft—
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

ONE OF THE WEARIES.

# Editor's Table.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

---

Vacation is over. Once again we assemble in college halls and our hearts grow warm with enthusiasm at the prospect of another year's work. After a long summer's rest, we cast from us all "vain deluding joys" and the "cherub contemplation" holds despotic sway over our time and actions. Not only the students are preparing for a year of hard, honest work, but the dear, old table that ever follows in the wake of the students, seems well rested and anxious for the renewal of its annual burden of literary ventures. Oh, patient, faithful table! we thoughtlessly pass thee by, with now and then a kick or a cuff, how seldom a smile or a kind word! Yet, in thy meek fidelity to duty, thou teachest us lessons which we should regard more seriously, which we ought oftener to take to heart. In thy stolid, immutable habits, thou art a Stoic, standing strong and silent while the seas of college turmoil and strife break in vain against your staunch bulwarks. Laconic in your utterance, you are a constant admonition to us to guard well that "offensive member." A coat of varnish, and now and then a kindly nail sufficing for your *toilette*, you are a perennial example of etiquette. "Men may come and men may go," but Freshmen arrive and Seniors depart, yet thou remainest unchangeable, reminding us that behind the evanescent routine of daily life there is that within us which is builded for all time.

Once again, the table, that has seen so many years of service in college journalism, makes a bow of welcome to all those representatives of college life who shall visit our humble board this year, wishing them and their *alma matres* a

most successful year's work. If any adverse criticisms are made in these pages, let it be remembered that they are intended for good, that this department especially has the welfare of college literature at heart. If any aspiring young *literatus* is hit too severely, let him remember that he may be right and his humble critic in error. Let him also bear in mind that "rising merit will buoy up at last."

There are many evils creeping into the pages of some of our contemporaries—some of which we think should be criticised in the very beginning of the year's work. The first fault that we would mention is the kind of matter that fills the space of so many periodicals. The college journal should express the literary spirit of the institution. That spirit, although it largely depends on the daily class work of the students and should be carried as far as possible into that work, should be over and above the lecture room. The point we wish to make is that the organ of the literary life of an institution should not be made the receptical of essays and exercises, prepared for the inspection of a professor. A good essay is all right in the proper time and place. But a true literary fire should be creative rather than retrospective. Instead of a three-page dissertation on Hamlet, a study of the plot of some drama in the parallel course, or an article on Cromwell, why not have something more original? These subjects have been worn out by the hacks of every decade. The extent to which this kind of thing is carried out simply "out-Herods Herod." No college magazine that makes any pretentions to being literary should be made a second hand clothing store.

One more remark along this line. This is the age of the ten-cent magazine, the detective story, and the five-cent library. Such literature should be condemned by the college man, not only by refusing to read such trash but by disdaining to create it. An exchange has an able paragraph on this subject: "A poor story is about the most nauseating specimen of literature of which it is possible to conceive; it is more

than probable that it contains no redeeming feature at all. A poem may be endurable, either for the gracefulness of its rythm and rhyme, or the nobleness of its sentiment; an essay is rarely ever without an idea or suggestion that is of some value to some reader; but a story that is deficient of the essentials that go to make it "good," is far worse than nothing at all."

Few exchanges have come in so far. Those that have, show prospects of good word. We mention only two.

The *Tennessee University Magazine*, for August, is a fiction number. The T. U. M. is one of our best Southern exchanges. This issue sustains the reputation of the periodical for good, healthy literary matter. The stories are neither too long or too short and reflect credit upon their respective authors.

*North Carolina Folk Lore* in the College *Message* is one of the best articles we have seen lately. The subject is a very interesting one, especially to us "Tarheels." The writer shows much research and careful thought in the preparation of the paper, not only the origin and significance of folk lore are treated, but many examples are given of this "direct outgrowth of faith." We should advise all interested in this subject to secure a copy of the September *Message* and read this article.

THE HAZEL EYES.

Sweetheart of mine, thy hazel eyes
Look into mine in roguery,
Twinkle as stars in far off skies,
Or as the lights far out at sea.
Now glance they up in mock surprise,
And glance they down to schemes devise;
And now they innocently arise
To parry glances shot by me—
Sweetheart of mine.

Some talk of orators, so wise,
Who, speaking, gain the mastery,
Some tell of gestures in replies
But far less potent can they be
Than one glance from thy hazel eyes,
Sweetheart of mine!

—*J. M. in Tennessee University Magazine.*

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, NOVEMBER, 1896.

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SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

### GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE BEFORE THE WAR.

In the last few decades, the writing of history has taken on a new form, and the study of history, since then, has gone forward by leaps rather than by measured steps. It is surprising. even wonderful, how a change from the record of the outward policy of a nation to the story of the internal life of a people, should have so completely revolutionized men's thoughts about historic periods. We see clearly to-day that it is this inner history that is really the keynote to a nation's story, and we wonder how men could have made the mistake of passing by this phase of the subject. Along with the statement of effects comes the examination of causes and the investigation of environments that go to produce the effect. And in such invesigation, our attention is attracted in no direction more readily than toward the educational life of the period in question.

This outward history of our different schools is at the tongues' end of nearly all their students and they can rattle

off the story of the formation of their college, its struggles and successes, and repeat backwards and forwards all its presidents from its founding down to the present. They can tell you of its present policy, but not how it came to have such a policy, or how it met the demand of a former generation. They can demonstrate its progress by increase in numbers, but neglect to look for its growth in curriculum or standards of scholarship.

Keeping these things before us, and taking Greensboro Female College as our representative, let us see if we can understand the system of female education in the decade just prior to the civil war. Our authority shall be letters written to various persons by two young ladies who were at Greensboro in the years '50 and '51. A comparison of the school, then and now, would prove most entertaining, but we shall pause long enough to point out but a few of the most striking contrasts.

Possibly at that time more than to-day the President occupied a very exalted station, and a more striking figure could not be found in all the college history of our State than that of the President of Greensboro Female College. Dr. Charles F. Deems was just beginning his work there, and those same qualities that made him a success everywhere, at once marked his work as that of the highest order. His first effort was the enforcement of more rigid discipline and the raising of the standard of scholarship. In both he met difficulties. The young ladies complain that he is "too strict." The Faculty met every Friday evening and all the teachers reported any violations of order that had come to their notice to "Mr. Deems," as he was called, and in one of the letters from which we get our information, the writer very honestly says that scarcely a room has escaped being reported, and in another, very indignantly tells how she and her sister were called up for making a "violent noise" in the passage. We are happy to note, however, that the severity of rules

was tempered by the mercy of the President, and that he excuses the young ladies when they make an explanation to him. Moreover the President declares that no one can graduate ueless he thinks her qualified, no matter how long she may stay there—so the young lady concludes that the next graduates will be a *little* better than some former ones. Besides this, some Seniors have had to go back into Algebra because they did not understand it; and at another time Mr. Deems takes charge of the same class and sends it back to the beginning of the book to start over because they knew nothing about it. The President also struck terror to their hearts by announcing that he would examine every member of his class before the audience on commencement day—giving to each one five or six minutes—and as there were forty-three in the class, the audience might expect to be entertained (?) for about four hours. One of the sisters indignantly repels the insinuation made by her brother that the examination was only to "show them off," and declares that Mr. Deems means to have an honest examination, conducted by himself and one of the trustees. The young lady startles us by saying that she would rather stand any other of her examinations than Chemistry. Perhaps a lack of proper apparatus had burdened her with facts concerning which she had no adequate idea.

The praise of their President is continually in their writing. He is so kind, so good, and all have so much respect for him. No greater tribute could be paid him than when she tells us that when Mr. Deems says he *desires* anything it is as if he had commanded it. Sometimes he would lecture to them, and then everything would get as still as could be, that they might catch every word he had to say.

Every absence from church and recitation was recorded and publicly read at commencement, along with their standing in scholarship. In one of his talks Mr. Deems tells them to help make the school like home; and at

another he tells them he would rather go through college without missing a single duty than to graduate with the highest honor. Every word and deed of Mr. Deems is thought worthy of record, even his visits out into the country to camp-meetings. All these little things are indications showing what a large part the President played, and how he entered into their lives and left his impression on the character of each one of them.

Not only was the college blessed with such a noble President, but the Faculty also were the highest types of character. Among the letters from which these notes are taken, there was one from one of the teachers, written to the young ladies during a vacation and from beginning to close it was full of tender love and good advice. She asks them to make her their confidant and tell her their troubles and let her share them. Surely in the character of those who have had charge of her, lies the secret which Greensboro Female College entrusted to her daughters, that has made them always the highest types of Christian womanhood.

Let us pass to the description of the situation of the College, and the College itself. In the first place modern Greensboro, with its city-like aspect, would resent the idea that it was called a "village," yet these students almost always, speak of it as such. The college, she says, is located about one-fourth of a mile from the town upon a hill about two hundred yards from the public road, and the few trees that intervene do not prevent its being seen. The campus is not thickly covered with trees and what few are there are mostly pines. The college itself consists of thirty-three rooms, several of which are recitation rooms, with study-hall and chapel on second floor. Some of the rooms must have been very small, because, in one letter, she rejoices that she has procured one of this kind and they cannot put the usual number into it, so they will not be crowded "studying around the fire." As to the size of

the school, she reports, at one time, about sixty boarders besides those who live and board in town.

The routine of school life has not varied so very much from those days. Studying, reciting, drawing, and walking fill out the day. On Sunday they all go to church in the morning, and at night those go who want to do so. A complaint is made of the long hot walk in the sun every Sunday, and she very modestly suggests to her father that a "parasol" would be exceedingly acceptable to keep off the sun. Would it be too much to surmise that the preservation of her complexion had something to do with the request? If we are allowed to judge by the present time, we might safely pronounce this an important factor in the case. On the first Wednesday of the month, the teachers and pupils all assembled in the chapel to listen to the "compositions." Mr. Deems called out four from each class to read. Doubtless this was a mark of distinction and was a reward for work well done in that department. So closely was this schedule followed, that the young lady in one of her letters, readily agreed with the old adage that there is "nothing new under the sun."

Occasionally the monotony was broken by a picnic. On one such occasion, they went—walked—about three miles into the country for a "sojourn," as she says, in the woods on the banks of a creek. Some of the girls indulged in fishing with a crooked stick and cotton string. However they avoid the "appearance of evil" and honestly confess that they did not catch any "very large ones." They visited a "carding machine" and were much interested in the making of the soft, fleecy rolls. While here, they were all weighed, together with Mrs. Deems, who only weighed ninety pounds, but Mr. Deems flatly refused to be weighed because there was not enough of him to begin with.

The day was not without its excitement. Theodore Deems leaned too far over the bank of the stream and fell in and was only saved by a "very large girl" catching his fingers as he rose and pulling him out.

Our correspondent and her sister wrote home once a week. Sometimes she complains that the home-folks do not answer her soon enough and we note a trace of that school-girl disease, home-sickness. At another time, just after she returned from vacation, she rejoices that they have heard from home and are among the few lucky ones who have done so since they returned. Their letters were always delivered just before the French lesson, and when two or three would come at a time it would so "excite" her that she could scarcely recite, but she *dared not miss a single word.*

On the first of April they were given holiday, and in a letter to her brother who is at Chapel Hill, she speaks of the numerous "April Fools" that have been received from the University. The college was in a merry mood, and playing tricks on each other was the order of the day.

At one time a great change came over the school life. A revival swept over college and village, and only eighteen girls in school were left who were not Christians. The two sisters were converted, and the letters from father and mother when they learn the fact, are one continued shout of praise. The young lady tells us how quiet it is now on Sunday afternoon, when you cannot hear a voice over the whole building. With a sister-like faith she writes to her brother and tells him of the dangers with which he is surrounded, and pours forth her pure heart in a most eloquent plea for him to follow her example. She reminds him that his father's hopes and mother's prayers all center in him, and begs him to put his trust in Him who is able to help.

The library was not the object of pride in the college that it is to-day. Our friend complains that while at home she thought when she went off to school she would find every book at her hand and could spend much time in reading. But she finds that she cannot use what they have unless she is a member of the literary society that Mr.

Deems is trying to start again, and she has not joined because she can't see that it would do her much good.

An old report among the letters throws light on their studies. It is as follows:

"Absences from prayers . . . . . no times
Absences from church . . . . . no times
Absences from recitation . . . . . no times."

And at the bottom is the following: "Her scholarship in the several studies she is pursuing is as follows:

Algebra, very good.
Latin, Mental Science, French,
Music, very good.
Drawing, good.
Her general deportment has been excellent."

And on her sister's report which is identical, the President writes this: "Her general deportment has been perfectly satisfactory." And the father tells them that they are doing all that could be asked, and he certainly seems right. At another time she writes to her brother that their reports were very good in all, "the same they always were."

The young lady pronounces French Grammar her especial dislike and drudge. She also says that there are only three in her Latin class, and two more who were just beginning it, making a total of five in college who were taking Latin. She studies her Algebra very hard so that she may readily answer any question her brother may ask when she comes home. Mr. Deems thinks she has too many studies, and is too young to graduate, and advises her to stay another year, but she does not seem to enjoy the prospect very much. Our modern Professor of science would be shocked to hear her tell that she had been studying Chemistry for six weeks and was now to take up mental science.

Thus from these most fascinating letters we read the history of Greensboro Female College at a most interesting period of its existence. Intensely interesting, they

certainly are, and we cannot agree with their writer when she says that she fears if the home-folks judge her from her letters they will pronounce her "a weak sister." We pay our tribute to her and pronounce her a worthy daughter of a noble institution.

There are one or two other papers that ought to be mentioned. One is a written translation of a part of Cicero's oration against Cataline, and closes with a list of the "girls I love." Others are "compositions" and among the subjects we find some that have always been dear to the hearts of school-girls—such as "Spring" and "Intemperance." Leaving out the discourtesy of the act, we have no right to smile at these things nor sneer at what we consider so deficient a college, for it was but the beginning of greater things.

CHAS. C. WEAVER.

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## LAUGHING BOB.

Bob was a coal black negro of "befo' de wah" style, with bald pate and shining ivories. His head was not entirely bald either, only the top, with a fringe of hair beneath, like a fringing coral reef. His short body was supported by the conventional bow-legs with large sized annexes encased in number ten shoes, or rather the remnants of shoes.

There was nothing remarkable about Bob except his laugh, and a facility for removing chickens from their roosts; both qualities had been carefully nurtured from his youth up, until he reached perfection. But that laugh —the ear-splitting, soul-harrowing noise that, for want of a better name, was called a laugh—was where Bob easily excelled. Indeed it was of such a pronounced type that the city fathers passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor for him to laugh within the city limits. He threw his whole soul into his mirth with as much *abandon* as Marie Corelli reveals in word painting.

I first became acquainted with "Uncle Bob," as he was called, while in college. His sole business seemed to consist in coming to the college on Mondays to get "washing" from the boys, and to return it on Saturday nights. His coming was a signal for the boys to collect, and for the fun to begin. Some of the idle ones would get him into a room and tell him jokes, while Uncle Bob would laugh. Shoes, oil cans, books and other things, were hurled at him only to cause his efforts to be redoubled; while imprecations, loud and deep, could be heard from the rooms on other floors.

These nightly *seances* became such a barrier to study that complaint was at last made to the President, but to no effect. To him the idea of prohibiting a poor old negro from laughing in the college, was simply ridiculous—an abridgement of a sacred right not to be entertained! In justice to the President, it must be remembered that he had never heard Bob's laugh, compared to which, a certain long-eared animal's bray soothed like a lullaby.

One night, one of the boys, who had been vainly trying to study, said to Uncle Bob kindly but firmly: "See here, Bob," (here he mentioned a number of the major saints), "this thing has got to stop; when you get on the campus nobody can study for listening to your infernal cackle; clear out! and the speaker's foot raised threateningly.

Uncle Bob listened intently, his sable face indicating a ludicrous mixture of sorrow and amazement, but with his eye noting every movement of the speaker's foot, while his mouth opened in a suspicious and alarming way. "Why boss, I jest *smiles* a little in de cellege sometimes. When I wants ter laff I goes out in de kentry, and I cracks winder lights, when I laffs reg'lar." "Well, if you call that a *smile* ——," but I forbear to repeat the words.

As if to verify his rather strong statement, Bob's mouth opened wider, his short body bent and he unloaded a "smile" of unusual dimensions on his victims, while on

the floor beneath could be heard the tramping of enraged boys laden with a junk-shop assortment of missiles. He escaped through a friendly door, and remained there until the surroundings became more congenial.

Affairs, however, reached a climax one Saturday night. If Uncle Bob thought that he could rob hen roosts all his life with impunity, and then, as a kind of bonus, at the end of his career foist upon us a laugh quarantined against by the city, he was very much mistaken. We read that "the mills of the gods grind late," but pulverize when they do get a clinch on a mortal. Why then should this bald-headed son of Ham, with fringing-reef attachment of hair, and hen-robbing proclivities, consider himself *immune?*

On this night Bob was in his element. He had been in town that evening and had imbibed freely; so that by the time he reached the college a mile away, his jovial nature was bubbling over; while his laugh, if possible, had more volume than usual. He at once attracted a crowd when he reached the second floor, and the fun began.

One of the professors, formerly of the U. S. Navy, roomed on this floor. He had gone to bed early that night with a severe headache, and had been there but a short time when the strains of Uncle Bob's smiles permeated his room. The Book says that "there is a time to sing, a time to laugh," etc., but the professor and Bob differed as to that proper time, so there was trouble.

The former snatched his sword from its scabbard and made a sudden sally on the merry party, his *robe de nuit* giving him a ghostly appearance as he moved on at a good rate.

Uncle Bob had just released an elegant specimen of an enlarged horse-laugh when he caught sight of the terrible apparition coming straight at him with the gleaming sword. Uttering "my Gawd" in a horror stricken tone, he started on a run for the long stairway leading to the first floor.

He was followed by the howls of the delighted boys and by numerous jabs from the sword. These last reminders were far from being spiritual in their nature, but smacked of the earth, earthy; so he increased his speed. At this juncture the mills aforementioned began to grind, and unfortunate Bob was furnishing the grist!

At the head of the long stairway his crooked legs sought a closer communion and became entangled; and with a crash like thunder, Uncle Bob rolled over and over to the bottom! The boys and the avenger saw a confused mass of legs, leather and skull rapidly revolving; while his head hitting the steps sounded like a miniature pile-driver.

He was entirely too tough to be killed in this way, so nimbly regaining his feet after rolling half way to the front door, he lost no time in reaching the road leading to town. Here he paused; and to show the boys in the distant building that he was not dead yet, summoned forth all his remaining strength, and gave a laugh that echoed back and forth in the still night; while the policeman in the distance instinctively tightened the hold on his club.

For several weeks after this Bob was missing from the college, and we thought the cure permanent. At last he came, but the light seemed to have gone from his eye; his usually smiling face was tinged with sadness; while at any slight sound he would quickly turn his head in expectation.

This was the beginning of the end. In a few days the news was told on the campus that Uncle Bob had gone to "parts unknown," leaving behind him a legacy to the boys of unpaid dobts, and the memory of a laugh that stands without an equal, at least in my experience.

HENRI DE LA CROIX.

## HISTORIC HILLSBOROUGH.

It is not often that a man with historical taste comes across a town in North Carolina that has the real flavor of antiquity. Those of our dead who were great enough to weave their lives into our history, lived for the most part in the country. The new era has dealt most disastrously with these old plantation homes. Should we feel interest enough in them to care to visit them, we are apt to find the old family mansion partly deserted, partly occupied by the shiftless family of a tenant, the outhouses tumbling down, the fences half gone, and over all an air of ruin. Should you ask any of the visible occupants to tell you something of the former master, you will hardly get more than a mere outline of facts, a few half understood traditions that you can yourself see to be partly false—that is all. It is true that before the war we had a few towns like Newbern, Charlotte and Wilmington, around which clustered not a little tradition, but these are so transformed by the march of business development that to-day they appear but slightly historic. Even Edenton, I reserved to myself for a bit of rare antiquity which I should have the good fortune to see some day. At last I saw it. Sure enough there was the old court-house, and the so-called "Governor's Mansion," all old enough, to be sure; but then there was the largest lumber plant in the State, as I was informed, a thoroughly modern school building, a strikingly neat and modern railway station, and everywhere a general air of thrift and energy, so that I went away with my historic sense as much disappointed as my business sense was gratified. I am forced to fall back on Hillsborough—let us spell it for the time in the historic way—for the truest flavor of the old North Carolina town.

The town of Hillsborough was laid out in 1759 by William Churton, Gentleman, surveyor for Earl Granville.

It was first called Childsboro, in honor of Thomas Childs, who was Granville's agent. The site was owned by Churton. In 1766 the name was changed to Hillsborough, after Earl Hillsborough, who soon became Colonial Secretary for the British Government. It was at this time that Governor Tryon described it as follows: "Its situation is upon a rich red clay soil on the north bank of the river Eno (a branch of the Neuse river), which divides it from the Occanechy mountains, distant from the Virginia line twenty-five miles. It is almost centrical to the towns of Halifax and Salisbury, being one hundred miles from each. * * * Tho' there is at present scarce twenty families inhabitant, I am of opinion it will be in the course of a few years the most considerable of any inland town of this province."—(Col. Recs. VII, 432.)

In 1770, when the Regulators had made it impossible for Edmund Fanning to get an election to the Assembly from Orange county, Governor Tryon erected Hillsborough into a borough, thus giving it representation in the Colonial Assembly. To the seat thus created, Fanning was promptly elected. The charter by which this power was conferred has some interesting features. Following the constitution of a mediæval English borough, it gave the inhabitants power "to have, hold and keep a market weekly at the said court-house in the said town of Hillsborough; that is to say, on every Saturday throughout the year, with all the privileges immunities to a weekly public market belonging or pertaining; and also two fairs yearly to be held and kept at the said court-house on the first Tuesdays in May and November, to continue for that and the two following days for the sale and vending of all manner of black cattle, provisions, goods, wares, and merchandize whatsoever, and that during the continuance of the said fair, and for one day immediately preceding and one day immediately succeeding the same, all persons coming to bring at [*sic*] and going from the said fair together with their

black cattle, goods, wares, and merchandize whatsoever, shall be exempt and privileged from all arrests and attachments and executions, except for breach of the peace and for carrying into execution the judgments, orders, and decrees hereinafter mentioned." The justices of Orange, or any three of them, were given the power "to hear and determine all such controversies and debates as may during the continuance of the said fair arise among the buyers and sellers in the course of their dealings and transactions at the fair in as full and ample manner as is incident to a court of Pie Powder in all such cases in our kingdom of Great Britain."—(Col. Recs. VIII, 215–7.) A court held at such a fair was called a court of pie powder (*curia pedis pulveratis*), the court of the dusty feet, because it was the custom of the tradesmen to come into the court with dust on their feet just as they came from the fair. Whether or not Hillsborough actually held one of these fairs does not appear in the records.

Such was the town one hundred and thirty years ago. It was firmly planted in the spirit of an old English town. Such it is to-day, a crystalized form of eighteenth century life. I fancy that the Fall is the time to see Hillsborough in the most congenial mood. At any rate it was in October that I paid it my first and only visit. It was a sunny, dreamy, retrospective day, when the whole landscape had a church-yard look, that I alighted at the little station and turned to explore the town, which I had often viewed longingly from the passing trains. I was lazily directed to a dilapidated vehicle as a means of reaching the interior of the place. The affair seemed to have been at one time a carriage built on the plan of the old fashioned family coach. It was now faded and sad; but in spite of the wads of horse hair sticking through the rents in the upholstery, it was plain that age had not been able to destroy the curves that its honest builder of the long ago had put there, in order to make a comfortable vehicle for aris-

tocratic bodies. "Pretty old carriage," said I to the colored driver, as he shut the door and took up his reins. "Yes, sah; bought it at Mr. C——'s sale, sah," said he, as he started the team into a heavy trot. Away we jogged over the hardened clay. The ample glass doors and windows of the coach, which, like everything else in Hillsborough, had its history, kept up an endless clatter as we jogged across the bridge and into the street that leads through the town. "If they could but talk," thought I.

Ten minutes took us into the heart of the place. There it was, just as our grandfathers left it. On one side a little pinched-up hotel, which still manages to have a deal of room in it, on the other side the Masonic hall, a strong brick structure standing where Fanning's fine house stood before the Regulators pulled it down in their fury. On a little further is the court-house severe in outline and, with its group of columns before the entrance, carrying us back to the days when we Americans, in our gushing new-born freedom and self-confidence, were rapturously sitting under the influence of Greek and Roman ideas. The porch smacks of the days when gentlemen interspersed their letters, their toasts, and their speeches with liberal quotations from Homer, Virgil or Livy, and when they named their slaves Cæsar, Plato, Pompey, or Scipio.

But it was with the inside, rather than with the outside, of the court-house, that I had to do on this visit. I desired to examine the records of the county court. These records go back to 1752, when Orange county was cut off from Granville, Johnston and Bladen. In those days the county court was held by the justices of the peace and had oversight of all the merely executive business which we to-day give to the county commissioners, as well as of judicial matters. Consequently the "Minute Dockets" of that court reveal a fairly good picture of the lives of the settlers of the backwoods, when, as one said, hardly a single feather-bed or a board floor was known in the community.

A notable entry here is as follows: "Ordered that Michael Holt have lieve to erect a water grist mill on his land on Alamanchay River and that the same be recorded as a public mill." Here in 1767 appear in conjunction for the first time the three words that have given fame to Alamance county, a part of old Orange, viz: "Holt," "Mill" and "Alamance." Who shall see the day when these words shall no longer be associated in our industry? Another point of interest that this entry recalls is the erection of a public mill. The law provided that if any man had a favorable mill site and did not put a mill on it, any other person who would build a mill on it had a right to take it at a fair valuation, and that any mill thus built should be a public mill, which was obliged to grind in turn, and not take more than one-eighth of wheat and one-sixth of Indian corn as toll. This law was passed so as to give the greatest encouragement to the erection of mills, which, in the earlier days, were not very abundant. It was especially valuable to the flat section in the eastern part of the state, where mill-sites were rare.

Another interesting entry is in regard to the marking of hogs. Every farmer was required to register the mark of his stock. Where many cattle and hogs were turned loose to live in the woods, this was necessary to prevent continual disputes as to ownership of stock. Some of the marks registered were as follows: "A smooth crop in the right ear and a hole in each;" "A crop in the left ear and a half moon in the upper side of the right;" "A swallow-fork in the right ear and a crop and slit in the left." Some hogs had their ears cut up most elaborately; for instance this: "A crop in the left ear with a half moon under and over, and a hole in the right;" or this: "A hole in the right and a crop and a half crop in the left." These marks were a kind of coat of arms for the stock, and the court that registered them became a kind of a herald's office. At the time of which we speak, 1767, the hog owners had about exhausted all the permutations of crops, keels, slits, swallow-

forks, holes, half-pennies, over-bits, under-bits, etc., so that had the county not been divided soon after this, the stock would have been in danger of losing, through much division, their entire ears.

In these records there are many entries in regard to Hermon Husband, the friend of the Regulators, an honest farmer of Quaker principles, who, if he had been so fortunate as to have left a family of prominence in the State, would have been recognized as the first man in the colony into whose mind had come plans looking toward independence. At one time he returns an inventory of the estate of John Beverly, and it seems that a child of Beverly's was bound to him. His mark is recorded. It is: "A crop and under-bit in the right ear and half crop in the under-side of the left." Again we find him registering a deed for 320 acres of land, from Earl Granville. At another time, 1859, he is allowed to erect a mill on Deep river, doubtless one of the first mills in that whole section.

Here is a peculiar entry: "Richard Berry, who was summoned at the instance of James Collins to give an account of what part of the estate of James Foganon he had in his hands, saith that he hath nothing but an old wig."

A notable entry is: "The Rating of Liquors" by the court. Hotels were public houses in those days, and the public undertook to see that the public was not imposed on in regard to prices and fare. The court accordingly prescribed from time to time, the rates at which liquor and meals were to be furnished. We learn that West India rum was to be sold for 15sh. a gallon; that one quart of toddy with a half pint of rum and loaf sugar to match was 1sh. 4d.; that New England rum was 1sh. 4d. a quart, and that one half pint of New England rum made into toddy with the tenth loaf of sugar was 8d. Whiskey was 2sh. a quart. Peach and apple brandy was 2sh. 8d. a quart. A half pint of brandy made into toddy with loaf sugar was 1sh. Wine, presumably home-made, was 1sh. a quart. Good country-

made brandy was 6d. a quart. Thus we see not only how much the farmers of Orange paid for their tipple, but what varieties they drank. The provision for food was not so elaborate. Under the head of "dyat" we find the following: "A hot dinner with small beer and liquor, 1sh. 4d.;" the same without liquor, 1sh. A cold dinner was 8d.; breakfast, 1sh., and lodging with clean sheets, 6d.

Perhaps the most interesting fact revealed by these records is the record of the Regulators who, in 1770, entered the court-room while the judge was on the bench, whipped all the lawyers they could come up with, terrorized the community, and on the following day got possession of the docket, and in their own way closed out the business of the court. There we read to-day in their own hands such entries as these: "Fanning pays costs, but loses nothing;" "Hogan pays and be damned;" "Damned Rogues," and "All Harrises are Rogues" (see also Col. Recs., VIII, 236-240). This was grim joking, for it brought down Tryon and his army on the Regulators at Alamance river during the following Spring.

Many extracts from these records could be given. Were they carefully studied they would reveal much that is instructive as well as interesting. Not only is this true of the records of Orange, but also of those of any of the older counties like Chowan, Craven, New Hanover, Mecklenburg and Anson. How good it would be if only somebody were at work on them for each county! As it was, on my visit I could do no more than view the treasure at Hillsborough. Before I knew it the accommodating driver was at the court-house to take me to the train. Reluctantly I closed the old folio volumes and started. I rode musingly down the street, through which Fanning is said to have given an exhibition sprinting match on one occasion in 1770. At the station I found I was half an hour before train time, but what is half an hour to Hillsborough, to whom fifty years is as but yesterday. When the train

pulled away from the quaint and pleasant little town lying quietly on its hills, I promised myself that some day I would return with a big note book and rob the place of all the secrets it keeps locked in the volumes of its dusky "Minute Docket," and so I still mean to do, if some one else does not get them first.

J. S. Bassett.

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## A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

The last year of college life seems, by its nearness to the active duties of manhood, to be the meeting place for memories of the past and visions of the future. The old home, which you realize is your home no longer, comes back to you with its associations, the quiet pleasures of the home life, the joys and sorrows of boyhood, the escapades of your early youth and your dreams of college life, all come back as if to bid you good-bye. Before bidding good-bye to these memories, I wish to narrate some incidents of one of them as they occur to me after the lapse of several years.

Those who have visited the mountains of Western North Carolina, in summer, can testify of their beauty and grandeur, of the magnificent scenery and of the emotions aroused by viewing some of the gigantic monuments of creation. But it is in winter that the wild grandeur and sublimity of these mountain peaks and deep valleys are to be seen. In one of these valleys my father lived, and there I spent many long winter evenings reading about the great world outside. Those were happy days. After the cattle had been housed and fed, and the evening meal over, we would gather in the sitting-room about a huge open fireplace, piled high with blazing hickory logs, to spend the hours between dark and bedtime. The little study table was moved into the center of the room, and father took his place on the right with his newspaper, mother took her place on the left, leaving a warm, cosy nook be-

tween the table and the fire, which was the coveted spot for the rest of us when we wanted to read, as it had the advantage of both the light on the table and the warmth in front.

One night in the early part of 18— an old friend of my father's came to our house to get some help in finding a stolen horse. A stranger who gave his name as Parsons had called at his home, some miles east of our place, early that morning, and asked to hire a horse to ride to a village seven or eight miles away. Mr. Small, after asking a few questions, let him have the horse, which he was to return in the afternoon. The afternoon came and went, but Mr. Parsons did not put in appearance, and so Mr. Small became uneasy, and decided that he would go to the village and find out what had become of his horse, and it was on his way thither that he called at my father's.

After a few moments conversation it was decided that I should go with him in search of the missing animal. As the weather was very cold, and we would probably have a long ride, I took especial precaution in the way of arctic overshoes, leggins, and two overcoats, one heavy woolen one, and over that an oil coat, after the manner of those who ride in the cold wind and storms of the mountain districts. Thus equipped we mounted and rode away into the night. The snow was about six inches deep, but did not greatly impede our progress. Arriving at the village we proceeded to wake up some of our friends in order to know if such a man as Mr. Parsons had been in town. One thing which aided in tracking him was, that he had worn no overcoat on such a bitter cold day, which naturally attracted attention. We learned that such a man as Mr. Small described had been there trying to sell a horse, but had given the name of Miller. We learned also that he had left town late in the afternoon, but no one seemed to know what direction he had taken.

Where there are no railroads and the mails are carried

on horse-back, the county seat of each county is a kind of center of a system of routes which lead out to various parts of the county and to the neighboring counties. As we were in one of these centers, and the carriers came into the village in the afternoon, our best means of finding the direction our man had taken was to hunt up the carriers and find out from them if they had met such a character. One of these, I remember, lived three miles away from the village, beyond a high ridge. We crossed this ridge about midnight and descended into a deep ravine. Turning up this ravine, we seemed to be riding into the very bosom of the mountain. The intense stillness of the winter night, the dark shadows cast by the huge cliffs and rising above us on each side the snowy mountain slopes made the scene so wild and wierd that I almost held my breath, for fear of arousing some unimaginable shape from these solitudes. We soon arrived at a little cabin, where we dismounted and gained admittance. An old woman was the only one of the household who was awake. She was sitting alone in the dark, hovering over a few live coals in the broad fireplace. Her features appeared in the dusky light more those of an Egyptian mummy than of a living woman. The man we had come to see was somewhere in the dark, at the rear of the room, and we directed our enquiries toward his vicinity, where, however, there seemed to be several other sleepers. From him we learned nothing, and I was glad to escape from the miserable hovel into the open air again. Rather disheartened, we rode back to the village, and after having our horses cared for, we rested for a few hours.

Next morning we found by accident the direction the thief had taken, and started off as rapidly as possible in pursuit, though he had twelve hours the start of us, and we had to stop every few miles to enquire at the farm houses, in order to keep the right track. In these enquiries it was always necessary to describe the man and

the horse which, of course, took time. By enquiring thus at the houses and from every one we met, we managed to keep the right trail for a few miles, to a place called Beaver Creek, where we were joined by an enthusiastic thief-hunter by the name of Burkett. He gave it as his opinion that our man, by the direction he had taken, was making for what is known as Phillip's Gap, on the Blue Ridge, by which he would escape to the open country below and dispose of the horse at the nearest railroad town. With this new addition to our party, we started on toward the Blue Ridge.

The snow began to fall again in the forenoon and the wind sighed dismally through the pines, as we climbed the long hills or wound along the narrow valleys that lie between the outlying spurs of the main chain. At one time we passed a party of hunters, with their old fashioned rifles and muskets, each with a few hares slung across his shoulder. At another time we passed a log school house, situated in a little clearing, not so large but that the older boys could cut the wood for the use of the school, and carry it directly from the forest into the school house.

Noon found us near a place called Idlewild, not far from the top of the Blue Ridge, where we stopped to feed our horses and eat our lunch. The "place" consisted of a small store and one dwelling. The merchant exchanged such commodities as he had for furs, roots, herbs and country produce of all kinds. As usual there were ten or a dozen men gathered aroundthe store to talk about the weather, the latest news from town, and to tell about their success in hunting. Most of them carried long rifles, and slung over their shoulders was the regular powder horn, made of an ox's horn, and a leather shot pouch, all home-made. Many of them wore caps made in their homes from the furs of the animals they themselves had killed, and all wore homespun clothes. A good rifle is almost as well known among them as a

famous trotter among sporting men. Each one has its own name and is known all over the neighborhood. Among them you could hear the names, "Long Tom," "Sally Ann," "Bright," "Polly," and many others of like character. The descriptions they gave of the man we were following varied as much as the characters of the men. The color of the horse varied from light bay to black, and from black to light gray. The descriptions of the man were of the same character, and it was with difficulty we could reconcile the different statements to the real appearance of the man we were after.

Leaving Idlewild we crossed the Blue Ridge and began the descent, winding along the slopes, now down in some deep ravine, then coming out on top of some high ridge, we got glimpses, through the trees, of the main chain as it curved away toward the northeast with its combination of snow and shadow, rising like a vast monument to all the ages. At the foot of the mountain we learned that the thief was still twelve hours ahead of us, which rather cast a damper over our spirits. Riding on into the open country where there was more travel, and consequently but little notice taken of any one, we completely lost track of the thief, and Mr. Burkett and I turned back about sunset. Mr. Small rode on in the direction we had been traveling, in the hope of finding his horse, if not the man. Instead of going back by the road we had come, we turned across the country to get into a nearer road home. We passed through a part of Wilkes county, very much afflicted with "moonshine whiskey" and revenue officers. We found difficulty in getting the people to answer our questions about the roads and distances, and it was only behind closed doors that they would talk at all. I remember during this night ride, I found, for the first time in my life, comfort in resting my hand, most of the time, on the butt of a trusty revolver.

After a two or three hours' ride, we came to Reddie's

River, near what was once the cabin and hunting ground of Daniel Boone. Turning up the stream we soon arrived at a house where we secured lodgings for the remainder of the night. There were two or three panes out of a window just over our bed, and the "daubing" was out in several places between the logs, so that we could see outside as well as within, but with the help of our overcoats we managed to sleep very comfortably, though the mercury went down to zero during the night.

Next morning was "Old Christmas," which our host was preparing to celebrate, as those people celebrate everything with a mixture which he called "a whiskey stew." It is made of rye whiskey, some sugar, spice, and water boiled together, and is drunk while hot. I touched the "stew" rather lightly, as I knew it was not safe to drink much on such a cold day. My companion, however, seemed to have no fear of a frost bite, and in addition to what we drank before leaving, he bought a quart bottle full of the famous "mountain dew" for our consumption on the way home.

As we proceeded up toward the foot of the mountain, it was necessary to cross the stream several times, and as the ice would not bear our horses, we had to break it out by forcing them up on the ice with their fore feet, crushing it down with a plunge, then up again, until we got across. It is called "breaking out the ford."

At the top of the mountain we met one of the coldest winds I ever felt. Mixed with the fine, dry snow, it cut almost like a knife. We would ride hard for a few miles and then stop at some house to warm. Several times I had to rub my nose with my rough gloves to keep up the circulation. In this way we traveled until late in the afternoon, when we came in sight of home. My father expressed his surprise that neither the horse nor I were crippled after two days and nights in the snow and ice of those steep mountain roads. He dropped the subject with the remark, "Rather a wild goose chase, wasn't it?"

O. R. Q.

## AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

How shall I study? This is the question that confronts the child at the very beginning of his education and continues to be of the utmost importance throughout his school and college careers. Indeed, as education is a life-long process, this problem is ever before him, and the sooner right habits are formed, the better. Shall the student be content to know *how* things are, or shall he strive with all his might to know *why* they are thus? Shall he be content to know what some one has said, or shall *he* investigate every subject for himself? In other words, shall his mind be simply a receptacle for whatever his teachers choose to put in it, or shall it be a living, acting, discriminating entity?

The question is answered in the *wrong* way by the pernicious habit of memorizing lessons, getting up a book page by page, without the least regard for the principles that the book as a whole sets forth. This is not only a waste of time, but it is ruinous to the mind of the student.

That it is a waste of time is evident from two considerations. In the first place, it generally takes longer to memorize a lesson than it does to learn it. And as no ordinary mind can hope to retain the immense number of facts that are brought before it in one term of college work, it follows that every memorizer is compelled to re-memorize every thing he studies just before examination. But when he leaves college he has again forgotten all, and has gained nothing but an unnatural and almost useless developement of memory.

But as little as a man can afford to waste the golden hours of his youth, he can still less afford to waste his mind and dwarf his soul, by denying them the exercise that is necessary to their life. How much better it is to recognize the fact that things act in a fixed way, and that the same laws that control the facts mentioned in your

chemistry, control *that class* of facts everywhere; that two and two make four in algebra just as surely as they do in arithmetic, and that facts are always independent of books. Why not study principles and infer facts from them? Above all, why not find out what a thing really means? The book will not tell, your teacher will not tell you—nobody can *learn* you anything—it all depends on yourself. A young lady, once being asked to give a definition of geometry, said it is the science..... But she could not define science, and insisted that geometry does not teach the definition of science. Now, does it do any good whatever to know what the book says and not what it means? Slavish adherence to books and blindness to facts is responsible for much of the contempt with which some practical people regard "book learning." Someone has called science "organized common sense," and if more common sense were used by students all just prejudice against "book learning" would disappear. The advantage of study lies not so much in the collection of facts at your disposal as in the growth of your mind—paper is too cheap a storehouse for facts to justify any man in substituting brain. Books are to direct study, not to be learned verbatim.

As long as our wisest declare that we know almost nothing of the universe about us; as long as all the scientists cannot make a single grain of sand or tell why an apple falls to the ground, so long is there room for individual effort. For if all things happen in fixed ways and do not conflict, all must be related. Why should we not try to reduce this grand system to one science, and then reach on to the other things that are contained in an infinite universe? As one of the great men of old declared, they have not learned it all, but have only gathered shells on the shore while the great sea of knowledge rolled unexplored before them. We need not fear that we shall learn it all, for there are no limits to the works of God. The law of life is action,

and to rest upon the achievements of the past is to sink far below them.

If man were only a thinking machine, his reason only would be damaged. But a man is more than this. Greatness and mere intellectual power are not synonymous; in fact slow and persevering toil is the chief factor in the progress of the world, and to a great extent produces mental power. The will determines a man's success or failure, and the same august tribunal decides the fate of his soul. Must not this side of his nature be cultivated by habits of self-reliance and resolute industry? A man's feelings also claim some share in education. What would man be without those aspirations after the true, the good and the beautiful, which distingnish him from the brute creation? Not only do "our intellectual and active powers increase with our affections," but our affections guide them. The souls noble aspirations should not be crushed by formulæ.

Now, does the learning "by heart" of a few text-books make a larger soul? Does the continual bringing up of some author's dictum to settle the questions that confront *us* tend to develop a sound will? But if things are studied in the right spirit the beauties of nature shine through the dull figures of geometry, and the dry lists of Egyptian conquests teach us about our fellow man. And if, instead of dodging behind the brains and reputation of another, we depend upon our own energies to solve our problems, we are cultivating our highest powers. Surely this square dealing with stubborn facts will make us *men*—will make us what God intends us to be.

J. C. Gibbs.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IT HAS been remarked by members of the Faculty that the students are doing good work. Judging from our observation, we believe that much good, honest studying is being done by nearly all of them. Those who are drawing near the end of their course have none of the appearance of men who think, that as they have about finished the race, they had as well spend the little remaining time as pleasantly and as free from labor as possible; nor do those who have just entered appear to be of the kind that persuade themselves that no evil results will follow if they allow the general course of things to bear them along for a year or so, with but little effort on their part, and vainly imagine that they can go to work later and come out as well equipped as those who labored from the first. We believe that there is very little loafing among the students. They have, with few exceptions, realized that college is a place for work, not for idleness and ease.

There are a few, however, who have not caught the full meaning of their opportunity. They do as little studying as possible and, as if not satisfied with the injury done themselves by their laziness, they make it their business to hinder others. Fortunately there is but a very small number of this class, and that they may stop their more than useless way of living, is a blessing greatly to be hoped for.

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TRINITY has altogether ceased playing football and it may be well that she has. But the students are not willing for all games to be thus stricken from the list of athletics. They have endeavored to develope a strong baseball team and have hoped that our team might stand well among the college

teams. But there have been so many restrictions made, or rather one of such great effect, that it is almost impossible for the game to thrive here. The team is not allowed to play except on college grounds, and this is almost the same thing as limiting it to our own grounds. Very nearly all the colleges in the State, and those in other States, whose teams there is any probabability of our playing, are located either in the country or in small towns. At such places there would not be a sufficient number of spectators to make the gate receipts amount to enough to pay expenses, and the team cannot afford to play where expenses are not paid. So only one college is left in the State for them to play, unless other teams will always come to our grounds—something that it is not probable they will do.

We see no reason why playing off college grounds in some city or large town should have any evil effect, or be objected to by any one. Indeed, what is there about college grounds that makes them better than any other? The students would be glad to see this limitation to their athletic life removed. We feel sure that the good conduct of our team may be depended upon wherever they may go.

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OUR neighbor, Trinity, is nothing if she is not original. This year she is playing the role of monitor and private detective for the University authorities.

Some time ago two poor misguided Freshmen while in Durham imbibed a little too much of the rosy and were immediately seized with an intense desire to visit their Methodist brethren at the park. They found their way out to Trinity and history relates that their conduct while there was indecorus to say the least. The Senior class was so shocked that they, in meeting assembled, adopted resolutions thanking God that they are not as Chapel Hill men are, and immediately threw their Christian charity to the winds by reporting the youths to President Alderman.

Of course we condemn the drunkenness of the two men in question and we shall not attempt to palliate their offense. But at the same time had we been placed in Trinity's position, we feel sure we should have acted very differently. If by any impossible arrangement of circumstances (a supposition in itself sacriligious) two Trinity men should come to us in a similar condition, we would not thrust them out and report their sin to President

Kilgo; but we would rather throw the mantle of charity over their offense, take them to our rooms and beds and keep them there until they were clothed in their right minds. We are not profound students of the Bible, perhaps, but we do know something of the course of the good Samaritan and hope, at all times, to be able to emulate his example.—*N. C. Tar Heel.*

The spirit of the above, to say the least, is unfair. Since the location of the college in Durham, we have had a certain class of Chapel Hill men to contend with. We know that they do not represent the best class of that student-body, nor any large per cent. of the students. We were rather surprised at the code of morals that would advocate the protection of a class of men who came to Durham to "get on a tear." Trinity does not propose to harbor or cloak any such conduct. Had the men in question behaved on the streets of Durham as they did on the campus, they would have been placed in the "lock-up" and tried for a misdemeanor. The Senior class met at the request of the President, to consider what was best to be done. They passed no resolutions and it was not "to report their sin" to the U. N. C. authorities that it met, but to ask an apology from the University for the insult offered the family of our President. As to the case of the good Samaritian we did not know that he crossed over to succor two lusty young men, full of mean whisky, cursing and shooting without any appearance of meekness. It is hardly a parallel case. We are sorry for the young men, one of whom came up like a man and apoligized for his misconduct. We were surprised to hear of their dismisal. It seems that their own institution did not show them the spirit that it claims we ought to have manifested toward them. Had their institution apologized for them and given them a chance to redeem themselves, Trinity would have been satisfied. We have no grudge against them, but we do object to making our college campus a place for common rowdyism.

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IN A paper read recently before the Epworth League of Trinity church, on "Reconstruction of Southern Thought," one of the most vital questions before the people of North

Carolina and the South, was touched upon; the question of longer and more thorough public schools. It is useless to try to advance higher education when there is no adequate preparation for it by the training schools of our State. Increase the public schools to nine months per year and the cry against Southern ignorance will soon be a thing of the past. The colleges will then be able to raise the standard of education to a higher level. A good public school system would do much to invite immigration, and thus our State would be strengthened by the infusion of new blood, and take her place among the progressive States of the Union. Our politicians seem to have avoided, as of no importance, this issue which is the very foundation of our future progress as a people. The paper referred to has the following forcible sentence on this point: "I do not believe in winning reforms by recriminations, but I cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the future generation of politicians may see the true interests of our people more clearly than those whom we have had in the past." So long as our leaders remain inactive in the matter of public school education, just so long will our people remain fifty years behind the times in progress and power.

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IT IS seldom that the college community has such an opportunity of gaining, in a short time, the benefit of a life study of any great problem, as it had recently in the visit of Prof. Booker T. Washington to the town of Durham, and to the college. His career, which is familiar to most of our readers, is a lasting proof of his sincerity to his life-work and his devotion to absolute truth. From such a life we may learn the great lesson, that to serve honestly and conscientiously the people among whom we are thrown, is the secret of the best life; to devote all our powers to the upbuilding of humanity, simply because it is right, and not as seekers after fame and honor. Professor Washington, though he has a national reputation, is simple in his bearning toward men,

and seems perfectly unconscious of the place he has won among American thinkers. We are glad that our college community gave him the welcome and the hearing that is due to all truth from whatever source it may come.

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THE present political campaign, from the standpoint of history, appears rather overdone. Both, or rather all three, of the great political parties have gone to the wildest extremes. Judging from our political newspapers, great and small, and from the politicians who have been haranguing and ranting all over the Union for the past two months, we would imagine that the fate of the American people depended upon this election. But it is the same old story; we heard it four years ago, and will hear it again in 1900. Whatever the result, the conservatism of the great majority of the people, and the system of checks and counter-checks imposed by the constitution on legislation, will prevent any very hasty or serious changes in the affairs of government. We will settle back into very much the same old rut and take up the more serious problems confronting American civilization. The tendency to judge everything from a partisan standpoint before election, is a sad comment on the fair minded search for truth that ought to characterize every man and every institution.

# Wayside Wares.

G. H. HUMBER, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

## NAMES THAT NEVER DIE.

Comrades, do not heed the preacher
When he says all things are vain,
That 'twere better not to reach or
Not to try, than not attain.

Though on each examination
We receive the frowns of fortune,
Though we miss each recitation,—
Let us still our stars importune.

True, our names may ne'er be written
On the brilliant scroll of fame;
True, we ever may be sittin'
Where we sat when first we came;

But, though vain be each endeavor,
And no fickle mob adore us,—
Still our names are carved forever
On the backs of seats before us.

—M. P. T.

## BLUES.

Blues, blues, blues, what are they, whence come they, and for what purpose do they exist? Everybody has them, even from the poor little Freshman who has just left his mother's apron string up to the all-mighty Senior. Yet no one, yea, not even the all-wise Sophomore can account for them. They are just as liable to visit you on the day you graduate as valdictorian of your class, as on that memorable day in your college career when, after having counted Miss Annie (lytics) faithfully for five long months, you saw your name posted among those doomed to struggle for five months longer in the vain endeavor to win the hand of that fickle maiden.

They effect you as would a case of measles, whooping-cough

and grip combined. You become restless, irritable and unable to think, plan or act. Finally, as a last resort, you take yourself to your room, lock your door, and woe to the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior or Professor even, who interrupts the flow of your meditations, which have by this time made you so cross that you are "a nuisance to yourself and to everybody about you."

During these spells you attempt to do everything imaginable. First you pick up your mathematics, but soon throw that away, saying that you were not born for a mathematician; then you take up your history, and after wading around in the meshes of English local government for awhile, you throw your book across the room, vowing that the English must be the most stupid people in existence, and that you yourself could get up a better system of government than that. You try again, and this time you tackle Pliny, but soon cast it aside, expressing the wish that Pliny had died when he was a baby or had accompanied his uncle on that memorable journey to Versuivius and there shared his fate, so that he could not have written such stuff.

By this time you feel mentally and physically exhausted. You put your head over on your table, thoroughly miserable, and think you would like to die (right then) and go to heaven as did all the good little boys in the Sunday school books you read before you came to college. You even remember how you used to be afraid to say your prayers or try to be good, after you had read one of those stories, for fear that you, like those good little boys, would die. But now you consider yourself ill-used and upon mature reflection you find that this has been the case since the time of your birth—some years previous. I won't say how many. You picture to yourself how the Faculty and students will learn to appreciate you after you are gone and how they will then realize that another flower has been

> "Born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Reflecting thus you are soothed for a few minutes, but suddenly the thought comes stealing over you that you are indeed a vain fool, for who would care, except, perhaps, your "dady"—and he might consider it a happy riddance—whether you were lynched, burned or drowned, or as the saints, were wafted on "Flowery beds of ease to the mansions in the sky."

Having thus again brought yourself to a state of semi savageness you think, perhaps, a little exercise will do good, but on attempting to swing your indian clubs, you find your head invariably in the way, and after hitting it several times, you decide that the world, the time, or something must be "out of joint" and as you are unable to set it right, you go to bed disgusted with yourself and all the world. Indeed you think that after all, "this world is but a wilderness of woe" and that "life is an empty dream." At last you go to sleep and wake up next morning in a better frame of mind, especially if the sun is shining, for blues cannot exist where there is sunshine; it kills them as it does microbes.

Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but I give you my word for its truth, blues always come in the evening, especially one of those cold, drizzly, winter evenings when, "it rains and the wind is never weary," and all nature seems wrapped in gloom. It is on such an evening as this I say, when one is shut in with one's self and cannot get out of doors that the blues come. Then it is that our "Thoughts still cling to the mouldering past," and we sigh for days gone by, thinking that the hopes of youth have all been blasted and doubting whether for us

"Behind the clouds is the sun still shinning."

The causes of blues cannot be explained, but the symptoms, as has been well said, are very much the same. The affliction, however, is called by various names. The cook says that she has a curious creepy feeling and she is sure something awful is going to happen. The girls say they are in the "dumps" dreadfully and feel so utterly miserable that they can scarcely keep from crying, while your chum says that he is all "done

up" and feels as if his best girl had married a widower. When this ailment attacks you, you have a queer, all gone, "all torn up" kind of a feeling and think you had better retire.

My experience—and it should have weight, for I have had them—is that this is the best thing to do under such circumstances; and if you ever have the blues—which I hope you never may—I advise you to try this remedy, for on such occasions you are a nuisance and should be separated from the rest of humanity until you recover.

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## A PARODY.

Oft in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain had bound me,
My pony brought the light
  Of hidden thought around me;
        The phrases terse
        Of Virgil's verse,
The words by Cæsar spoken,
        And Cicero,
        I'd read no more
Were this connection broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me
My pony brought the light
  Of hidden thought around me.

When I remember all,
  The friends so linked together
I've seen around me fall,
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
        I feel like one,
        Who rode alone,
Nor passed without his pony,
  Whose honor's fled,
Whose conscience dead
  And all but grades departed,
Thus in the night no more
  Shall slumber ever bind me;
Sad conscience brings the woe
  Of wicked days to bind me.

—J. C. G.

# Literary Notes.

When this century shall come to an end and a complete record of its literary annals shall be made by the future historian, doubtless the most remarkable fact concerning these later years will be the large number of literary men who have died during the present decade. Tennyson, Holmes, Lowell, Stevenson, and many others of minor importance have died since 1890. This fact is significant, prophetic. Providence is taking from us those men who have fought the battles and made the thonght of the nineteenth century. Who shall succeed them? Will the ideals of the twentieth century differ from those of the nineteenth? During October two of our most prominent men of letters have died: Morris, the poet, and DuMaurier, the humorist.

Since the death of Lord Tennyson, England has had only two men capable of maintaining her poetical fame, Swinburne and Morris. On October 3rd, Morris joined his great fellow-poet, and Swinburne alone remains to uphold the poetic standing of his country.

William Morris was born near London in 1836. He was educated at Exeter college, Oxford, where he turned his attention to art, especially the mediæval type. After leaving college he made a study of architecture, painting, and decoration. Like Ruskin, he thus became interested in the great social and political questions of the day. He could not become reconciled to the spirit of his age, became a sincere enemy of conventionality, and took a firm stand with the Socialists.

As a poet, Mr. Morris had great love for the beautiful, which, next to his love for man, was the passion of his life. Stedman, in his *Viciorian Poets*, calls him "an artist of the beautiful." He is "absorbed in the loveliness of his roman-

tic work, and as an artist seems to find enchantment and content." Like Rossetti, he desired to separate poetry from modern thought, not so much by a return to nature as through a study of the mediæval ballads. This accounts for his first production of any literary value, "The Defense of Guinevere." In 1868 appeared "The Earthly Paradise," his most popular book. Here he accepts Chancer as his master, using the Chaucerian stanza to great effect, and in every way urging a return to the mediæval. It has "the universe of fiction for a field, and reclothes the choicest and most famous legends of Asia and Europe with the delicate fabric of the verse..... Here is a successor to Boccossio and Chancer."

But to those who seek a guide for faith, Morris will not be found satisfying. He could not reconcile himself to the progress of this age, and finds no answer for the problems of life. Yet he has left us a vision

> "Of lovely things once sung
> Beside the sea, while yet the world was young."

Dr. Kingsbury sums up his character thus: "He was saturated with the mediæval, lived much in the past, and knew how to celebrate and recreate it. He was a born Troubadour. He was no seer, no interpreter of his time like the great Tennyson was. He was a romanticist in verse and he knew how to weave as in tapestry into his fluent and melodious verse the magical scenes and attractions, and endless processions of the distant past, so full of glamour and mist and beauty." He would doubtless have succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate had he not been a socialist.

On Thursday, October 8, George DuMaurier, the famous novelist and caricaturist, passed away at his home in London. To the thousands of readers who have been delighted by those rare stories, "Peter Ibbetson" and "Tribly," his death has caused sincere regret. Although he was in his sixty-third year, his career as novelist was just begun and there was promise that he would continue to delight the world for many years.

He was fifty-eight years old when he began his first novel, "Peter Ibbetson." In the April number, 1895, of *McClure's Magazine* is given an autobiographic interview with DuMaurier, in which he says:

"The circumstances under which I came to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down High street in Bayswater. James said he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots,' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots,' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I can't write,' I said. 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much, you may take it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself. Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.'"

What strikes one mostly in DuMaurier's novels is his originality, the cleverness of his stories, the deep sympathy and tenderness pervading the whole. No one can read them without liking them. As to his sketches, Moscheles in the *Century Magazine* for May, says of him:

"DuMaurier's talent manifested itself not only in a desire to illustrate this or that incident or adventure, but also in his inexhaustable capacity for making something out of nothing."

DuMaurier was born in Paris on the 6th of March, 1834. His father was a Frenchman, his mother was from England. His education was in England and France, but mainly in the latter country. In 1856 he entered Gleyre's studio in Paris for the study of art. Two years later he was in Antwerp, but his eyes soon failed him, compelling him to give up the study of painting. In 1860 he went to London and began contributing to *Once a Week* and *Punch*. With the later he was long identified as a caricaturist. He also furnished regularly for twelve years drawings to *Harper's Monthly*. "The Martians," his last novel, is being published serially in *Harpers*. For this he received $50,000.—E. S. E.

The October *Munsey* has a short poem by Henry Jerome Stockard, entitled, "An Evening Song." Though less than twenty lines, the poem shows the work of an artist, the view of nature and the suggested rural scenery reminding us of Gray's Elegy. We have watched the progress of Mr. Stockard's work with much interest. We sincerely believe that his sonnets on Sakespeare and Homer, which appeared in the *Century*, herald the advent of a poet such as North Carolina hitherto has not produced. Last year Mr. Stockard hoped to issue his poems in book form on the subscription plan. He secured some subscriptions here at Trinity. But we have recently heard that he has been obliged to abandon this plan for the present. We hope this report is incorrect. We believe that such a volume from the pen of Mr. Stockard would mark an epoch in the literary history of the State. Let us, as North Carolinians, rally to his support and prove by action as well as word that we are patrons of literature. Mr. Stockard has many admirers at Trinity. A book of poems with his name attached would receive an enthusiastic welcome by professors and students.

However, the outlook for North Carolina poetry is not altogether discouraging. We have recently heard that a volume of poems will soon appear whose author is none other than Professor Sledd, who holds the chair of English in our sister college, Wake Forest. Professor Sledd is a man of recognized scholarship. He and Dr. Gorrell, also of Wake Forest College, have edited a French text, "La Princess Cleves," published by Ginn & Co. We hope, at an early date, to have in our hands a copy of the Professor's work. The book would undoubtedly reflect honor upon the author, add much to the reputation of his college, and also be a valuable contribution to our poetic lore.

James Whitcombe Riley has just issued another volume of poetry. "A Child World" is the title given to this collection. As its name implies, it is written for children. The critics prophesy for it "a lasting place in the heart of every reader."

Great men have often received inspiration and encouragement from their wives. This is especially true of poets. The death of Lady Emily, wife of the late Lord Tennyson, is an event worthy of much comment in the literary world. The relation between this poet and his lamented wife was similar to that of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody, and many others who might be mentioned. She was his most congenial companion, the participator of the doubts and hopes of "In Memoriam," and often the inspiration of his best poems. The beautiful lines in "Cymbeline," which Tennyson so much admired, the last he read on earth, might well be inscribed to the memory of his wife:

> "Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy earthly task hast done,
> Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;
> Golden boys and girls all must,
> As chimney sweepers, come to dust."

Were the poet living, we might expect an epic even greater than "In Memoriam."

Professor Francis James Child, who died September 11th in his seventy-second year, was one of the last of the remarkable group of men who made Harvard College and Cambridge famous a generation ago. His reputation as a scholar is secure. He was the founder of a scientific study of the language of Chaucer, which conclusively settled long disputed questions about forms of Chaucer's language and versification. His great work is his monumental edition of English and Scotish Popular Ballads in ten volumes. This shows a wealth of learning and humanity of taste seldom equalled. He was a teacher in Harvard College all his life, and has left his impress on a host of students, whom he has taught to love honest work and to hate sham. His was an interesting and unique personality. The man was greater than the scholar. His interests were broad enough to include everything that has to do with the better life of men, and his human sympathies

were extended to the humblest of his follows. All who knew him loved him. Many before and since his death have borne testimony to their high appreciation of him. Matthew Arnold and especially Lowell in their recently published letters have spoken of him in warm terms of praise.—W. P. E.

America has recently lost one of her leading scientists, Dr. Brown Goode, who died October 6. Professor Goode has done a great work for science in this country. His first important position was on the United States Fish Commission. So valuable were his services in this work that he was placed at the head of the Department of Fish and Fisheries. Since 1873 he has been connected with the Smithsonian Institute, being assistant-secretary since 1887. He has left us several valuable works upon icthology, which are everywhere regarded as authentic. He also belonged to many of the leading scientific societies of Europe and America, and was one of the founders of the American Historical Association.

In the October *Harper's* Judge Walter Clark writes of "A Recovered Chapter of American History." The article treats of that fatal expedition against Spanish-America in 1740. Sometime ago Judge Clark told in THE ARCHIVE of the conduct of North Carolina troops in this same expedition. Mr. Clark is one of the most prominent North Carolinians now living. He takes great interest in the affairs of his State and also writes a great deal. We hope to hear from him again in THE ARCHIVE.

Professor Dowd, who holds the chair of Sociology in Trinity, has recently published a "Life of Braxton Craven, D. D., L. L D." Dr. Craven was the founder of Trinity college and the hero of the struggle for Christian education among the Methodists of North Carolina. In writing his biography, Professor Dowd has had the especial advantages of having been a student under him. The book is free from many of the faults of the usual biography, the story of the life of this great man be-

ing told in a simple, straight-forward manner. There are also extracts from Dr. Craven's sermons and addresses, also a novel, "Naomi Wise," written by him. The book should be in the hands of every Trinity man, and all others interested in Christian education. The Educator has a full review of the book, with quotations.

The American Historical Association has published a paper on the Regulators, written by Dr. J. S. Bassett. The author does not believe that this movement had any direct connection with the Revolution. The Regulators had no intention of resisting the king, most of them afterward opposed the Revolution, and their opponents at Alamance were afterwards the organizers of the Revolution. The object of the Regulators was to secure redress of grievances inflicted by certain local officers. Dr. Bassett is doing more for North Carolina history than any other man in the State. He believes in North Carolina, but is unprejudiced and unbiased in his opinions of our state history. This work will do much to correct some wrong ideas that many North Carolinians have concerning their state's history.

The October *McClure's* has an interesting character sketch of Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), by Rev. D. M. Ross, a former college-mate of the famous Scotchman, who is undoubtedly the "man of the hour." Dr. Watson's literary career has been short, but brilliant. His must be added to the names of that group of Edinburg University men who have made themselves famous within the present generation. Barrie, Crockett, Stevenson, Stalker, Smith, and Watson have, in the last twenty-five years, occupied the position before the public eye formerly held by Carlyle, Scott, and Burns. Judging from circumstances, Watson's career will probably outshine that of any of his contemporaries. He shows decided talent as a minister as well as a literary man. His freedom from any "literary pose" and the great sympathy in the "Bonnie Brier Bush" contribute much to his popularity.

What Burns and Scott did for "fair Scotia's" poetry and romance, Watson is doing for the simple, heroic lives of her peasantry. Dr. Watson is now lecturing in this country. If he comes southward, why might we not have him here at Trinity?

*Maurice Thompson* and *Joel Chandler Harris* are the subjects of two essays of a series on "*Southern Writers*," by Dr. Wm. M. Baskerville, of Vanderbilt University. There is a decided "renaissance" taking place in Southern literature. Southern lands have always been the homes of literature. The time is fast approaching when "Dixie" shall no longer be an exception to this rule. Freed from those tendencies most pernicious to the progress of a healthy literature, with centers of learning springing up throughout our land, we must, sooner or later, take a forward stand in the estimation of the literary world. Already are the merits of our literary men being recognized. James Lane Allen, Maurice Thompson, Thomas Nelson Page, and many others are opening up the vast fields for literature here in the South, and their efforts are being crowned with wonderful success. A book by one of these men, with a southern story for a subject and for the background the light and shade of southern scenery, finds a market everywhere it goes.

Dr. Baskerville's relation to this movement in our literature is important. In a series of twelve papers, he proposes "to give a tolerably complete survey of that literary movement which, beginning about 1870, has spread over the entire South." These articles are issued in booklet form by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn. The two we have read present their subjects in a most interesting way and are well-worth careful attention. Dr. Baskerville has also put out a text on English Grammar, issued by Leach, Sewall & Sanborn. Last summer, he held the Chair of Englsh at Chatauqua. He is already foremost in the ranks of our educators, and in these essays is accomplishing a much needed work for Southern Literature.

# Editor's Table.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

---

The Table's work for the day had been unusually hard. First, there was a lecture upon the Trend of Theological Thought by Dr. ——, then an abstract by Dr. —— —— upon the Philosophy of Poetical Composition, an hour spent with Dr. X studying the Decline of the Roman Empire, another filled up with a quiz upon the Action and Reaction of Resultant Forces in Mechanical Fluids, and last a philosophical discussion of the Psychico-Physical Relations of Mind and Body with Dr. Y. Next, an hour was allowed for dinner. Then the subject of the morning's lecturing spent two hours in a large room fitted out with water-spouts and gas-pipes trying to measure the diameter of a steel wire and the volume of the segment of a cone. And now, night had come, the Table was comfortably settled in the study. Two hours had been devoted to an unfinished paper on the Philosophical and Historical Basis of the Nature Worship of the Nineteenth Century poets, due the next day. The concentration of thought on this subject had produced a severe attack of the *ennui*. From a study of the subject in hand, the Table had reverted to a contemplation of "things in general," especial attention being given to that text of the Teacher: "Of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." When half an hour had been spent upon this all-important proverb, the Table was aroused from this line of thought by a knock upon the door. He whispered something to himself, which must have been heard by the one without, for alas! the door swung open (the Table had forgotten to lock it) and in stalked the

portly form of a post-graduate. The Table turned and made suitable apologies for not answering the summons at the door (which of course stuck in the Table's throat) and invited the visitor to sit down. The post-grad., however, could not take the hint, and at once took the proffered chair, picked up our "sweet brier" (which is for ornament only), produced some queer-looking powder, and smoked the room full of an almost unearthly odor, which he guaranteed to be a sure cure for nervous headache. When this had lasted some hour or two, during which a desultory conversation flagged, the pipe, or rather its contents, perhaps both, were exhausted, and with a parting bang of the door, the post-grad. fled into the shades of night. The studious Table locked the door and barricaded it with an empty bookcase. Another half hour dragged slowly on. The Table's faculties, which had been somewhat disconcerted by the experience of the last hour, had resumed their mental task, when another knock was heard at the door. The Table solemnly vowed he would not "open up." However, the summons was not repeated, but something was dropped just outside, and the sounds of retreating foot-steps were heard down the hall. The Table then arose, cautiously removed the barricade, opened the door and found a bundle of exchanges left by the post-man. Among them were the trim figure of the *College Message*, the *Hampden-Sydney Magazine*, with its imposing motto, "Vestiga Nulla Retrorsum;" then the *Student* of our sister college, Wake Forest, the *Tennessee University Magazine* with the its forty pages of stories, poems, and an article on John Keats, the *Yale Lit.*, Vol. LXII, No. 1., and last, the *Athenaeum* and the *Emory Phoenix*.

*The Hampden-Sydney Magazine* has more the appearance of a real magazine, so far as binding and print is concerned, than any of our contemporaries. But only nineteen pages are given to literary matter, the remaining thirty-four being filled up with editorials, locals, and the other depart-

ments common to the college magazine. Now, we do not object to locals, alumni notes, etc., but we do not think they should receive more attention than the other department, which should be *first* in every college journal, that department devoted to college literature. In the introductory article of this magazine, the editor says that "the college publication is established and maintained for the benefit of the writer." If this is true, should not more than nineteen out of fifty-three pages be devoted to contributions from the student-body? However, the poetry of this issue is very good. The author of "Muriel Talking to the Angels" goes in for alliteration and success very well. Poe is evidently his model. "The Blond" and the "Brunette" are very cleverly done and the "Night After the Last Examination" is a more serious poem than its name would imply. Our attention is attracted chiefly by the exchange department. The editor takes up several periodicals and runs them "through the mill," and not one of them can stand the crucial test of his criticism. The editor surely desires to make his magazine the Edinburgh Review of college journalism and himself the Jeffrey of the new movement. In college journalism, as elsewhere, the models are shifting, and we believe in a firm, conservative stand.

The first number of the *Wake Forest Student* for this year is before us. If the succeeding numbers equal this one, W. F. C. will have a successful year in journalism. "A visit to Goethe's Home" is, to us, the most attractive article. We are sorry to note that this issue contains no poetry. Now, the "poetic muse" haunts the campus of Wake Forest, and why cannot the *Student* take advantage of this opportunity? The editorials, though they include too much, are all very good. The one on Ephemeral Literature should demand the thought of every one. The writer recognizes that "many current books possess remarkable art, that they are interesting and instructive," but our attention is called to the fact

that too much time is spent in reading these productions "is providing deleterious to the cultivation of literature and the imbition of noble ideas that others have left for our advancement." This should be remembered by all, especially the college man, who is expected to stand for the highest in all things.

There is an editorial in the *Yale Lit.* on Dr. Watson's lectures at that University. Commenting on a sermon the Doctor preached in the "Varsity" chapel, the editor says: "The sermon preached two weeks since in the chapel will linger long in mind, and we shall never cease to wonder how any living man could hold the perfect attention of a thousand restless, critical boys for fifty-one minutes, when the usual limit of patience is the half-hour chiming overhead. And yet after all, it is not so hard to understand. There was in that sermon just such sympathy and broad love of humanity as fills his lectures and his books. Leaving all theological creeds and scholastic formulas, he struck deep down to the heart and touched it profoundly. Just there lies his power over the emotions, and he uses it in all his lines of work. What a charming personality! Tall, broad-shouldered, with that fine head and the slightly gray hair; deep, gray eyes looking sharply from under the heavy brows, yet capable of softening with an infinite tenderness; a firm, strong mouth, tempered with kindly curves."

Now for the *Athenaeum*, organ of the University of West Virginia. We are sorry that there seems to be nothing very elevating in these pages. The editors go in for general college news, locals, and worse than all, a mixture of advertisements and college jokes. Among other things we find this statement; "Of the two hundred or more colleges and Universities in the Southern States, the University of Virginia is the only true University." The editor should examine college statistics a little more closely before he makes

this surprising assertion. U. Va. is one of our best Southern Universities, but to say that she is the only one, is going entirely too far.

The *Emory Phoenix* is not so much a journal, as a mixture of the magazine and the local newspaper. There is, however, one very good article, an essay on the "Scholar's Mission." The only objection to this is that its thought is a little too "Emersonian."

But the Table has written too long. The lamp burns low and the pen must be laid aside. The philosophical paper has long since been forgotten, and a certain professor must drag through another day without a victim for his critical propensities. The exchanges are put away, the Table retires to the arms of Morpheus to dream of an ideal college where all Senior studies are elective, the college periodical devotes an unlimited number of pages to exchange views, and work upon that department credits the manager with three hours.

"MURIEL TALKING TO THE ANGELS."

Yes, my eyes are sightless, sightless,
But my life is nightless, nightless;
While my harpsichord is ringing,
Then I hear the angels singing,
And its echoes sounding, sounding,
Starts my heart to bounding, bounding.

And the brightness and the lightness,
And the alabaster whiteness
Of the wings, as flitting, flitting,
And anon, as sitting, sitting,
All around in sweet array,
Even night turn into day.

So, although my eyes are sightless,
Yet my life is nightless, nightless;
Ah, sweet angels, soon I'll meet thee—
Hark, our Muriel, we will greet thee,
And with joy and gladness take thee,
And a home in Heaven we'll make thee.

—*Eugene Douglass, in Hampden-Sydney Magazine.*

## FALL.

There were roses in her hair
  Still wet with dew,
  And hovering there.
A flash of blue in her sun-kissed curls—
  Was a little bird,
  Even as I looked it flew
  Swift as the breeze away,
And the rose leaves, shrivelled, in eddying whirls
  Fell in her way.
  Nor speech, nor word
She murmured, but as clouds of mist
  Fade slowly in the sun,
  So she, nor wist
That mortal looked on her, as I had done.
And ere the vanished vision, chaste and fair
The first light snow-flake floated in the air.

—*Chas. P. Hine, in Yale Lit.*

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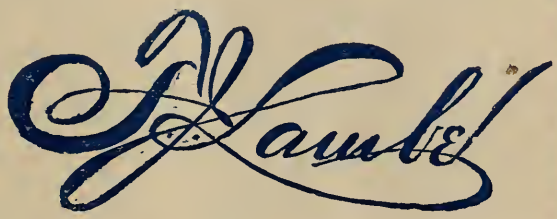


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December, 1896.

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## Literary.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

### THE VICE-PRESIDENT—WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.

In the beginning it was contemplated by our Constitution makers that while the successful candidate should be President, his chief rival should be the Vice-President Accordingly when John Adams became President, Thomas Jefferson was chosen Vice-President. At the next election when Thomas Jefferson was chosen, Aaron Burr, who was not in contemplation at the polls for the chief place, jeopardized the choice of Jefferson and the danger of a repetition of this state of things caused a constitutional amendment to avert it. Under the practical workings of the Constitution we have the present anomalous condition, that the Vice-Presidency is an office without power and almost without duties, and consequently almost without importance. His sole duty—that of presiding over a Senate in which he has no voice, and—save in case of a tie—no vote, can be, and often for long periods is, discharged by some Senator who is elected as President *pro tem.* The Vice-President is not vested with the power of

appointing the Committees, since unlike the Speaker of the House of Representatives, he is not chosen by the body over which he presides and not infrequently is of a different political party from the majority of the Senate.

Thus being without power and practically without duties, the Vice-Presidency offers few inducements to an able, ambitious man and the nomination has been often refused. This has in very many instances, though not always, thrown the nomination as a compliment to some man who would not by the nominating convention be considered for a moment for the Presidency. Yet the Vice-President has the terrible potentiality of succeeding to the Presidency in the event of a vacancy. This condition has brought about some most inconvenient results. In 1840 John Tyler was nominated to conciliate the minority of the Whig party who differed widely on some material points from the great bulk of the party. The death of President Harrison, after a short month in office, robbed the Whigs of the fruits of their victory and brought catastrophe upon them and a revolution in the policy of the administration. In 1848, after the nomination of Gen. Taylor, Mr. Webster declined the Vice-Presidency as beneath him and thus lost his last chance of filling his life long ambition when a few months later Mr. Fillmore became President—a most excellent man, but one who would never have been thought of for the first place. Had President Lincoln died during his first term, it may be seriously doubted if Mr. Hamlin would have been satisfactory to his party or the country and it is very certain that Andrew Johnson was not.

It is not necessary to prolong this review. While there have been a few Vice-Presidents who were possible nominees for the Presidency the rule has been otherwise. As out of nineteen Presidents so far elected, four have fallen in office the ratio of succession for the Vice-Presidency has been more than one in five, in fact over twenty-one per

cent. This opens up a serious danger and some plan should be devised to make the Vice-Presidency more attractive to men of the first order, by adding to its dignity and powers.

Among the plans discussed, that of giving the Vice-President a voice and vote in the Senate, would require a Constitutional amendment. Nor can it be expected that the Senate will amend its rules to confer on the Vice-President the important power of appointing Committees which is possessed by the presiding officer of the House of Representatives, seeing, as already stated, the Vice-President is not chosen by the Senate and not infrequently belongs to a different political party from a majority of that body.

There is however, an opportunity to make the Vice-President something more than the mere moderator, without voice or vote, of the upper House and the fifth wheel of the coach. The subject of Inter-State Commerce and the regulation of the rates and conduct of Inter-State railroads and canals is one of growing importance, and is of sufficient interest to the Union at large to justify the selection by the people of the Chief Officer to supervise that immense business. The Department of Inter-State Commerce can be created by Statute, without the necessity of a Constitutional Amendment, to which Department shall be assigned as Bureaux the Inter-State Commerce Commission, the Pacific Railroads, the Nicaraugua Canal and collateral matters. The same statute can assign to the Vice-President not as a separate office, but ex-officio, the duty of Secretary of Inter-State Commerce with the Chief seat in the Cabinet and the right of presiding at all Cabinet meetings in the absence of the President. The importance of the duties thus devolved upon him (which however would not interfere with his brief tour of duty as presiding officer of the Senate for a few hours daily during the session of Congress) would make him in importance to the public only second to the President, and would always secure a nominee of sufficient prominence and ability, to

be the equal in every respect to the Presidential nominee. Furthermore, the President's salary has been raised to $50,000. with a furnished residence, besides the payment of all expenses which makes his real cost to the nation near a quarter of a million per annum, while the salary of the Vice-President has remained at the sum fixed one hundred years ago of $8,000, without a residence or any appointing power, beyond a Private Secretary which is possessed now by every member of each House of Congress. The gulf fixed between the first and second officer of the government is too great. The expenses lavished on the President can be most materially curtailed, while if the Vice-President is vested ex-officio with the supervision of the Inter-State Commerce of the country, it will be necessary that he, as well as the President, should reside at the Capital and he should be furnished with a public residence and his salary augmented out of a portion of the sums which can be curtailed from the annual appropriations voted for the attendance upon the President.

By a measure of this kind the Vice-President can be made really useful and an integral part of the government, second only to the President in importance and it would justify an appropriate salary. This will always secure the nomination as Vice-President of men of the same shade of political opinion with the President and of like prominence and ability. Should there be a vacancy in the office of Vice-President by his promotion, death, removal or resignation, the statute should in that event confer upon the President the power to appoint a Secretary of Inter-State Commerce *pro tem*, subject to confirmation by the Senate like other Secretaries, but possessing the Premiership of the Cabinet, with the right of presiding at Cabinet meetings in the absence of the President and of succeeding to the Presidential office upon the death of the President in priority to the Secretary of State and others in the order now prescribed by law.

WALTER CLARK.

## THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF SIDNEY LANIER.

The South has produced but little literature, but she can lay claim to some that will live and that bespeaks undoubted genius in those who wrote it. All of her writers have had many hardships to battle against. Many conditions surrounded them which prevented the full development of their literary powers; and those that gave promise of most died before they had grown into the greatness they would otherwise have attained.

Few authors of any age or country have encountered difficulties equal to those that fell to the lot of the poet Sidney Lanier. A multitude of circumstances conspired against him, but under the weight of so many adversities he applied himself to the work he loved with devotion and courage that were remarkable.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Georgia, in the year 1842. He descended on the paternal side from French Huguenots, who were noted for their musical accomplishments, several generations of them having served as musicians in the Court of England. This strong inclination for music, which his ancestors had so markedly manifested, was inherited in the fullest measure by Sidney Lanier, and it was without doubt one of the cardinal elements in his success as a poet. It was evident in his early childhood that he was a genius in the realm of music, for he had great love for it, and could play almost any instrument that came in his reach, with the help of little or no instruction. His soul was full of music and it was only necessary that some instrument be put in his hands for him to impart to it the most ravishing melodies.

The violin was at first his favorite instrument. He was at times, it is said, so moved by its music that he would fall prostrate with rapture. The attachment that he had for the violin did not please his father, however; in fact, his musical tendencies were in every way discouraged by

his relatives and friends. To comply with the wish of his father, he gave up the violin; but his intense musical nature could not but express itself, so he turned to the flute, whose soft, mellow notes were well suited to his gentle nature. All through his life he had a marked attachment for this instrument, and the music he made with it was inimitable. Some of those who heard him play have observed that he could make the flute utter sounds peculiarly resembling the strains of a violin.

The youth was fully aware of the fact that he possessed an extraordinary talent for music, and, according to his own statement, believed that he was capable of attaining the highest in this field; but like his father, he was of the opinion that the pursuit of music was too insignificant an occupation for one who had an ambition to make some worthy and lasting contribution to the higher life of the world. With this feeling he probably first began to turn his attention to literary work and aspire to become a great poet while a student at Oglethorpe College; but many things which hindered and discouraged confronted him, and he did not fully determine to devote his life to literature till several years after graduating.

He taught for a few months in his Alma Mater immediately after graduation in 1860, until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he enlisted as a volunteer in the Confederate Army. While serving as a soldier he spent his leisure time in perfecting his musical talent and studying several modern languages. His flute was always with him, and it would probably not be altogether a matter of fancy to picture Lanier sitting by the camp-fire of a winter's evening in the center of an admiring group of soldiers who had gathered around that their ears, tired by the harsh din of battle, might catch the soothing melodies. He wrote some verse during the war and translated some from the German. For five months towards the close of the war he was in Point Lookout prison. During that time he suffered

many privations, but his flute and poetry were sources of great comfort.

He was released from prison in February, 1865, and reached his home at Macon early in the following spring, worn and wasted by disease and other hardships common to a warrior's life. A long spell of extreme illness followed.

After regaining strength sufficient to permit him to engage in any labor, he went to Montgomery, Alabama, having obtained a clerkship at that place. During his stay in Alabama, "Tiger Lillies," a novel based on the Civil War, was written in the very short time of three weeks. It is a strong, unpolished work. Though it is lacking in finish, yet when we consider the brief time taken in its preparation and the feeble health of the author, it becomes wonderful. The novel revealed the wealth of Lanier's imagination and thus foreshadowed the great things that he was destined later to accomplish in the realm of poetry.

The next year after "Tiger Lillies" was written and published, he suffered his first hemorrhage from the lungs, and returned to Macon in a very feeble condition. Here he remained about three years studying and practicing law with his father. This gave him a steady and sufficient income, but the work was uncongenial. He declined so rapidly in health during this time that he decided to go to New York for treatment. After a stay of two months there, he returned much improved and in good hope of full recovery; but he soon began to grow worse again. During his service in the army, that terrible disease, consumption, had been contracted, and all its agonies were now fully upon him. It was this malady in its first stages that had made the past few years of his life so unhappy. He went to San Antonio, Texas, in the hope of finding relief in the dry climate of that section, but was bitterly disappointed and returned after remaining there a few months.

The struggle now becomes sadder and more heroic. The deadly fangs of consumption have sunk deep into his body, and he clearly realizes what this portends; he believes that he has been engaged in the wrong work during the years he practiced law; an irresistible longing to follow the bent of his nature, comes upon him; but he fears that he may not live long enough to accomplish anything in his chosen field. The promptings of the Muses were expressed when he wrote to his wife, from Texas: "All day my soul hath been cutting swiftly into the great space of the subtle, unspeakable deep, driven by wind after wind of heavenly melody. The very inner spirit and essence of all wind-songs, bird-songs, passion-songs, folk-songs, country-songs, sex-songs, soul-songs and body-songs hath blown upon me in quick gusts like the breath of passion, and sailed me into a sea of vast dreams, whereof each wave is at once a vision and a melody."

In the face of all opposing and discouraging circumstances, Lanier now determined to devote his remaining days to music and literature. Having obtained a position as first flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore, he made his home in that city. He played in the orchestra several years, but was time after time driven by disease to different parts of the country in the hope of finding a climate that would relieve him. No climate had any healing effect, however, and he always returned to Baltimore to resume his place as first flute and follow his literary tastes. He managed, by playing in the orchestra and by writing poems and articles for magazines, together with what his father and brother were able to give out of their very limited means, to very scantily support himself and his family. His father tried to persuade him to go back to Macon and enter again the practice of law, but he could not give up what was so dear to him; so he wrote from Baltimore:

* * * "My dear father, think how, for twenty years,

through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?"

Where is a more pathetic instance than this of an author's devotion to his art?

His residence at Baltimore afforded Lanier opportunities for reading and study, of which he most gladly took advantage at all times when his state of health permitted. It is a sad spectacle, this of a man so eager to feed upon the great minds that surround him in the form of books, and yet can taste these joys only at intervals when the pangs of consumption are least oppressive. However incredible it may seem, he did a great amount of studying under these circumstances. To be a writer of poetry in the truest and highest sense, was his supreme desire, and he recognized that, in order to be this, it was necessary for him to know thoroughly his mother tongue and its literature; so commencing with the Anglo-Saxon period, he pursued the study of the language and literature all the way down to his own time. He was a profound scholar and gave learned lectures on different periods and phases of English literature, to private classes in Baltimore. His genius and ability were soon recognized by Johns Hopkins University, and he was appointed lecturer on English literature in that institution.

As a poet Sidney Lanier was strikingly original. His

poetic conceptions would not conform to the set laws of verse according to which others had written; so he introduced a new form of poetic expression.

He makes musical time the basis of his verse; and in this respect he is unique among English poets. Most of them have been great lovers of music, but they have not applied musical principles to the writing of poetry as Lanier has done. It has always been claimed that there is a close relation between the arts of poetry and music, but the relation is usually conceived as existing in some way without being clearly defined. Lanier probably saw the relation as no other poet has seen it. However this may be, he made a knowledge of music of more use to him in writing poetry than others have done. He was both a poet and a musician born, and he cultivated the two arts together through many years, each sharing his attention and love about equally. His poetry is certainly very musical. What poem is more pleasing to the ear than the "Song of the Chattahoochee"? As the river moves on toward the ocean he makes it sing:

> "All down the hills of Habersham,
> All through the valleys of Hall,
> The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
> The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
> The laving laurel turned my tide,
> The ferns and the fondling grass said *stay,*
> The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
> And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
> *Here in the hills of Habersham,*
> *Here in the valleys of Hall.*"

The poem is made doubly beautiful by its lofty sentiment. After the river has sung of the enticements and entreaties to stop its journey seaward, Lanier hears it speak thus of duty:

> "But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
> And oh, not the valleys of Hall
> Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
> Downward the voices of duty call—

Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad of flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain,
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

How much better treatment of duty is this than that given it by some preacher-poets who write on duty in the abstract.

Lanier also shows marked originality in the choice of subjects for his poems. Taking common-place things which are not in the least capable of arousing most people's æsthetic feelings, and turning upon them his powerful, all-pervasive imagination, he elevated them into the high realm of song and transformed them to things of magnificence and beauty. To most men the marshes on the seacoast are repulsive rather than attractive; their broad expanse is wearisome to the eye, and their slimy sod, over which crawl uncouth reptiles, suggests no idea of beauty or goodness. But Lanier's breast is freed from all weight of sadness and pessimism when he looks out

"On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn."

The poet's wonderful imagination as well as the beauty of his characteristic type of verse, is strikingly illustrated by the poem, "The Marshes of Glynn." It also shows his great faith and the optimistic tendency of his nature, as may be seen from the following lines:

"Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the Catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

"As the marsh hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God;
Oh, like the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

Lanier did not believe in trusting altogether to intuition in writing poetry. He considered deep and widely extended knowledge to be one of the necessary attributes of a truly great poet, and accordingly he labored with patient thoroughness in many branches of study. Music, language, history, philosophy and the sciences received his careful attention. Each of these, in his opinion, had a place in the education of a poet. He was also a deep student of man. As a poet he constantly drew upon his rich and varied store of facts. The following apostrophe of his to a stalk of corn gives his idea of the materials a poet should use:

> "As poets should,
> Thou hast built up thy hardihood
> With universal food,
> Drawn in select proportion fair
> From honest mould and vagabond air;
> From darkness of the dreadful night,
> And joyful light;
> From antique ashes, whose departed flame
> In thee has finer life and longer fame;
> From wounds and balms,
> From storms and calms,
> From potsherds and dry bones
> And ruin-stones."

The versatility here advocated is found in Lanier's poetry. He was a man of great culture and broad sympathies. He possessed a symmetry and diversity of gifts that few men have enjoyed; was witty, imaginative, full of common sense; and all his qualities were evenly balanced. With such a mind, the sweep of his song was broad as humanity itself. His wit appears chiefly in his dialect poems.

The poet made rapid advances in his art from the time he began to write until his death. It is very easy to see this growth when we read his poems in the order they were written. His writings were good from the beginning, but the poems produced during the last few years of his life are in every respect far superior to those belonging to

the earlier period. He brought his peculiar style of verse nearer and nearer to perfection, until a marvelous degree of beauty was attained.

Among his greatest poems are "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," and the "Song of the Chattahoochee," all written during the closing years of his life. How beautiful and noble they are in sound and sentiment! In them may be read the pure, exalted life of one who always saw goodness and beauty in the world about him. Like Milton, Lanier thought that to write a true poem it was necessary that the author's life be a true poem. And his was. There is nothing in his life to detract from his writings, nothing to cause one to feel that his poetry was stained by an impure source. The lofty spirituality of the man is revealed in his writings and the conviction that led him to say:

> "O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
> The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head."

pervades his life and works. He was suffused with goodness and beauty.

"Sunrise," his last poem, was written when he was so weak that he could scarcely hold his pencil. He did not wish to leave the world with this unuttered. A few months later he died, at the age of thirty-nine.

Besides his other works, Lanier made a very valuable addition to the world's treatises on versification in his "Science of English Verse." Many consider it to be the best and most exhaustive work on the laws of poetic composition that exists in any language. It gave a new impulse to poetry writing in this country.

It is impossible to say what Sidney Lanier might not have accomplished had he possessed even a moderate degree of health and had he been spared to live to maturer years. His small volume of poems is enough to immortalize him, but if fate had permitted he would doubtless have left the world a far richer heritage. According to his own

statement, he had many poems in his mind, which, for the lack of strength and leisure, were never written. Notwithstanding the facts that he was a consumptive, driven from place to place, during the whole of his manhood; that he was much of the time deprived of books; much of the time too ill to use them when in his reach; all the time poor; and his life cut off at the premature age of thirty-nine—notwithstanding all these hinderances and many more besides, he ranks high as an American poet and man of letters.

M. T. DICKINSON.

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## A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

Traveling men usually keep on hand a good large stock of "yarns," which creates much demand for them where a crowd of jolly men are gathered with nothing to do, in particular, but talk and be talked to.

A fried of mine, by the name of Linstrom, is traveling agent for one of the largest land syndicates in America. Some two weeks ago, I ran across him at the Asunda Club rooms, just returned from a three mouth's trip through the West. In a short time, quite a croud of the boys gathered around, and the hand-shaking over, we squared ourselves to hear a lot of good Western side-splitters. The jokes, however, were not forthcoming, but in their stead, a bit of personal experience, which Linstrom labeled anything else than a joke.

"It is hardly necessary," said he, "to tell you that those fellows out where I have been believe in playing with pistols, knives and ropes, just a little too much to suit a tenderfoot. However, for fear you can't appreciate that fact, I will give you a little incident which took place since I have been on this last trip. It proved in the end to be the termination of something which happened quite a good many years ago. So I shall have to tell you that first.

"I was born and reared in the good old state of Georgia, as most of you know. However, I don't lay any claims to be-

ing a Georgia Cracker, bear in mind, please. It was just after the Christmas holidays, while I was on my way back to college, up in North Carolina, that this first part took place. The connection which the trains of one road made with those of another, was not so good as it might have been, but up to the time we reached a little town in North Carolina by the name of Caton, all had gone well and the stops had been reasonably short. At Caton, we struck luck. About the first thing I learned, was that my train was three hours and forty minutes late.

"To realize just how I was situated, you must know something about that place. It is only a railroad jnnction with some hundred and fifty inhabitants, a couple of stores, and a corn mill, which is on the main street and never fails to keep enough noise for a dozen such mills. On the whole, about the worst place at which a man could be delayed. The people who stop there once, say they had rather die there than anywhere else, because they can leave the earth with the least regret. There are two depots there instead of one, so all baggage has to be transferred at the expense of the owner. A very stout old colored man, who seemed to be addicted to the habit of much scraping and bowing, promised to get mine over for a dime. So I proceeded at once to the other depot. There I found a dozen or more of my school mates from North Carolina, like myself, watching for the late train. That was luck sure enough, and I soon settled down to make the delay as pleasant and comfortable as possible.

"The day was bitter cold and a wind blew from the north which seemed to search every nook and corner of the earth. Two shiverring 'coons,' who were hanging about the door, were invited in to attend to the fire, and right well they did it, replenishing it from time to time with wood from a near by pile, until the blaze roared far up the chimney and the room was warm enough. Pipes, cigars and cigarettes were indulged in freely, and soon the room was dense with smoke. We gave our college yell, sang and made the 'coons' dance

until quite a number of people were gazing in astonishment through the windows. The agent, a dried up little man, threatened to have us put out; but as we felt, in our estimation, able to cope with the whole town, and so informed him, he simply gave vent to expressions too blue for the public ear, and banged the door in our faces.

"How long we would have gone on in this way, it is impossible to say, but most likely until our train arrived, had we not been stopped in a peculiar manner.

"Shortly after our interview with the agent, I noticed a boy, apparently about fourteen, get up and leave the room. He must have been occupying a seat in some corner, as I had not noticed up to that time that there was a stranger in the room. He had a most peculiar expression of pain and sadness on his face, and it was impossible, it seemed, for me to dismiss him from my mind. For some reason, I have no idea why, I had an almost irresistable desire to know more of him, so finally decided to go out and look him up. That proved quite an easy task, for I found them sitting on a box on the side of the house most protected from the wind. I say *them*, for he was not alone now, but beside him, quite closely, sat a little woman, neatly, though very plainly attired.

"Her wrinkled brow and stooped shoulders told at a glance that life had not gone easily there. And the loook of calm resignation which shone from her eyes, slightly dimmed with tears, was but the victory over a bitter struggle. Something told me they were mother and son in trouble, and although I did not know them, I could not help but sympathize with them. I determined to find out something about them, if possible.

'Waiting for the late train?' I asked.

'Yes, sir, we have been waiting for some time,' was the modest reply.

'Would you not find it more comfortable in the waiting-room? We have a good fire in there now.'

'It would be much warmer in there, but my son says he

can't stand the smoke and noise. You see he has been sick now for quite a good while and is pretty weak and nervous. He is going to the West for his health. The doctors think it will cure him out there. It is so far he ought to be mighty quiet and not get worried before he starts, so I recon we will stay out here.'

"The whole thing was as plain to me as could be. We had driven the boy out by our bad behavior, and I confess I felt no little shame as I thought of it. I apologized as best I could for our rudeness and being assured that they would remain until I returned, hurried back to the waiting-room. The boys were still quite boisterous, but it took only a few words to get their attention. 'Boys,' said I, 'we have played the mischief now, and caused a most unfortunate thing by our rudeness. That bov you noticed leaving the room a few minutes ago, left on our account. He is sick and very weak and nervous. He is now on his way West for his health; and it is a shame that he and his mother, who is outside with him, have to stay in the cold just because we can't keep a little more quiet. Of course we didn't intend to do it, but it is done; and I take as much blame as any one. What say you to helping them in some way? From all appearances, they are in needy circumstances financially, and I think a little substantial aid on our part, to make up for our behavior, would not hurt matters at all. The best thing we can do is to provide them a comfortable room, and a good warm supper. Besides, I move we chip in enough to get a berth for the boy. I am sure he intends taking the whole trip without one, which is almost enough to kill a well man, much more a sick one.'

"The boys seemed deeply moved about the matter, and as I passed the hat they responded like men. The whole amounted, I think, to fourteen dollars, quite enough to cover the extra cost of a berth along with the other expenses. The boys requested me to present it and make further apologies, but under no circumstances to accept a refusal. That I found no

easy task, for the mother, time and again, modestly refused. I assured her, however, that I was determined to pay for a berth for her son, so she finally accepted. In half an hour we were all three by a good fire at the only boarding-house in the place, and I had given an order for supper.

"During the evening, I learned much of their history. Those two made up the family, the father and two daughters having been taken off by that terrible disease, consumption, which seemed even then to be fastening its hold on the son.

"They were indeed in poor circumstances, for the boy's sickness had been a long one, and the earnings of one poor soul, burdened by the care of another sick one, were inadequate for the needs of the two. They had no relatives in the East and only one uncle of the boy in the West. It was to this uncle that he was going.

"The evening passed away so pleasantly that our time was up long before we thought of it, and we hurried back to the depot in time to have ten minutes left for preparation. The boys were all standing on the platform and the waiting-room was empty. So I carried the two in and returned that they might be alone for a while. As the train rolled in, they came out. I helped the boy in and got him a seat, then returned to say good by to the mother. I found her weeping, so tarried just long enough to say good-by and speak a word or two of consolation. As I stepped upon the train, now moving off, she handed me a small article wrapped in paper, with the request to remember her. As we increased in speed, the place rapidly faded away, and in the distance I could catch a glimpse of a stooped form, and a tiny white handkerchief waving feebly.

"A run of twenty-five miles and we were back at College. The duties and pastimes of College life soon caused me to forget my recent experience, except when my eyes fell on the little keepsake I had received. That proved to be a small silver locket with the initials M. H. J. inscribed upon it.

"A year passed and I graduated. Shortly after leaving

school, I secured the position which I now hold and have been traveling ever since.

"About a month ago, while on this last trip, I received orders from headquarters to go to a place in the southwestern part of the Indian Territory, to attend to some business of the Company. I was then a hundred and fifty or seventy-five miles north of that point, and the connection being very poor, it was about a two days' trip. At the end of the second day, I arrived at a town, if such it can be called, about twelve miles from my exact destination. As I passed up one of the streets towards a little frame house, which was advertised as a hotel, I noticed that I was attracting an unusual amount of attention. One man would point me out to another and then the two would enter into a spirited consultation, until almost every man in sight seemed to be earnestly engaged in watching me. Why they did this, I could not tell, but I assure you I would have felt much better if they had just left that part of the programme out.

"I reached the 'hotel'—and such a one I had never before seen in all my travels—when, to my surprise, the proprietor seemed possessed with the same idea that I was some kind of uncommon creature. However, he allowed me to register and promised to furnish me with a horse for my trip the next day. So, after supper, I left instructions for an early start, and retired at once.

"It was some time before I could get my bones adapted to their new resting place, but finally I dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long I had been sleeping—not more than two hours, I suppose—when there came a tremendous bang against my door, whereupon I was on my feet in an instant, holding the only weapon there was at hand, a long-necked whiskey bottle.

'Who's that, and what do you want?' I asked.

'Never mind about that, just you come out and see, or we will come in,' was the reply.

"My heart went through a variety of gymnastic performances

and finally landed high and dry in the top of my throat, very much in the way of the bold front I tried to put up. From the noise outside it seemed that there must have been a hundred men. I thought as rapidly as possible for some way of escape, but as there was no window, and I knew I stood no chance against so many, I decided to open the door, taking particular pains to stand well behind it.

"In they walked, with knives, pistols, and a rope. There were really only about twenty-five, but they were the fiercest men I ever saw.

'Up to it again, are you, Pard?'

'I don't understand, gentlemen. What does this mean?'

'None o' your lies now, for it ain't good for a fellow in your fix. Yer wiskers don't fool us. Yer can't play yer hand in these parts no more, ner no other place, if we know our biz. I reckon you had better take a walk with us now, and we will even up the past a mite.'

"I saw it was useless to resist, so followed them, as soon as I had dressed myself. In vain I tried to tell them they had the wrong man, for they were set, and the more I talked, the less they believed me. When we had gone about half a mile we came to a good large tree. Here the rope was fastened about my neck and one end thrown over a limb. I knew it was all up with me and I gave up all hope of being freed.

'Hev you got anything you want to say?' they asked.

"I requested them to send some one after my valise, which they did, and in a short time I had it before me. I showed them some of the Company's letters as evidence, but they declared it a bluff and told me to make haste. I then proceeded to fix up my few belongings. All the Company's papers I tied in a bundle and addressed to them. Some of my things I threw away; others I addressed to my parents. The only thing left was the locket which I had laid aside to send to its original owner, if possible. While fixing it up, I explained to them that I did not remember the name of the lady who gave it to me, but was going to send it to the post-

master at Caton, North Carolina, with instruction to turn it over to the right person, if possible. I asked them to please send it to my parents if it was returned.

'See, here,' said a stout looking man, 'I used to live in that town, maybe I can tell you something about it.'

"Thereupon I told him briefly how I came by the locket. His eyes opened wide with astonishment.

'Are you one of that crowd that give me a lift the day I started out here, about fifteen year ago?'

'I guess I must be, I was the one that got supper with the lady and her son.'

'See here, boys, we got the wrong man,' he said. 'A better chap never lived and you will hang me before you hang him.'

"He grasped me by both hands and I never saw a happier man in my life. The rope was removed and, now that they believed me, I had no trouble in proving to them who I was. My things were soon back in the valise and nothing would do but that I must go and spend the night with Jennings, the fellow who saved me. The whole crowd accompanied us to Jennings' home, and every step of the way they spent trying to set matters right. The trouble was that some fellow from the East had some time before swindled the whole community out of an immense sum and then left the country. They had taken me for that man and from their description, I must have been his double. It seems that they thought he had let his beard grow and was going to try his game again. However, they left us at the door and we went into the house.

"As soon as I was well inside, who should I see but the mother, whom I supposed was still living in North Carolina. She had me by the hand in a moment, for she recognized me quickly, although she could not recall my name.

'Yes, yes, yes, I never could forget you,' she said. 'And I have thought of you many a time.'

"Casting my eyes about, they fell upon a neat little frame hanging over the mantel, in which were fourteen cards bear-

ing the names of fourteen of my former school-mates. Mrs. Jennings told me she had framed the cards just after she received them, and prized them very highly. We talked until late, reviewing our little meeting at Canton, in the meantime. The West worked a wonderful cure in the boy, and by hard work and economy, he had accumulated quite a snug little sum.

"The next morning nearly every acquaintance of the night before accompanied me on my trip, showing me every kindness possible. My experience with them as a mob was almost forgotten, they treated me so kindly during the three days I remained in the place.

"Although it came near resulting seriously with me, I can't find it in my heart to cherish ill will towards those fellows, and I don't believe I have better friends anywhere."

MAJ. W. W. COMMONK.

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## AMUSEMENTS.

The foundation of social ethics from the standpoint of Christianity is found in the command of the great Teacher, "Be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance," and is emphatically a recognition of a social desire and the warrant for its satisfaction. Not only does it carry with it this sanction, but it has always been recognized as a factor of civilization. Rabelais gave us the precept, "Live joyously," while the more prosaic Bentham declares that mankind is governed by pleasure and pain.

A psychological explanation of the question of amusements would be instructive, but hardly falls within the scope of this paper. It will be sufficient to state that this desire in man did not have its rise in professionalism or as a means of living; neither does rest fully explain it, for that scarcely satisfies the brute. It is a well known fact that almost all animals are social in nature. In earlier times our forests and plains were covered with a perfect

network of paths along which the bison, elk, deer and wolves thronged, always in droves or packs. And even we to-day have knowledge of numerous kinds of birds that always fly in flocks. This instinct, then, means more than protection, for it prevails where danger does not exist; and more than rest, for it is conspicuous where there is no labor. It arises from a well defined and distinct need, especially in man; and for its satisfaction, history is full of the devices of man.

Some one has very truly said that there are three classes of men who disapprove of pleasure and amusement—the utilitarian, the ascetic and the pessimist. The first objects to it on the ground that it causes a loss of time and brings no return that can be seen. This view is the result of the grasping doctrines of prosperity that have perverted the ideals of so many lands and are thwarting the development of the better part of man's life in our own country. The second opposes it because it is "of the earth, earthy," and because their religion is of that sombre hue that gave rise to the fight of Puritanism. The age of St. Simeon is past and these men are to be valued more as relics of a dead type and as curiosities from another age. The third enters a plea against it, because it is in direct antagonism with their system of philosophy—if we may dignify a set of crude notions with the title of philosophy. A joyful man can never be a pessimist and *vice versa*. In spite of the objections of these three classes, the inclination toward social happiness remains in man, and the question of its satisfaction and of the employment of leisure is a vital one. In order to more easily understand our subject, let us consider its historical aspect.

Superabundance of energy in the young takes its form of expenditure in play. The same thing is true of society; and it takes years of development for it to lose the first form and combine itself with a gratification of appetite. From this expenditure of surplus social energy there arise

social forces which aid in the gradual elevation to a better social condition. Still later, festivals and more extensive forms of amusements became an aid in social education. Savage life is that which is most nearly destitute of amusement. Much of what is considered as such among civilized peoples, is to them a means of sustenance—such as hunting, fishing, etc. Exclude dances and feasts from savage life and there is no social activity left. It is civilization that develops new forms and reduces the old to conventional bounds. Civilized pleasures are more varied and refined, but are only modified forms of those of ruder times, and are all due to the same need. Savage dances and masked balls, amatuer theatricals and grand operas, marble playing and prize fighting are expressions of different forms of the same passion, and are but varied outcomes of it. The amusements of people vary with the degree of taste. For example, savages and children with undeveloped tastes enjoy loud noises, and the love of negroes for striking colors is proverbial. The cultivation of taste in the matter of our amusements is as possible as in anything else. In the earlier stages of social development, one of the chief factors in the pleasures of the period was rivalry. This was the spirit that prompted all their games, and exists to-day in all sports where skill is employed, and is intimately associated with the giving of prizes. Next in importance after rivalry, and combining to some extent with it, chance is a factor of no small importance. And from this side of the subject we may derive all the forms of gambling, from the tossing of a penny to a speculation in cotton futures. Derived from the two factors just mentioned, is the idea of some unusual stimulation; in savage life taking the form of a feast; in more modern times resulting in uniting our amusements with drinking.

Pre-eminent among the nations of ancient times, the quick, imaginative Greek stands as the representative of a nation of pleasure seekers. Chief among all their amuse-

ments we may place the games of the Greeks. These sacred games, originating in the desire of a family to please the departed spirit of an ancestor—an Aryan idea—gradually expanded with the idea that the gods were present at and took delight in the sports at the tomb of the dead. Thus they early took on their religious nature and outgrew the idea of ancestry-worship and enlarged its compass until it took in a city, a community of cities, a state, a race. Of greatest renown among them all, were the Olympian games, held in honor of Zeus. So important were they that Greek chronology dates from the first registration of victors in these games in 776 B. C. The contests consisted of the usual athletic games; and the contestant must be of Hellenic blood, of character free from sin against the gods, and must have trained for ten months. The victor was crowned, his name proclaimed and registered among the illustrious; his city received him with an ovation, pulling down its wall to give him entrance; poets sang his praises, and sculptors and artists vied with each other in copying his form. The influence of these games on the life and ideas of Greece is not to be estimated. They promoted trade and commerce; gave a rest from war and diverted the minds of the people from conquest and gain, for it was sacriligious to engage in war during their celebration. They bound the Greeks closer together and broke down sectional prejudice. And when at most of the games, contests in oratory, poetry and history were instituted, it gave an immeasurable impetus to the literary life of the country. The results of this splendid physical training is seen in another sphere. The models for the Greek artist and sculptor were not hard to find; they were met every day, in the streets, on the Acropolis—everywhere. And when the games were neglected, the decline came and Demosthenes and Aristophanes both ridicule the soft, effeminate, dandy of their own times, and point out the contrast with the men who drove back the

Persian at Marathon and delivered Europe from bondage to an Asiatic despot.

In addition to all this, the Greeks had their theatrical performances, of which it is sufficient to say that one writer has likened them to the modern pulpit and press. Banquets were frequent, enlivened by musicians and dancers, and afterwards turned into a learned discussions in philosophy. Such a system, in which the man who was not skilled in music was considered a boor, bred not only athletes, poets, artists, sculptors and philosophers, but also produced a nation of courtiers.

Turning to the other great representative of the ancient world, we note some similarity in the matter of amusements, and at the same time some striking contrasts. Roman popular amusements, like the Greek, reflected to a very marked degree the nature of the people. Naturally not so volatile as the Greek, but more taciturn and decidedly more practical and utilitarian, the Roman was not so easily moved. It took the broadest jest and complete buffoonery to make a Roman laugh, and blood to stir his emotions. This principle under the empire was peculiarly distinct, and the amusements of that period may be summed up in the two words, cruelty and licentiousness.

The downward progress of the Roman state is marked by the changes in the character of the sports. Their festivals occurred at stated times or were named by a general in event of victory. Mr. Mommsen says that "the national festival was as much an assembly of the people as were the centuries convoked for voting." At first the community was satisfied with one festival and one circus each year. A second of each was added by Gaius Flaminius, then a third, fourth, etc., until, during the Hannabalic war, the people had to be summoned from the circus for the defense of the city. Prominent among the places of amusements was the circus Maximus, seating probably one hundred and fifty thousand persons—Pliny says two hundred and fifty

thousand. It was here their games, running, boxing, chariot racing, and other contests took place. Some times for variety they would indulge in mock battles, fights between wild animals or the representation of a seige or sea fight. This is the direct forerunner of the time when these things became too wild for the refined Roman, and he plunged into all the excess of gladiatorial shows and touched the most extreme point that man has ever reached in cruelty to his fellow man.

The duty of defraying the expenses of the games and festivals fell on the magistrates, and it soon came to such a state of affairs that the rival candidates for consulship vied with each other in their provision for public entertainments, and the splendor of the shows was the standard by which they were judged. The extravagance of these entertainments excluded the possibility of any but the wealthy obtaining office. Two duties of the magistrates, that went hand in hand, were, the provision of corn at reasonable prices and the superintendance of the games. After Rome had become a hot-bed of discontent and the city rabble had begun to be felt, these duties began to assume new forms and to degenerate to an alarming extent, until at last the senseless fury of the mob is illustrated by its cry during the Empire: "Bread for nothing and games forever."

The theatre never attained the prominence in Rome that it did in Greece, and what efforts were made in that direction finally resulted in plays not fit for decent ears, and frequented by the debauched men and the courtesans and mistresses that filled the imperial city to overflowing. Thus in the corruption and debauchery of their amusements we read the beginnings of Rome's weakness, and from the taint on her social life could expect nothing but the awful degradation she afterward experienced.

Perhaps the nation that, in mediæval and modern times, is the closest disciple of Rome is Spain. With them the

ruling passion is idleness, combined with a hatred of trade and a love of pleasure. Their recreations are sombre, fierce and gorgeous in display, while their bull fights are in direct succession from the Roman gladiatorial shows. In striking contrast with them, were the Dutch cities, who hated war or warlike affairs. They delighted in the merry life of the independent merchant and turned, in a practical way, their amusements to profit. The result was that the Netherlands grew rich and are so to-day; Spain grew poor and continues so.

Let us next consider the Anglo-Saxon race on the social side of its life. We may truthfully denominate restlessness as one of the distinguishing characteristics of this race. In different ages this spirit of unrest has manifested itself in various ways; war was an outcome of it and they are a conquering people; the enthusiasm with which they entered the crusades and made long pilgrimages is an evidence of it, and the readiness with which they left their homes to settle in the wilds of America is conclusive proof of it. This spirit has later found expression in travel, in struggles for wealth and position, and in all the thousand forms of English and American amusements.

In the earlier stages of development of English society, their sports were martial, having the form of war or the chase. Its representatives were the tournament and the contests between archers. From the period when regular practice with the bow was required, the sports of the people increased so rapidly that legislative aid was called in to assist in their suppression, and Plantagenet's parliaments frequently levelled statues against "the plays of bowls, quoits, dice," and the like. The sombre Puritan hated the amusements of the Stuarts as much as their reign, and when the reaction set in against the Commonwealth, it is no wonder that it rushed to such excesses.

Perhaps the representative amusement of the English people in all periods of their history, may be said to be

hunting. The great game preserves of the kings and nobles of earlier times have left the tendency still in their descendents, and it has recently been estimated that the cost of keeping the hounds and of hunting in the United Kingdom is over £4,000,000. There is, it is true, a glorious feeling of exhiliration in a wild ride across the country at the heels of a baying pack, but there are objections to hunting, and serious ones, too. Of course in wild countries where it is pursued as a means of subsistence, nothing can be said against it; but it cannot be carried on in a thickly settled country; and, besides this, there is a tendency to deaden human sympathy and to stir up that spirit that of all others in man needs curbing—the spirit of cruelty. I am persuaded that the growth in the humane tendencies of man will finally put an end to hunting for amusement's sake. However, the English recreations have, usually, a steady and serious air, and do not run into extremes on either side. They are in these amusements, as in everything else, a well balanced people. Let us again narrow the circle of our investigation and come to America.

In colonial times the amusements were much the same as they are to-day in frontier or backwoods settlements, where log-rolling, quilting-parties and corn-shuckings are indulged in. Especially in the southern and middle colonies was this the case. At the county "fair" all the rough sports found their patrons; the games included climbing the greased pole, catching the greased pig, and pulling off the head of a live goose, which was suspended so as to be in reach of the contestant riding at full speed. A "raffle" was also the necessary accompaniment of this occasion. Sometimes a turkey was put up and each man purchased the privilege of shooting so many times at its head, the winner being entitled to the bird. While these amusements were characteristic of the country, in the city there was affected the English mode of life—tea-drinking, danc-

ing and card-playing, for gambling was one of the amusements of fashionable life.

Without stopping to discuss the various social development of America, we will proceed to the most important part of the subject, the question of modern American amusements. Some one has said that this age is a devotee of pleasure, and it seems that this is certainly true when we consider the various means by which we seek pleasure. Many of these amusements are obtained at the expense of suffering somewhere; many tend to brutality, and still others are degenerating through a system of professionalism into corruption scarcely exceeded by the Roman excess. The farming and laboring classes do not need to indulge in out-door sports, for the exercise in them nor do they so readily indulge in them for the sake of pleasure. The laborer turns toward the parks and public places of the city; and with the growth of wealth and an increase of luxury comes an abandonment of physical recreations. Besides this, the number who can enjoy out-door pleasures is but a small per cent. of the whole world, and what is to be done with the rest? Not only are the means for out-door pleasures lacking, but the desire for them is fast failing. There are many who, struggling all their lives for wealth, desire a life of ease for their children, forgetting that a life of idle ness often falls into a life of gaming, sensuality, and debauchery. This is due, undoubtedly, to the fact that the amusements they demand are those of a stimulating nature and not calculated to quiet the worn nerves.

Since men do not live in isolation either in savage or civilized life, and since nearly one-third of the population of the United States live in cities of 8,000 inhabitants, it is necessary to turn our attention more especially to the city amusements, and we will notice the recreations of the wealthy class first and then of the poor. Of the first class I shall treat the theatre as the representative.

The antagonism of the church against the theatre began in

Rome and was just; to do the church fathers justice we must understand the origin of the feeling against the stage, and any one who is acquainted with the debauchery and immorality of the Roman theatre cannot censure them. The stage has lost its religious nature and is fast losing its teaching power. The manifest corruption of the companies who pander to the lust of a depraved society, is sanctioned, if not openly, by the silence of the press on the subject. While I firmly believe in excluding Bible subjects from representation on the stage, and that appeals to God, prayers and things of like nature on the stage are acts of impiety, I also believe that the ideal theatre would be one in which there should be a union of the ethic and the æsthetic, always remembering that pleasure is the first requisite of art and education the second, and that untruth and impurity are to be equally excluded from all forms of art.

Rousseau's objections to the theatre as an amusement are; that it excites passions and does not moderate them; that it promotes the pursuit of amusement for its own sake and thus produces effeminacy; that it confounds the momentary emotions with moral principles and is not an institution for serious men, but for idlers. Some of these charges may be made against other recreations—especially against all forms of light reading, yet his charges carry with them, to a large extent, the force of facts, since it has been shown that an excessive love for amusements leads to depravity, and that those who live for pleasure alone are the most unhappy people living. Mr. Leckey says: "The feverish longing for luxury and exciting pleasures in others, which exists in all large towns, has been peculiarly fatal to female virtue, and the whole tendency of the public amusements of civilization has been in the same direction. The rude combats which form the chief enjoyments of barbarians, produce cruelty. The dramatic and artistic tastes and social habits of refined men produce sensuality," and with this quotation, I dismiss this part of the subject.

But there are those who are not so fortunate as to be able to choose their amusements. These are the class whose home is the tenement—that harbor of filth and vermin, and the hot-bed of disease and misery. If we take Philadelphia as the example of poor city life, we are struck with the total lack of anything that makes life a pleasure. No places of amusement are to be found in the slum districts. The people must seek their recreations elsewhere, and when they do indulge in sport, it invariably takes them to horse races, beer gardens and things of a like character. In none of our great cities is honest play allowed the children of the poor on the streets, and it is not surprising that the mortality rate among children is so great. Not allowed on the street, no yard in which to play, is it a wonder he develops into the "tough," whose ambition is to be arrested that they may lord it over their companions? Prof. Giddings most emphatically declares that "if the heterogenous masses of population in the tenement-house wards of our great cities are ever socially organized, it will be after they have been brought under the influence of more healthful social pleasures than those to which they often instinctively resort."

A report of recent investigations in New York states that 40 per cent. of the distress in the city was due to drunkenness. But a report long before this one had gone deeper into the subject than this and had said that 80 per cent. of crimes were perpetrated by individuals who had either "lost connection with home life or never had any, or whose homes had ceased to be sufficiently separate, decent and desirable to afford what are regarded as ordinary wholesome influences of home and family, and the younger criminals were declared to come from the worst tenement-house districts. It is much easier to explain these things by drunkenness than to hunt for other causes; but may we not say that the saloon itself is an outcome of the social instinct or the lack of proper means of gratifying it? Un-

doubtedly the hold of the saloon does not lie wholly in the thirst for drink, and no one recognizes this fact more clearly than the saloon keepers themselves. Club-life has become a factor of modern society, and the saloon is the poor man's club. Here they find all manner of devices for enjoyment —baseball scores and racing reports, music, pool and a thousand ways to pass time pleasantly. Is it a wonder he forsakes his wretched home for a place where there is warmth and pleasure? I hardly think so; and if these people are reached it will only be after we have established for them substitutes for the saloon, and until we do we cannot blame them for patronizing it. These must be given them not in a spirit of charity, for they feel that it is their right to enjoy life. We might establish pool-rooms, coffee-rooms, lunch-rooms, reading-rooms, and, by making them more attractive than the saloon, break its power.

Christianity must always, of course, be a factor in the amelioration of the race, but it must be practical Christianity, combined with practical sociology, if the problems that face us are to be solved, the least of which problems is certainly not the question of amusements.

CHAS. C. WEAVER.

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## THE RELATION OF FICTION TO ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT.

The nineteenth century is pre-eminently a century of reform. Among the many achievements of the century, the following are conspicuous: The extension of the ballot in England; the liberation of slaves in America; the establishment of popular education; management of railroads by commission; prevention of child labor in mills and shortening of the working hours for both men and women; new and extended methods of charity; the establishment of institutions for our criminals; reform in the character and management of prisons; abolition of wild cat banking

in the United States; introduction of homestead law; municipal improvements in lighting, sanitation, water, tenement houses; and last, but by no means least, the emancipation of women,—opening up for them many of the avenues of business. It is the aim of this paper to point out the influence which fiction has exerted in behalf of this general reform movement. Of course this cannot be done in exact terms, but in a general way its influence may be approximately defined.

In the beginning of this century the authorities on political economy held doctrines which rather discouraged than promoted the reforms above enumerated. They were extreme individualists, opposing educational schemes, factory legislation, control of commerce or municipal interference with the quality of the water, milk, meat or other food offered to the people; or the kind of premises to be kept, as antagonistic to personal liberty and as socialistic and dangerous. So little has political economy contributed to these reforms that one is almost justified in saying that they have been brought about in spite of the teachings of the economists.

Behind all the great economic and social changes of the century, there must have been some powerful influence at work, effecting a change in people's ideas and conceptions. The source of this influence, in the opinion of the writer, is to be found in fiction.

Fiction serves the purposes for practical statesmen and sociologists. First, it discovers the evils that exist in society; second, it holds up to view an ideal state of things toward which to strive.

In the first quarter of the sixteenth century, England produced a man who has done a great service to the world in his description of an ideal society. In that wonderful book, *Utopia*, is foreshadowed the political views of Thomas Carlyle. Here he expresses his "hatred of idleness and love of steady industry." He peoples his imag-

inary country with a thrifty, industrious people,—a people that put away their jewelry, fine apparel and such things when they were children. Here are no "idle rich" and "idle poor," such as Ruskin discovers in our own time. In *Utopia* are found many sharp thrusts at the then existing institutions. He attacked the evil of landlords ejecting their husbandmen and turning their arable lands into sheep pastures. He advocated limiting the working hours to nine per day,—a policy which has been adopted by statute in nearly all civilized countries. In like manner, he called attention to the swarms of vagrants that were a menace to English safety and liberty. The great evil of hanging for robbery and stealing called forth his anathemas, and doubtless this was only a step toward the ultimate abolishment of capital punishment.

In 1794 the English novelist, William Godwin, gave to the world a book which exposed many of the abuses of his age. This was *Caleb Williams*. It was one of the earliest novels that dealt with sociological or political problems. By his criticism of the evil customs and institutions of his country, he made himself very unpopular, and brought on himself the name of Revolutionist. In this novel he gave a powerful impetus to the discussion of the labor question by exposing the oppressive power which squires exercised over their tenants; and he was also quick to perceive the chains and fetters imposed on the laborers by tyrannous masters. In the same novel is pointed out some of the evils in the penal code and practices. He not only attacked the abuses of his age, but suggested remedies for them. He believed that vice was mainly the result of ignorance and bad environment, and he was, therefore, a powerful champion of education.

In Bellamy's *Looking Backward* is found a more recent piece of fiction severely criticising the present order of society, especially as regards the inequality of wealth, and suggesting to us by means of an imaginary society of the

twentieth century, the pathway to a higher civilization. Its object is to show the social contrasts between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It deals largely with what the race is going to be, the theme of the modern orator and statesman. In this day of universal expansion and enlargement of ideas, we get tired of hearing our great deeds rehearsed; this does not satisfy us, there is an insatiable longing for the unknown, and we like to anticipate the realization of the ideals set before us by Bellamy. Changes in the methods of production and distribution, changes in the entire industrial world, are what the author tries to impress on his readers. He discusses the condition of the rich and the poor to-day, but not without projecting remedies for the labor question; he calls attention to the issue which is soon to take precedence of all other issues in this country,—that of monopolies and trusts. He foresees the outcry against the concentration of capital; prophesies a reign of tyranny more intolerable than was ever visited upon a people by the most absolute monarch; and shows how men will be driven to desperation because there is no opportunity for individual enterprise unless backed by great capital. His solution to the trust problem is that the nation will be organized into one great business corporation in which all other corporations will be absorbed. The nation will become the capitalist of all capitalists, the employer of all employers, the one great monopoly in which all citizens will share the profits.

Bellamy's picture of the twentieth century "Distributing House" is an ideal one. The goods are to belong to the nation, and the duty of the clerk is simply to take your orders. Each ward in the large cities is to have one of these houses, so no residence need be more than a ten minutes' walk from it. The key-note is struck when he pleads for higher education among the masses. He says that the cultured society of the century consists in a "few microscopic oasis in a vast, unbroken wilderness." There

are three principles of education laid down in *Looking Backward:* "First, the right of every man to the completest education the nation can give him on his own account, as necessary to his enjoyment of himself; second, the right of his fellow-citizens to have him educated as necessary to their enjoyment of his society; third, the right of the unborn to be guaranteed an intelligent and refined parentage." He advocates numerous parks and lawns for the recreation of the laboring classes; government expenditures for public buildings, halls, art galleries, bridges, statuary, and musical and theatrical exhibitions. A book embodying ideas and theories similar to those of Bellamy was a contribution to economic development in France. This was *Icaria*, the production of Charles Fourier; it was somewhat socialistic in its tendencies. The central idea of Fourier's social scheme was association. He claimed that products would be increased many fold owing to the economy of associated effort. Fourierism was brought to America, and the Brook Farm experiment was the immediate outgrowth.

Some women writers have also given us works of fiction which have contributed largely to the reform movement of our century. Maria Edgeworth and Harriet Beecher Stowe discussed as grave problems as ever confronted a people; the former in "*The Absentee*," portrayed the relation of tenant to landlord in Ireland, and brought before the world the actual struggles of that much-abused people; the latter, in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," took as her text the axiom that "no man has the right to own another," and contributed a work of fiction that did more than anything else toward the emancipation of slavery in the United States. George Eliot and Dickens, in like manner, have brought about great changes in social life; the former has furnished a great stimulus for women, by opening up for them many grand possibilities and opportunities; the latter has been instrumental in bringing about changes in our ideas of education.

There is a tendency among fiction writers to deal more and more with social and political problems. They are making themselves the heralds of great truth and greater life. This spirit of reform which was germinated in France by such lights as Voltaire and Rousseau, and in England by such pioneers as Thomas More, William Godwin and Maria Edgeworth, has been caught up by other novelists and poets, and we see it cropping out in Shelley, Keats, and Wordsworth. As the conditions and problems of life deepen, we may expect still greater results from the novelists of the twentieth century. Novelists are studying more and more the social and political problems of their time, and as they become more familiar with the conditions of society, they will contribute new ideas and advance theories that will only add to what they have already done toward economic development.

ZEB. CURTIS.

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## THE REMOVAL OF THE TUSCARORA INDIANS FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The wonderful progress of the American people, as compared to that of other nations, has a tendency to make them forget their extreme youth as a nation. It is hard for us, here in North Carolina to realize that scarcely one hundred years have passed since some of the most fertile portions of our State were in the possession of the Indians. The stories of the early struggles of the colonists and the marvelous tales of Indian warefare too soon became fictions to us and we passs over them as if they had never been stern, every-day realities.

The object of this paper is to arrange some facts found in the old papers of General Jeremiah Slade and, thus, preserve an interesting bit of North Carolina history for her future historian. General Slade was one of the Commissioners appointed by the Legislature in 1802 to settle the

affairs of the Tuscarora Indians and from his letters we get most of the material for this sketch.*

The Tuscaroras were the most numerous and powerful of the tribes in Eastern Carolina, numbering about twelve hundred fighting men at the beginning of the Indian war of 1711. Lawson describes them as a "well-shaped, clean-made people of different statures, as the Europeans are, yet chiefly inclined to be tall. Their eyes are black or of a dark hazel. * * * They are never bald on their heads, although never so old, which, I believe, proceeds from their heads being always uncovered and the greasing their hair, so often as they do, with bear's fat, which is a great nourisher of the hair, and causes it to grow very fast." One other characteristic—he says, "They never walk backward and forward as we do, nor contemplate on the affairs of loss and gain, the things which daily perplex us."

Before the war of 1711, the Tuscarora nation occupied a large territory in the upper valleys of the Pamlico, Roanoke and Neuse rivers. During this year, they in alliance with other tribes, planned a massacre of all the white settlers living along these rivers. They carried out the plan only partially and by the timely assistance of South Carolina and Virginia, they were severely defeated, two years later, at a fort called "Nahucke." Shortly after their defeat, a large number of them joined the Senecas and went to New York where they became the sixth of the celebrated "Six Nations."

Those who remained behind, with Tom Blount as their King, concluded a treaty of peace with the Colonial government sometime in May, 1713. One of the provisions of this treaty was that they should occupy lands South of the Pamlico river, in what is now Hyde County. They remained there until 1715 when, by an agreement with the

*His papers are now in the possession of the Trinity College Historical Society.

Colonial Council, they were allotted lands, called "Indian Woods," in Bertie county, on the North side of the Roanoke River.

At this point of their history a letter written by Gen. Jeremiah Slade, from Williamston, December 3, 1803, takes up the story and gives it in a concise form as follows: "The Legislature of North Carolina in the year of 1748 passed a law confirming the title to the lands alloted the Tuscarora Indians in Bertie county to James Blount, chief of the Tuscarora Nation, and the people under his charge, their heirs and successors forever." According to this law the Indians could not sell or lease their lands without the consent of the Colonial government and its object was to prevent the white settlers from cheating them out of their lands.

"The Tuscora Nation continued to occupy the said lands until the year 1766, when the chiefs of the tribe made a lease to Robert Jones, Wm. Williams and Thos. Pugh, for about one-half of the lands allotted them." This was confirmed by the Legislature which met in October of that year. The act reads as follows: "*Whereas*, a number of the Tuscarora Indians, being desirous of removing themselves from their lands on Roanoke river, in Bertie county, and settling and incorporating themselves with the nations of Indians on the river Susquehannah, and *Whereas* the said Tuscarora Indians, in order to defray the expense of removing themselves and their effects from this province to the Susquehannah river, did the 12th of July, 1766, for the consideration of £1,500, lease * * under the hands and seals of James Allen, John Wiggins and Billy George, Chieftains and headmen of the Tuscarora Nation, a dividend of land containing about 8,000 acres on Roanoke rive in Bertie county to Robert Jones, Wm. Williams and Thos. Pugh," to be held for one hundred and fifty years, and "paying therefor every year during the said term to the said Tuscarora Indians one pepper corn, if demanded, at or

upon the Feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, this shall have the force and validity of *act of assembly.*" The tribe numbered at this time about two hundred and twenty or thirty, but just what portion of them emigrated to New York is not known.

The Sachem, who visited Gov. Tryon to begin the negotiations for the lease of the land and the removal of the Indians, fell sick while at the Governor's house, but was carefully attended and when he recovered, out of gratitude to Gov. Tryon, he bestowed his name, "Diagawekee," upon the Governor of the province "to remain to all future Governors of North Carolina." So Mr. Russell, among the other honors and titles of his office will receive by inheritance the high sounding name of "Diagawekee."

Sometime in the year 1775 the Chiefs of the nation, who remained on the land, leased to Jones, Pugh, Williams and others all of their lands except about 3,000 acres, on which they lived until July, 1803, when, by another act of the Legislature, their Chiefs, Sacarusa, Longboard, and Samuel Smith leased the remainder of their lands in the beautiful "Indian Woods" and turned their backs upon their old homes forever.

Their pathetic story is but a repetition of a hundred others on American soil in which the whites gradually closed in upon them until they were forced, by the necessity for larger territory, incident to their manner of life, to take up their melancholy march toward the more uncultivated interior. Three Commissioners were appointed to look after the affairs of the Indians. These were Jno. M. Binford, Jeremiah Slade and William Hawkins. Among the papers referred to is a receipt to these three men for the money necessary to defray the expenses of the Indians to Washington. It is signed by Sacarusa and Longboard, by making their marks, one like the letter X, the other like a plus sign.

It seems that General Slade had the largest share in the

settlement of the business of the Indians. This is indicated by the various receipts and the correspondence between the Chiefs after they had gone to New York and him as their agent in North Carolina. One letter is more than usually interesting as it shows us the relations between the Indians and their agent and, incidentally, the attachment of an Indian boy for his native woods. It is written from Williamston. December 2, 1816.

"BROTHERS:—I this day rec'd. your esteemed favor of the 10th Nov. last, and I am at a loss for language to express my feelings at the pleasing intelligence that the Great Spirit had prolonged the lives of persons for whom I entertain so sincere a regard; when John Cain left me to go to the village of his friends and nation I awfully feared that those of them with whom I was acquainted had gone to the *world of Spirits*, for from no other ground could I account for your long silence, for not one word have I heard from you since the letter of Wm. Granger of the 20th day of Dec. 1809. It is however with some fear and anxiety that I read the signatures of my much respected and venerable friends, Sacarusa and Nicholas Cusick only, to the letter, it was with anxiety I looked for the names of Longboard and Penthrop, but in vain, they are not there. I however, hope they have not left us to visit their friends in the other *world*. If they have peace to their *manes*. They have rested from their labors and their works will follow them.

I received no small consolation from the information that John Cain had arrived to your village in health and I join with you in the hope and prayer that he may safely return. I could wish, and have often pressed him to settle with his friends and the nation, but I fear that his attachment to the place of his nativity is so strong that he never will quit it. I shall, however, continue to urge him to settle with you.

With regard to the monies which I have in my hands I shall make the earliest possible arrangement to remit it to the Secretary at War, agreeable to your instruction and will let you know when I have done it, that you may know when to apply.

It is with no small pleasure that I anticipate the time when you will visit North Carolina again and I hope you will do me the favor to make my house your home during your stay in this part of the country. It will give me particular pleasure to aid you in your wishes in every respect.

Yr. Mt. Obt. Hbl. Sert.,

J. SLADE."

We have no record of the visit of these Chiefs to their native homes and the story of their nation's life is merged in that of the great "Six Nations" who lived in the beau-

tiful lake country of western New York. But could we follow their individual life, as a nation, we would find only another repetition of the melancholy tale of narrowed territory and another move toward the setting sun.

SANDERS DENT.

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## MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGES AND PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES.

For a long time those engaged in Educational work have felt the necessity of an Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Southern States. Heretofore there has never been any uniformity in requirements for entrance, and in other questions of vital importance in our Educational work, consequently there has been no system, every institution standing alone. Last year, Chancellor Kirkland and Drs. Baskervill and Tolman of Vanderbilt University issued a request to the Southern Educational Institutions to send delegates to a convention to be held in Atlanta during the Exposition. Several Institutions responded and a meeting was held in Atlanta, in November, 1895. It was some time before it seemed possible to be able to organize, on account of great differences in the standards of the institutions represented. It was at length found that enough institutions could subscribe to the Constitution and By-laws to make the organization advisable. The plans and purposes of the Association were discussed, and all the delegates came away feeliug that a step had been taken which meant much to the Educational interests of the South. After the Association had adjourned one of the delegates remarked that "he believed a movement had been set on foot which meant more to the South in the years to come, than the great Exposition." Dr. Kirkland, in a talk to the Association in Nashville, referred to this report and said that while it seemed at the time a

very extravagant one, he was of the opinion that it was true. As indicated above the object of the Association is "to consider the qualifications of candidates for admission to colleges, the methods of admission, the character of the preparatory schools, the course of study to be pursued in the colleges and schools, including their order, number, etc., as well as such other subjects as tend to the promotion of interests common to colleges and preparatory schools."

The By-laws to which every institution entering the Association must subscribe are:

I. No college shall be eligible to membership in this Association which furnishes preparatory instruction in any subject as part of its college organization.

II. No college shall be admitted to or retain membership in this Association which does not hold written entrance examinations for admission of at least the scope indicated in Section III below, and publish the same annually, depositing copies of said examination papers with the Secretary of this Association.

III. The Association prescribes the following as minimum requirements for admission to college, the same to be binding on each institution belonging to this institution.

In English—Requirements of the Association of Schools and Colleges in the Middle States and Maryland.

In History and Geography—U. S. History and general geography.

In Mathematics—Arithmetic and algebra through quadratics, or algebra to quadratics and three books of plain geometry.

In Latin—Four books of Cæsar aud four orations of Cicero (or their equivalent) with accompanying work in grammar and prose composition.

In Greek—Three books of Xenophon's Anabasis (or equivalent) with accompanying work in grammar and simple prose composition (operative in '98).

Of the above subjects examinations in history, geography and English shall be required of all students admitted to college, provided that students pursuing technical studies in not more than two subjects may be excused from these examinations. Examinations in Latin, Greek and Mathematics, respectively, shall be required of all students expecting to continue these subjects. Certificates covering the above requirements may be accepted from duly accrediting preparatory schools in lieu of examinations at the colleges.

IV. No colleges that admits students under fifteen years of age shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

V. No preparatory school that confers degrees shall be eligible to membership in this Association.

The requirements outlined in the by-laws are all to take effect with the fall term of 1897, except the requirements in Greek, which become operative with the falll term of '98.

The Association was called to meet this year at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. No more appropriate place could have been chosen, because it was the efforts of this institution that made the organization possible. The Association held its meetings in the Philosophic Hall of the University. The attendance far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all. A great many institutions not represented at Atlanta, sent delegates requesting admission into the Association.

The interest manifested by all the delegates was very gratifying. The program arranged for the occasion was of peculiar interest, because it dealt with subjects that concerned institutions of all grades. The program was:

TUESDAY, NOV. 10—8 P. M.

Greeting to the Association: Chancellor J. H. Kirkland (Vanderbilt University).

President's Address: President George T. Winston (University of Texas).

Social Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11—9 A. M.

Uniform Requirements for admission to College: Chancellor R. L. Fulton (University of Mississippi).

The Weak Points in High School Work, as shown by Candidates for Freshman Class: Prof. F. W. Moore (Vanderbilt University).

The Preparation of the Teacher for High School Work: Prof. K. P. Harrington (University of North Carolina), and Principal H. C. Weber (Nashville City High School).

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11—8 P. M.

The Work of the Southern Association of Schools and Colleges: Prof. W. M. Baskerville (Vanderbilt University).

NOTE—In connection with the exercises of this hour, the Tennessee State Associhtion of Schools and Colleges held its first session, and the President of the year, Mr. W. D. Mooney, delivered the annual address on the following topic: "Should Freshmen Receive the Bulk of their Instruction from Others than the Heads of Departments?"

THURSDAY, NOV. 12—9 A. M.

Greek in the Higher School, Time and Method of Study, Text books, etc.: Prof. Addison Hogue (Washington and Lee University), and Mr. W. D. Mooney, Franklin Tenn.

The Outlook for Greek as Required for Admission to College: Vice Chancellor B. L. Wiggins (University of the South), followed by a number of short talks from delegates of various sections.

The Public High Schools as a Preparation for College: Prof. George T. Mellin (University of Tennessee), and Supt. Jas. McGinnis, Owensboro, Ky.

An executive session of the Association for the transaction of business was held Wednesday afternoon.

The papers read were, most of them, of a very high order, and all were discussed with great profit. One could find out more concerning the work of the different institutions by listening to the discussions than by any other means, and this was of great benefit to the members. Committees were appointed to prepare reports on the different studies required for admission to College, and to recommend courses of study and methods of instruction for the Preparatory Schools. On these committees were placed representatives of Colleges and Preparatory Schools. One great good to come from this will be to define the relation existing between the Colleges and High Schools. Heretofore that relation has been altogether an undefined one.

The officers elected for the next year were:

President—Robert L. Fulton, Chancellor of the Univerversity of Mississippi.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. Addison Hogue, of Washington and Lee, and E. A. Alderman, President of the University of North Carolina.

Secretary J. H. Kirkland, Chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

Chairman of Executive Committee—B. L. Wiggins, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South.

The meeting was not only a profitable one, but also a very pleasant one. It afforded an opportunity for the reprepresentatives of the different institutions to get acquainted, and to exchange ideas of work.

Chancellor Kirkland and the Faculty of Vanderbilt University exerted every effort to make our stay a pleasant one. The ladies of the campus gave the Association

a reception in Wesley Hall, which was a most pleasant occasion.

Vanderbilt campus is one of the most beautiful places imaginable. It is of itself a monument to the memory of Bishop McTyeire. A few years ago, it was a cornfield. Bishop McTyeire it is said never made a trip away from Nashville that he did not bring back at least one shrub, which he planted on the campus. Situated as it is on a high knoll, with a natural slope in all directions it presents a most beautiful appearance.

The delegates were much impressed with the University. It is an institution of which all, and especially Methodists, may be proud.

R. L. FLOWERS.

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## THE NEW.

[Sequal to "The Old."]

The old's not dead but grown to fairer form,
  Her youthful force increasing with the years,
  Just as an oak which high its head uprear
And deeper sinks its root when rocked by storm.
She still delights as in the days of yore,
  To take the tender, eager, hopeful youth,
  And guide them toward the realms of truth,
And help them gather pebbles by the shore.
E'er may strong hearts and stronger hands be found
  To help her carry on her noble art
Of making Christian manhood to abound,
  To light the pulpit, forum, school or mart
With education broad and deep and true,
And with great life young spirits to imbue.

J. F. B., '96.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE interest manifested by some of the students in THE ARCHIVE and the efforts they are making to supply it with good readable material, are very gratifying. But this interest is limited to too small a number. If our magazine is to be truly representative of the thought and life of Trinity, a greater number of the students must contribute to it. Each class should look upon it as a duty and a privilege to help make the college magazine a success. The relation of THE ARCHIVE to the Senior Class is probably misunderstood by some of the men in other classes. It is run for the benefit of the whole student-body, and the members of the Senior Class, who assume the responsibility and labor of conducting it, especially desire that the lower classmen be given a fair showing as contributors. They have the opportunity and if they do not take advantage of it, it is their own fault, and their own loss. THE ARCHIVE is not the organ of the Senior Class only, but of all the students. We hope that more contributions will hereafter be handed in by Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen. Especially ought the members of the Junior Class to be doing this kind of work, for it is only a short time before the management of THE ARCHIVE will be turned over to them. If the work is begun now it will be much easier and much more efficient next year.

It has often been said that the literary magazine of a college shows the amount and character of the work done by its students, and an institution is no doubt judged in a large measure by the students' publication. Now, does THE ARCHIVE really reflect the true ability of the student-body of Trinity? Hardly. It falls far short of showing the literary

ability in the college in its true light. To be sure it represents the amount of attention given to this particular kind of work. If a just share of time were devoted by the students to literary work, the change that would be wrought in our magazine would be amazing. Many encouraging things have been said about THE ARCHIVE, but it is not yet what it might be and it is the duty of every student to do all he can toward making it better. And just here we would like to say that we cannot see how a student who has the best interests of his college at heart and who is able to do so, can refuse to subscribe to the college magazine. Surely he cannot afford to do less than this. There are only a few students that have not subscribed to THE ARCHIVE; but their support is needed, and it is hoped that they will join in the good work.

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WE HAVE a large number of Tennis courts which furnish recreation for those who have racket, and, through the enthusiasm of the Freshmen, we manage to have a game of football almost every evening, which also furnishes athletic amusement for quite a number, but there is still a large class of students who take almost no exercise. Part of these are too lazy to get out and engage in afternoon recreations, and another part honestly believe, and not without reason, that they have not the time to engage in outdoor sports. For this first class, and for all the students, we need a gymnasium, where each man, who does not take part in outdoor games, should be required to spend at least one hour in systematic exercise.

For the other class of students it would be well for those in authority to consider old Dr. Carlyles' policy, "take care that the young Professors do not work the students to death," in order to give these men a chance to develop the physical side of their natures. But if these men would only realize it, they can do more work in less time if they will take regular exercise. An old student writing of his carelessness in physical

development, says: "I believe it has impaired my constitution, and diminished my opportunity of serving my fellowmen more completely. If a man is not triune, he is one-sided. If he is undeveloped in one of the three, he is largely and seriously weakened." What we need most is a better organized and more enthusiastic athletic spirit and better facilities for the growth and development of that spirit which welds college men together and creates life, energy, and hardy, self-reliant manhood. If Trinity is to turn out men, they must be doers as well as thinkers; strong, healthy workers, as well as deep scholars, and powerful physical natures, as well as trained intellects.

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OUR "cousins and sisters" of Greensboro Female College have far outstripped us in building up and increasing a library. Each month they report many new and valuable additions to their library, and we know that the books are new and well bound, and not old, useless volumes, culled from other libraries and donated to the College Library to get them out of the way. In addition to the many donations, they spend nearly twice the amount we do for new books. Their library is well arranged and is always neat, clean and orderly, which is more than can be said of ours during the last two years. We have a good working library and many valuable books, but they are not numbered, and we have no system of reference which would make the books the most useful to the college community. We spend from two to three hundred dollars on the reading room and library each year, but this is never invested in books until near the end of the year in which it is paid in as Library fees. There are many improvements which could be made with very little cost. The books ought to be numbered and catalogued, and kept in their regular places, which can be done only by a permanent librarian. The card system of reference would increase the availability and value of the library to the student-body one hundred per cent. The old and wornout books could be put in a room kept for the

purpose, and thus give more room for new, live books. We do not mean by this the latest novel, but the books that are read and used by students. A thorough dusting and cleaning would add much to the appearance of the room, and after that it would do well to muzzle those patent dust distributers, by which it is heated, with cloth or something to keep out the dust and let in the heat. A fee of two dollars collected at the beginning of each term from each student and member of the Faculty, and invested at once in the most needed books would, in the course of years, make our library more adequate to the needs of a growing institution.

These suggestions are not made in the spirit of criticism, but to arouse the college community to the necessity of a better equipped library. We know that it would slightly increase the expenses of both the college and the students, but it would give great returns in the future of the college.

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THAT the time for the intermediate examinations has been changed from December to January is a matter for regret to some, perhaps; but their misgivings are probably without good grounds. In fact there are good reasons for the change. Besides dividing the years work more nearly into halves, the examinations coming in the latter part of January will find the students in a vigorous condition mentally and physically. After working hard for several months, they are not in a condition suitable for undergoing the strain usually accompanying examinations. The holidays will give this needed rest. The change also affords those who, for any reason, are a little behind with their work, an opportunity for catching up. One may, as a kind of recreation for relieving the monotony of rest, spend, during the holidays, an occasional hour reviewing the past term's work.

The only objection brought against the new arrangement by any one, is that the thoughts of the coming examinations will rob the holidays of all pleasure. If a student has worked

well during the term and is prepared to stand his examinations before Christmas, he need have no fear that he will lose his knowledge before January 20; if he is not prepared to stand, he should utilize the holidays in getting himself ready.

We believe that the arrangement will be liked by all, after it has been once tried.

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IN THE *Outlook* for November 14, is found a significant comment on the secret ballot. It says: "In the election last week, nearly every state and every doubtful state, had the secret ballot. The result was that charges of bribery and intimidation, which otherwise would almost have destroyed popular respect for the verdict, are scarcely heard in any quarter. The moral gain both in the prevention of corruption and the establishment of popular faith in the reality of popular self-government, is inestimable. It is difficult to recall any political reform of equal importance that has been established in so few years as the Australian ballot system." In this system, the government furnishes all the tickets, and thus the cry against "bogus tickets" heard so recently in North Carolina, would be silenced and the danger of fraud and misunderstanding at the ballot-box be greatly lessened. It seems that we, as a people, are always "the last to take up the new," and in the matter of political reform North Carolina is, as usual, behind. Though the need for a better ballot system is shown at every election, by the crowd of loafers who watch each ballot cast in order to publish how each man votes, by the useless pursuasion, intimidation and bribery of voters, and by the danger of corrupt practices on account of the irregularity of the various voting places, yet, when it comes to legislation, our tremendous and over-powering conservatism comes to the front and says we must go the way our fathers trod, no matters if environments are different and new conditions confront us. It is to be hoped that the next Legislature will take some definite steps in the direction of a better ballot system.

# Literary Notes.

Despite our distress over "hard times" and the excitement produced by the late political campaign, we Americans still sustain our reputation as enthusiastic, generous patrons of literature. Our literary spirit is thriving, the outlook for American literature grows more and more encouraging.

Hardly has the sensation aroused by Dr. Watson's Yale series subsided, than another eminent Scotch author, J. M. Barrie, comes among us on a like mission. According to custom, upon his arrival a banquet was held in honor of the famous guest. The group of writers that met in New York to greet Mr. Barrie goes down as the most remarkable assemblage of American authors since the days of Emerson and Lowell. Among them were Hamilton W. Mabie, W. D. Howells, Cable, Warner, Thos. Nelson Page, Dr. Mitchell, Prof. Woodrow Wilson, and many others of minor note. The guest of honor made many favorable comments upon our country; to us the most interesting is this: "The thing that has struck me most of all about your country is your colleges and universities—so many of them you have—they are the most splendid things in America."

Just where Mr. Barrie will lecture, is not known to us. But wherever he goes, he will command large audiences, for, as the author of "A Window in Thrums," he is well known throughout the English-speaking world. Dr. Watson considers him the greatest living Scotch author, thus placing him above Stalker and Crockett. From a standpoint of literary history, he also demands our attention, for he is one of the originators of that new, vigorous style, now so popular, which Ian Maclaren has found so favorable for expressing his thoughts. Mr. Barrie's latest book, "Sentimental Tommy," is issued by the Scribner's. Last year it was a serial in Scrib-

ner's Magazine. His "Little Minister" is to be dramatised by a New York company. Dr. Nicoll, the critic, editor of "The Bookman," is accompanying Mr. Barrie.

One of the characteristics of most current publications, and those, too, the best, is that they first appear as serials in the magazines and then, if popular, are published in book form. What does this signify? It means that the periodical is becoming an educating medium, whereby the people's tastes will be cultivated; that the diffusion of good literature is no longer under the arbitrary control of a few wealthy publishers; that the merit of an author no longer depends upon the decision of a few professional critics; that the best literature is growing cheaper, and will, in time, do much to purify the press. An evidence that our love for literature is on the increase, is that there are more large editions than ever before, especially in fiction. Mr. Harold Frederic says: "Unwin throws 35,000 copies of Crockett's 'Gray Man' into the market in a lump, and Skeffington got 36,000 of Marie Corelli's 'Murder of Delicia' subscribed in advance of publication. By combining English and American subscriptions, we get, too, a first edition of 45,000 for Ian Maclaren's 'Kate Carnegie.'" Among recent publications that appeared in magazines, are "Kate Carnegie," "Sentimental Tommy," Dr. Andrews' "History of the Last Quarter-Century in the United States," Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," Mrs. Stuart Phelps Ward's "Chapters of a Life," and Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Sir George Tressady."

Thos. Bailey Aldrich has recently revised his "Judith and Holofernes." Only one hundred and twenty lines of the original are retained.

All who have read those delightful books, "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," will gladly welcome Mr. Allen's new work, "The Choir Invisible." Mr. Allen is one of our most promising men of letters. He is a Kentuckian, and has

accomplished for his native state what no one else has done—he has given her a literature. And that literature possesses such beautiful thought, shows such good taste, and is written in such good style, that the state must yield her glory to that of the nation, and James Lane Allen must be ranked in our literary history very close to the author of "The Marble Faun" and "The Scarlet Letter." To us, who, in the very beginning of our career, find our literary aspirations so often dampered, it is comforting to know that Mr. Allen's success has not been phenomenal. What he has accomplished, has been by the most patient and diligent work. Like George Eliot, he has the valuable trait for "the taking of infinite pains;" this is the key to his success. "The White Cowl," one of his best stories, was sent to the Century and refused; was re-written, only to meet the same fate; but, at its third presentation, was accepted.

His new book, like his others, is a story of the blue-grass country, of which Henry Ward Beecher said, "Hereafter to me the twenty-third Psalm shall read, 'He maketh me to lie down in the blue-grass pastures.'" The scene of the tale is in the pioneer period shortly after the Revolution. With what new charms Mr. Allen will delight us, we do not know. But the name of the book signifies that we are not to be entertained so much with a story of Indian warfare, as with the history of a conflict with the enemies of man's inner life.

As we go to press, only two of the December magazines have reached us, *Harper's* and *Scribner's*. These contain nothing very attractive except the illustrations and advertisements, which show more genius than the literary matter. One of the best magazines we have seen for several months is the November *Century*, the first number of a new volume. Among other articles, is the beginning of a series on "Campaigning with Grant," by Gen. Horace Porter. There is also an account of the modern Olympian games by the chairman of the International Committee. F. Marion Crawford

begins another novel in this issue, and Dr. S. Weir Mitchell gives us the opening chapters of his latest romance, a tale of the Revolution, entitled, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker." Dr. Mitchell has been connected with the medical department of Harvard. Like Dr. Holmes, he has not limited his work to his profession, but has found time to write several interesting books. His "When All the Woods Are Green" is rather readable; not too heavy to make a "stop-gap" for Lamb's "five or six impatient minutes before dinner is ready." There are some pretty glimpses of river and wood; some fantastic ideas of the expression of dead trees—gray and twisted, with branches like arms tossed up in "isolated anguish," or with split trunks thrown out like legs, a "queer expression of jollity," and so forth. There are some sombre touches, some metaphysico-theological ideas that have the ring of the present day speculative philosophy, which is apt to startle unpleasantly very devout minds. There is also the usual love-story to give the book a piquant flavor and to please the boys and girls of fifty as well as fifteen. Such is "When All the Woods Are Green," a vacation story. We hope Dr. Mitchell's new book will display a more matured style and be more interesting than his others.

Dr. Chas. F. Thwing has an instructive article in the *North American Review* on the "Influence of the College Man in American Life." The American college has been "rather a mother of men than a nurse of scientists." The article gives many facts which explode the "self-made man" doctrine. All of our Chief Justices have been college graduates, except John Marshall, who was a student at *William and Mary* till the Revolution. Three of the drafters of the Declaration of Independence were college graduates, and forty-two of the signers were well educated. Fifteen of our Presidents have been college graduates. "The college is, along with the public school, the most democratic of our institutions." Its influence on literature can hardly be over-

estimated. "Plain Truth About Asiatic Labor," by Hon. Jno. Barrett, U. S. Minister to Siam, reveals some interesting facts about the progress of Asiatic economic life.

*Trilbyana* is the title given to an illustrated pamphlet on the work of the late George DuMaurier. The edition is limited.

Mr. Ayrmer Vallance is the author of a forth-coming volume commemorative of William Morris. He is a disciple of Morris and will treat his master's life from an artist's point of view. Morris was an untiring worker. When warned of the danger he was incurring by such a life of intellectual tension as he led, he replied: "Look at Gladstone, look at those wise owls, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rest that kills men, not work." In the *Outlook* we find the following stanzas dedicated to Morris. They are by Joel Benton:

Out of England's dwindling choir
  A bard of pure virgilian touch
Has fallen. His was no harp of fire,
  But tender, dreamy. It was such
As one who, fond of languorous tunes,
Could wish for Summer afternoons.
Or hear with pleasure all the day,
Till Summer's self should fade away.

He gave us light from land and sea
Rare tales of old mythologie;
And, if with sorrows sad enough,
Full of the marvelous love of love.

No more fair dreams of Paradise
From his rapt lyre for us shall rise;
Ended is all that lulling verse
Which Jason's quest could so rehearse,
And which from Odin's paler sky
Drew wonders so idyllicly.

With lotus and nepenthe filled,
He had the artful power to gild
And touch with charm each tale he told.
And made its sorcery manifold.

But now Death comes, and, ruthless. steals away
"The idle singer of an empty day."

# Editor's Table.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

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The latest development in college fiction is altogether new and quite interesting to the student of modern inventions. The author, in a series of letters, illustrates the dire and fatal effects of the same old malady at different stages of the disease. But the story is, in the end, the same as ever; after a series of alternate meetings and separations, a climax is reached, the two "star-crossed lovers" come together under favorable circumstances, with the usual results, and we are left to infer that "they live happily together ever afterward."

After all, may not the experiences of the college romancer in themselves be a romance? He is quite familiar to us all. He is the man who wears hair long enough for the foot-ball team, but never plays; he wanders among the corridors singing of seeing his beloved "Nellie home;" always has some foolish answer ready at each recitation; strides the campus, like one seeking in vain far Poe's Unobtainable; in short, he exhibits, free of charge, all the sorrows of Werter and Professor Teufelsdrockh combined. Such, we often imagine, was the character of that class of *literateurs*, which caused the old satirist to exclaim,

*"Semper auditor ego tantum? numquamne reponam,*
*Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?"*

The editor does not wish to become cynical, but he can not refrain from making one more comment along this line. The greatest work of one of our chief novelists is a "Novel Without a Hero." If such an author as Thackeray could write this kind of fiction and succeed so well,

why can not some college-men cease to record the victories of Erebus divine and the wounds of Cupid's darts in such a dime-novelish, sensational style?

The *Columbia Literary Magazine* is before us. Besides an interesting essay, "Concerning Calderon," there is some very good verse. Also a specimen of the new style of fiction, a letter-storiette, if we may give it that name. Here we have six letters entitled "A Winter Correspondence." The first of these is a note of apology from a young lady who has been engaged in an euchre tournament as the partner of a certain Dr. Curtis. The young lady has been obliged, very suddenly, to accompany her invalid mother, who demands a change of scene, to Lakewood. Whereupon the aforesaid young physician finds himself afflicted with a disease for which he has not the remedy; he is then constrained to seek advice of a sister who has evidently been over the same road. The plot culminates in a mistake in the direction of letters by the confused doctor, and the curtain falls with a telegram of three words addressed to the *confidant* sister; "Hearts are trumps." This is all told in six short letters which are very interesting and ingeniously composed.

The *Guilford Collegian* for October is a very creditable magazine· The essay "George Eliot's Power" is one of the best we have seen lately. "American Literature and Literary Achievements" deserves the careful attention of the student of our current literature. "Negro Philosophy" is a very well composed poem.

There are two essays of real merit in the October *Vanderbilt Observer*. In "Tennyson's Songs," the beauties of the Laureate's lyrics and their spiritual significance are carefully pointed out. "Matthew Arnold's Elegiac Poetry" discusses some of the great critic's best verse and shows us "the sad undercurrent of Arnold's poetry." We are

sorry to note, however, that between two such excellent essays should be inserted a certain piece of fiction—yes, a real, "blood and thunder" yarn—which tells of the drifting life of three penniless, desperate men, who finally end their lives by murder and suicide. After enjoying the paper on Tennyson, a psychical reaction is necessary before we can pronounce this tragic story interesting or of any literary merit. Then, after digesting its contents, a vision of three gamblers, dice, and a midnight tragedy is apt to haunt us before our attention can be concentratrated upon Matthew Arnold. "A Spiritual Wife" and the tale of "Dorgorner County" are two of the best stories of the month. The lines "To Keats" are also very good. This number of the *Observer* is the first one we have received for some time. We wish the *Observer* a successful year's work.

We are glad to welcome the *Tulane Collegian*, which comes to us in new binding, with a gorgeous display of color. Last year the *Collegian* was a quarterly, this year it is a monthly magazine. From the editorials we learn that the *Collegian* has a problem to meet which is not unknown to the ARCHIVE—the subscription problem. The editors make a few statements which would be well for all Trinity men to bear in mind. First, the college magazine is a student enterprise and demands the support of the student-body as much as the athletic association. Second, the magazine "maintains the best form its finances allow." Last, we do not consider "him who depends on the 'other fellows' to support the magazine, and reads his neighbor's copy, any better than he who walks away around and slips through the fence to avoid paying to see the 'Varsity line up against her strongest opponent." We hope the *Collegian*, as well as the ARCHIVE, will find some solution for this important problem.

## TO HOMER.

SONNET.

O thou blind seer who couldst, tho' blind, perceive,
  And seeing, sing of what was true in life,
  Thou gav'st us pictures of that awful strife
Brought on by one who knew well to deceive,
And did a deed that caused brave men to grieve,
  When Menelaus, furious for his wife,
  Caused all of Greece with sudden war grow rife
And started forth his vengeance to achieve.

The pictures thou hast painted still are clear,—
  The mighty offspring of a mighty mind;—
  The son of Peleus' wrath not yet grown cold,
Nor Hector's love, nor royal Priam's tear;
  Paris still trembles; tho' Homer, thou wert blind,
  'Tis thro' thine eyes the new world sees the old.

—*George S. Hellman, in Columbia Lit.*

## IN MEMORY OF ALBERT H. POWELL.

The ties which bind the affections of students to their Alma Mater extends to the student-body and follows each into the arena of life and through its many conflicts, even unto the final conquest. It is with these tender memories that this Association entertained fellowship with Albert Holland Powell, associated with its admiration for his great purity of character. When the call was made to organize a Trinity College Alumni Association for Craven county, he was among the first to respond. At our last roll call he failed to answer. He was not, for God had taken him.

*Resolved,* That while we sadly miss the kindly greeting of our comrade, we bow in humble submission to our Father's will.

*Resolved,* That it was a source of pleasure to have been associated with one who commanded the respect of the faculty, the esteem of his fellow-students and such confidence from his business associations as secured for him positions of honor and trust.

*Resolved,* That a page in our Record Book be inscribed to the memory of our departed companion, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to the *Newbern Journal* and THE TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication.

E. H. MEADOWS.
T. C. DANIELS,
F. A. BISHOP,
Committee Trinity College Alumni Association.

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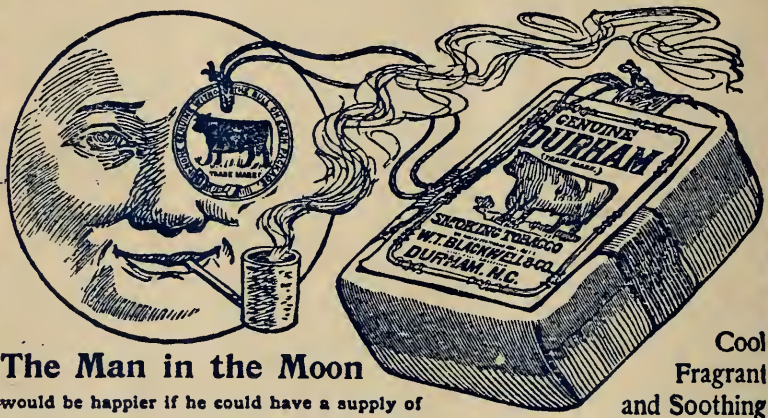


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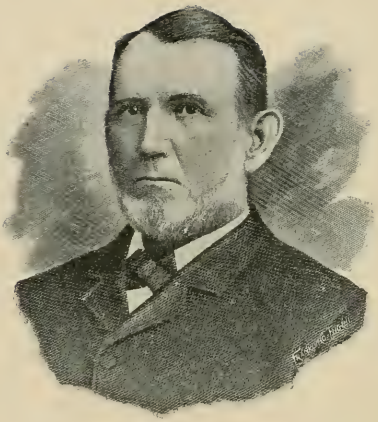

WASHINGTON DUKE.

# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, JANUARY, 1897.

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## Literary.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

### ASSASSINATION OF JOHN WALTER STEPHENS.

The year 1870 is one of the years that will go down in history as one of great social and political significance, and it well marks the culmination and the decline of the Ku Klux organization. Never before, nor perhaps since, was there a time when prejudice and feeling, intermingled with crime, ran so rampant along social and political lines. It was a time when the negro, or the white man who took any part with the negro in politics, on hearing after nightfall the clattering of horses' feet or the loud tap on his door, would feel his blood run cold in his veins for fear there was a raid on foot and perchance he might be the victim.

John Walter Stephens was born October 14, 1834, in Guilford county, N. C. His parents were good people, comfortably situated on a farm, and were consistent members of the Methodist church. His father died when he was about 18 years of age, leaving a wife, four sons and two daughters. Walter, with his brothers, lived on the

farm and supported the family. A few years later he learned to make harness, and went into the harness business. His education was of a very ordinary sort, for he had only the advantages of the common schools. He studied a great deal at home, however. When he grew into more matured life he "often mourned his lack of education, and he used to say that was what every poor man owed to slavery."

In 1857 he married Nannie E. Walters, who died two years later, leaving him a little girl one year old. At this time he was engaged in the harness business in Wentworth, N. C. In 1860 he was married the second time to Frances Groom, of Wentworth.

About this time he began to trade on tobacco, and connected himself with one Powell, a manufacturer. He worked as collector and agent for Powell, spending the greater portion of his time in Yorkville, S. C.

The war now came on and he went to Greensboro, N. C., and stood an examination, by which he got an appointment. He belonged to what was known as "press agents," a class of men who went over the country pressing horses to be used in the war. He was not in the war until its close, having from some cause been allowed to return to his home in Wentworth.

He was known by all as an honest, fair-dealing, christian man. He was a most loving husband and kind father, and an energetic worker in the Methodist church.

Soon after his return from the war he got into a difficulty with Tom. Ratcliffe. There was a grudge between the two in this way: William Ratcliffe went to Greensboro at the same time Stephens did to stand the examination for an appointment. Stephens was some sharper than William Ratcliffe and got the appointment. This angered his brother, Tom. Ratcliff, to some extent, and it seemed that he determined to get even with him for his brother's sake.

Tom. Ratcliffe lived next door to Stephens and ran a store

just across the street. Ratcliffe's chickens—and he had a great many—kept using in Stephens' barn and eating up grain and other food stuffs. They were also destroying his garden. Stephens asked him to make some arrangement to prevent this. Ratcliffe, though warned several times, seemed to pay no attention whatever to the matter. One morning Stephens went down to his barn and found it well stocked with Ratcliffe's poultry. He at once made chase, caught two, and executed them on the spot. Calling to Mrs. Ratcliffe, who was in her garden near by, he told her that he had killed two of her fowls, and that she could have them, and that the cause of the killing was evident. She flew into a passion and would not accept the chickens, and Stephens, without having any words with her, good naturedly and smiling, carried them into his house and ordered them cooked. Ratcliffe is informed of it, and thinks that now is his chance. He goes to the court house and procures a warrant for the arrest of Stephens, charging him with having stolen the chickens. Stephens was arrested and placed in jail, where he remained all night. Early next morning he gave bond and returned home.

Ratcliffe was seated on his store porch enjoying the invigorating breeze of the early morning, chatting with some gentlemen. Stephens had very little to say; he was a man of very few words, and in this case he acted. Placing his revolver in his pocket, and taking up a large, heavy hickory walking stick, he went out and walked coolly and calmly across the street to Ratcliffe's store porch. He stepped up on the steps, and, without hesitating, struck Ratcliffe a heavy blow on the head. Lieutenant Baker, an enrolling officer, who was standing on the porch, interfered, and when he did so, Stephens pulled his pistol and began to shoot. When the smoke had cleared away Lieutenant Baker was found to have an ugly scalp wound; the ball, starting just over his eye, cut a deep furrow around to the

back of his head. It was indeed a close call, but turned out nothing serious. Also Patrick Law, a magistrate's son, was accidentally shot through the arm.

At the magistrate's trial he was bound over to court. This affair would not have given him much trouble had he not gone into politics. Every politician then of any note had stolen either a cow, pig, horse or chicken, or was accused of it, especially if he happened to be a Republican.

After the above incident, when he entered the political arena he was given the name of "Chicken" Stephens, by his opponents. This went much harder with him than it otherwise would have done for this reason: In 1866 he moved to Yanceyville, which is the county seat of Caswell county. He moved before court convened. The two places were only about 25 miles apart, and he awaited a summons to trial; but none came. Still other courts convened and the case was never called, nor did they send for him. Finally he learned that the case had been dismissed; and so he was never given a chance to exonerate himself or let the testimony come out in its true light.

All of his life up till about now, he had been a Democrat, but had never taken any very active part in politics. In Yanceyville he was engaged in the tobacco business for some time. Then he served the people for several years as Justice of the Peace in a very satisfactory manner. He had the respect and confidence of the entire county.

But now came the great turning point in his life. He changed from the Democratic party, with which he had voted so many years, to the Republican. The Republicans had a large majority in Caswell, consisting mostly of negroes. Stephens was at once recognized as leader of the Republican forces and received the nomination for the State Senate. He ran against Hon. Bedford Brown, a man who had been in the U. S. Senate for twenty years. This campaign was one in which much feeling was displayed. The neighbors and friends who had held Stephens in high

esteem, turned their backs upon him and circulated slanderous reports concerning him. In fact, it may truly be said that he was socially ostracised.

Bedford Brown was old and experienced, and was thought to have manipulated the vote so as to be counted in. Stephens at once contested the election and obtained his seat. This victory immediately called forth the most bitter abuse that could be heaped upon him. He served one term in the Senate, was re-elected and served another. He conducted himself in a manly and most dignified manner, and commanded the respect of that body.

When Stephens was nominated for the Senate, such a sentiment was worked up against him, and so diabolical were the threats made by the adherents of the opposite party, that for his protection at night he had his windows barred with iron and heavier locks put on his doors, and a number of fire arms, that would be available on short notice, placed in his home.

The Ku Klux were abroad in the land and nightly were they whipping, burning and hanging. These were the adherents of the opposite party and many nights Stephens heard them come, stop at his house and then ride on. They seemed to have no idea of attacking Stephens in his own house, as their actions plainly demonstrated; but they were continually warning him that, did he not leave the country, change his political affiliations, or cease to assume the leadership of the Republican party in that, the 24th Senatorial district, he might expect the worst, and that his wife would be a widow and his children orphans. So loud and strong were these threats, that for the protection of his family he had his life insured for $10,000 and carried two deringers, one in each vest pocket, all the time. His position was a trying one, but he bore it heroically. He was ostracised, jeered at when on the streets, abused, villified and slandered, yet he went his way quietly and opened not his mouth. Finally he was expelled from the Methodist church for his political opinions

It was in the campaign of 1870, on Saturday, May 21st, that there was a Democratic speaking and mass meeting in the court house at Yanceyville. Stephens lived almost in speaking distance of the court house and could get a plain view of it. He saw the people from the country coming in, and he decided that he would go over and see what was going to be done. He was in great danger and was conscious of the fact, but he went to show them that he was not afraid to go, and also to see what tactics the Democrats would use in the campaign. When he started, his wife, trying to prevail on him not to go, said: "Mr. Stephens, you know that is a Democratic meeting, and I am afraid you will get into trouble." But on he went. He had to pass his brother-in-law's house and a niece came out and spoke to him. He told her he was going to the court house to the Democratic speaking. She tried to persuade him not to go, and said she feared there would be trouble. He replied: "I am not going to bother any one and one had better not bother me." She saw that it was of no use to talk to him longer, for he had determined to go. He little thought then that there had already been set a trap to catch him and put him out of the way, and that the Ku Klux were the planners. But such was the case; and they had laid their plans well. Before entering the court house he met ex-Sheriff Wiley, whom he had been trying to induce to run for sheriff of the county on the Republican ticket, as there were few in the Republican ranks who were competent to fill such an office. Wiley was a Democrat and seemed to be taken with the idea. He told Stephens that he would give him a definite answer before the day closed.

Stephens then entered the court room and sat down just in front of one of his brothers. Another brother was just across the aisle and a brother-in-law was also in the room. 'Squire Hodnett, one of Caswell's prominent citizens, was speaking. Stephens took out a note-book and pencil, and seemed to be jotting down some things the speaker was

saying. The crowd cast very sour looks at him, and the speaker said: "Ah! there sits that Stephens now, taking notes." From this he began to abuse him. Stephens said nothing, but a smile could be seen to play over his face occasionally.

Presently ex-Sheriff Wiley came in and touched Stephens on the shoulder, and said one or two words to him. He arose, and he and Wiley went out together. His brothers noticed it, but gave it very little thought. There were scores in the room, however, who understood its meaning full well.

There was an old room in the lower end of the court house, on the first floor, which was formerly the clerk's office, but was now used for a wood room.

The speaking was over and he had not come home. Night came on and still he had not returned. Suspicion was aroused at once. His wife was almost raving and said she knew her husband had been killed, or he would come to her. She always knew where he was and knew when to expect him home.

His brothers went in search of him, and several other white citizens, on hearing of his disappearance, kindly volunteered to assist in the search. On making enquiry, this white man had seen him in one place, that one in another, and some saw him leaving town and so on, all about the same time. But strange to say, as many negroes as there were, not one of them had seen him leave the court house; and if any one would notice his movements it would certainly have been they, for he was all in all to them. It was settled in the minds of many that he was still in the court house, and it was immediately surrounded and every room in the house searched, except one, and the key to that could be found nowhere.

The negroes came in great numbers and said that they knew their leader had been killed, and that he was still somewhere in the court house. A careful watch was insti-

tuted for the night around the building. Although the negroes were satisfied that their leader had been foully dealt with, they made no demonstration except that of sorrow and grief, for they loved him. It is said that it was strange to see the troubled faces of the negroes on this night. They offered no violence at all, and during the whole night nothing but order prevailed. It is said by some who were on guard that night that they expected that at any minute the Ku Klux would make a raid on them, but according to the watchmen's calculations, the Clan thought they had done a good day's work and would rest for the night. Another thing was noticeable: As many white people as there were on the streets when the search was begun, they had quietly broken up in small groups and talked in undertones, and then quietly departed for their respective homes early in the evening, seemingly not aware that the leader of the Radicals was missing and that it was causing much concern among his followers.

At the first appearance of light next morning, a tall negro mounted the shoulders of another and looked through the window of the wood room, which could not be opened on the night before. There a horrible sight met his vision. The long, slender body of Stephens was lying on a pile of wood with a slip noose around his neck. The noose was buried deep in the flesh and the jugular vein was cut. The coroner, Dr. Yancey, who was near by, was immediately sent for, and the door was forced opened. The coroner was the first one to enter. Upon examination it was found that, besides being strangled and his jugular severed, he had been stabbed twice in the region of the heart and his leg broken. Beside him lay his hat and the bloody dirk with which he had been stabbed. The two deringers which he was known to have had, on going to the court house, were gone; but his gold watch and chain were still on his body. There were only a very few drops of blood on the floor and one on the window-sill. It was quite evident

that the assassin, after committing the deed, had gone out at the window, for the door was found to be locked and thumb-bolted on the inside.

The coroner's inquest resulted in the decision that the "deceased had come to his death by the hands of some unknown party." It seemed to all, who really knew the depths to which politics and some political leaders had sunk, and the great extremes to which so-called good citizens would go, before they would see the black man led to an honest victory, just this: When he left the court-room with ex-Sheriff Wiley he was decoyed down to this room, pushed in, seized and given no showing, deprived of his weapons aud rendered helpless. He was then foully assassinated in sight of his own home. From the window of the room could be seen his two little girls playing on the lawn. The body was removed to his home and buried in the afternoon, which was Sunday afternoon, a large number of the citizens attending the funeral; and, to be plain, no doubt some of his assassins were attendants. Suspicion pointed to several prominent citizens, but it seemed impossible to get any evidence on account of the Ku Klux organization, which had now, as it always had, power to execute any plan or purpose however questionable, and then have the assurance that it could not be proved on them.

Some weeks after, Governor Holden ordered Kirk's men to Yanceyville to investigate the matter, make arrests and endeavor to bring the criminals to justice. They were about three hundred in number, with Kirk, Major Yates and Colonel Burgen at their head. It was a rough and reckless, but determined band.

There was a Democratic speaking in the court house and Hon. J. M. Leach was speaking. It was whispered about among the negroes that Kirk's men were coming. The negroes seemed to know all about it. They would say Kirk's men were so many miles away, soon they would say

they were at such and such a point, and at length they said "they are here." One who had been catching these whisperings among the darkies looked out of a window, but immediately took his head back in, for around the court house, with guns pointing up at the windows and looking determined, were Kirk's men indeed. Guards were placed in the hall and at the doors, and no one was allowed to go out. The affair seemed to have been worked up well before hand, for Major Yates immediately entered the room with a posse of men and with a long list of names, and began to make arrests.

Mr. Leach, the speaker, when he saw the uniforms, glittering swords and large guns proceeding down the aisle, very gracefully bowed and said he would resume his speech under more favorable circumstances.

The first person arrested was an old man named Bow. When told to consider himself under arrest, he jerked back violently and straightened his arm to its full length at the face of Major Yates. The Major said nothing, but drew his revolver and fired a shot over Bow's head. This was enough, and the remaining arrests were made without anything to mar the solemnity of the occasion.

Colonel Burgen, by this time, was on his way with a posse of men, to ex-Sheriff Wiley's home, some seven miles distant in the country. He was found in his field and tied on a bare-back horse. His hands were tied behind him and his feet tied together under the horse. In this manner he was brought to Yanceyville and placed under guard. He was afterwards carried to Graham, together with the others who had been arrested.

District Judge Bond issued a writ to have Wiley and the others brought to Raleigh for trial. They went. The trial lasted for many days, but the testimony amounted to very little in solving the mystery and proving who did the killing. This was so because the witnesses largely belonged to the Ku Klux, and they swore in favor of each other.

The jury, too, no doubt, was composed of members of the same organization. Wiley testified that he called Stephens out to tell him he could not run for sheriff on the Republican ticket, and that he left Stephens at the bottom of the steps, went across the street and saw no more of him. Others corroborated his statement, and finally it ended in an acquittal of all. This was a time when "ignorance was bliss," for it was certainly "folly to be wise," especially so if one told what he knew.

Hamp. Johnson, an old negro living only a few feet away from the room in which Stephens was killed, whispered it among the negroes that he saw those who went in the room and heard a tremendous scuffle. But the Ku Klux, it was thought, found the means of silencing him, for "Old Hamp" never after that knew anything at all and lived in good style without working.

Some years ago ex-Sheriff Wiley was on his death-bed, and it is said that he was raving and continually talking of Stephens, saying that he could see him and that he had helped to kill him. This report, however, was denied by his friends.

Less than two years ago Felix Roan, a citizen of Yanceyville, died; and it is reported that before he died he confessed that he helped to assassinate Stephens, and that Wiley also helped. The newspapers reported it, saying that Stephens' widow was present and Roan asked her forgiveness before he died, and that Mrs. Stephens said she would forgive him. It is almost a settled thing in the minds of many people who remember the occurrence, that Roan helped to assassinate Stephens and that he confessed it on his death-bed. But his friends and relatives denied it, and it was soon covered up. As to Mrs. Stephens forgiving him, that is entirely untrue, for she had then been dead three years.

Other cases have been reported in which certain men on their death-beds have made, or have tried to make, con-

fessions concerning this assassination, but they were silenced or suppressed.

John Walter Stephens' courage and organizing ability was unquestioned, and under his lead it was known that Caswell county would continue to give an "overwhelming Radical majority, and for this he was killed. He gave up his life for the rights of the people—the right of equal manhood suffrage." He was unswerving in his brave adherence to the principals he professed. He crowned a worthy life by a martyr's death; he was pursued with fearful malice and bigoted hate to the very portals of the tomb. The perpetrators of this foul deed have escaped the punishment of their crime, at least by the law.

LUTHER M. CARLTON.

NOTE.—The material for this paper is taken from family records, and statements of citizens who are thoroughly acquainted with the incidents related. L. M. C.

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## CHEROKEE CHARLEY.

It has always been my delight to sit and listen to the ghost-stories that harrowed up the souls of the old "darkey" on the plantations of our fathers and grandfathers. But the stories that have always interested me most are the legends and traditions of the Indians. Soon after I entered college my most ardent desire along this line was satisfied. Kercharlatubby, a Cherokee Indian, came to college and entered a class below me. He was a thoroughly good fellow, and felt to the fullest extent any kindness that was shown him. I met him when he came out to the college and assisted him in securing a room and making himself comfortable generally; and soon we were on the friendliest terms. He knew the history and traditions of his people back for hundreds of years. He never tired of telling these to me, and it was always my delight to listen to them.

I remember the first Christmas we were in college. It was our fortune to stay at college during the holidays. The evening before Christmas I had been down town, and on the way back I stopped in at the confectioner's and got a small box of candy and nuts, and had just gotten to my room, built up a fire and settled down to enjoy the remainder of the evening, when I heard a light tap at the door. Being too comfortably situated to get up and open the door, I said, "Come in."

The door opened and I saw the smiling face of my friend. I again invited him in, and said: "I expected to see Santa Claus enter." He laughed and took the chair I offered. We cracked nuts and ate candy and fruit for a while, during which time the conversation was somewhat scattering. But I finally called upon his unfailing store. After remaining silent for a while, he said: "I remember nothing now but one long story, and that would not interest you."

I replied: "Go ahead, they always do."

He said: "I will commence at the beginning."

"In the early part of this century the Blue Grass region of East Tennessee, with parts of what are now the adjoining states of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, was a veritable 'happy hunting ground' of the Cherokee Indians. This region, with the wild grandeur of its noble mountains stretching away to the east and its broad prairie land extending toward the west, was the scene of the great annual buffalo chase of the Cherokees. The large game in this region was more plentiful than in any other part of the country east of the great 'Father of Waters,' and frequently other tribes stole into this region to shoot the game that abounded there. But these inroads generally resulted in a small war to the disadvantage of the foraging parties, for the Cherokees were among the most powerful of the tribes east of the Mississippi river, and they now held this territory by virtue of that fact.

"It was in this region that the famous Daniel Boone found himself when he crossed the mountains. The Cherokees had withstood the invasions of hostile bands of their own countryen, and now they looked upon the pale-faced hunter with an evil eye. Their present home was dear to them not only as the best hunting ground in all the East, but it was doubly sacred to them as the burial ground of many a noble chieftain, for some of their best warriors had fallen in defence of their homes. So it was they viewed with a peculiar hostility this peculiar man. He was strange to them in every way; and that strange weapon, which was always his companion, slew their game too rapidly.

"Boone's companions began to increase, and the hostility of the Indians grew until about the end of the first quarter of this century, when the United States government began negotiations for the purchase of the territory. The negotiations were concluded about 1832, and resulted in the removal of the Cherokees, with several other tribes who held the adjoining territory, to their present homes in the Indian Territory. When the treaties were concluded the Indians reluctantly began to make preparations for their westward journey. A detachment of the United States army was detailed, ostensibly, to pilot them over the rough course of the journey. Their progress was slow and the journey was tedious. They moved on horseback and in heavy wagons drawn by small ponies, and in many instances the Indians preferred to walk.

"The guards urged the Indians on with strong Anglo-Saxon, and not infrequently the points of bayonets. So long as these abuses were confined to the men, the Indians paid little attention to them, but as the journey wore on the women began to lag behind, and on the second day's journey a feeble old woman, who felt the weight of years quite as heavily as the fatigue of the march, was insulted by one of the guards. Immediately the news was whispered along the line from group to group. The warriors and

braves began to fall into squads and speak in an undertone.

"The largest group gathered about Cherokee Charley, a tall brave, an athletic young warrior, who was now an acknowledged leader both on the hunting grounds and in war. The brave and magnanimous spirit of Charley burned within him, and he, impatient with the discussions as to expediency, put an end to further parley by declaring to the group and solemnly vowing that he would avenge the wrong. No one remonstrated, but all rather approved of his course. When the decision was reached, the Indians fell back into their usual careless order of march.

"Charley carefully noted the men who should feel the weight of his avenging ire. He watched them all day and marked their tent at night.

"When night-fall came the tents were raised and bunks spread, and all slept save Charley and his companions. About midnight Charley stole out and found his way to the side of his sleeping victims. There he fulfilled his vow and fled to the mountains. The next morning all was commotion among the soldiers. They did not move that day. The burial of the dead and the arrest of the guilty parties must be accomplished first. Rewards were offered for the arrest of the offenders. Several Indians were arrested, but convicting evidence was lacking. During this time Charley was kept in communication with the camp by his friends.

"It seemed that all efforts to apprehend the guilty party would end in failure. It was not known where to search; it was not known whether the offender was still at the camp or whether he had fled.

"Finally, as a last attempt, the commanding officer, knowing that many of the Indians had left their old homes reluctantly, and that many of them would gladly return if they should get an opportunity, issued a proclamation, declaring that he would allow the chief—and his clan—who should deliver the offender, to return to their old

homes. The Indians did not accept the proposition immediately, but after several conferences and much discussion, it was decided to leave it to Charley's clan.

"That night the messengers to Charley's lonely mountain retreat laid the proposition before him. When he heard it a shadow passed over his face and a pain distorted his features, and all was silence. Finally he spoke: 'No wife or babe depends upon me for their bread. I cannot follow you to your homes in the far West. I cannot stay here in these mountain passes alone. My doom is sure. I will surrender. You can go back to our old home.' With these words the group that had been sitting arose and silently went down the mountain side, Cherokee Charley with them.

"On the following morning he surrendered and was executed. On the same day the other members of his clan returned to their old homes in Cherokee county, N. C., while the remainder of the tribe took up their journey still toward the West." I. L. R.

## ON AN ACQUAINTANCE OF SHORT DURATION.

Amidst the darkness of a dell,
For once a tender sunbeam fell;
A moment brief I saw it play,
Then hurry on and pass away.

So, like the sunbeam's fleeting light,
A vision pass'd before my sight;
And, like the Sunbeam's happy smile,
It lingered near the briefest while,

Then pass'd away with pensive air.
I photograph'd the vision fair
And placed in mem'ry's sacred hold
Another vision wrought in gold.

There, lovely friend, I picture thee;
And thy sweet face shall ever be
A sacred image in my heart
Tho' we may be so far apart.

A single hour I saw thy face,
Yet thou dost hold a hallow'd place;
And tho' we ne'er may meet again,
Was friendship ever form'd in vain?

For who can know what mystic fate
May guard our lives, and soon or late,
The parted friends again unite
Because of friendship's sacred right.

But should our paths be far apart,
Accept this tribute from my heart,
And onward to my journey's end,
Permit me still to call thee friend.

R. G. TUTTLE.

## "DAN'L."

It was on a mid-summer afternoon that I first met Dan'l. One of those days when all nature seems at her best. The tall corn was rustling in the breeze, the tobacco was swaying to and fro as the gentle wind stirred its great leaves, and far over in the west the sun, crowned in all its golden glory, was gently sinking to rest.

Dan'l, however, did not seem to notice these, but intently watched his hogs eat, calculating, perhaps, how much bacon he would have that Fall. So intent was his gaze that he did not see me as I drove up, and seemed startled when I spoke. He immediately got off the fence, and as soon as I told him my name (he had known my father well) he invited me to spend the night with him. This invitation I gladly accepted, for I knew that it would be impossible for me to get home that night with my jaded horse.

His house was about a quarter of a mile back from the road, and as we drove on through the field I naturally began to examine my companion. He was a man of medium height, rather stout and wore the regulation farm clothes—brogan shoes, cotton shirt and jeans breeches, the latter supported by one home-made cotton suspender. His hat was one of those large straw hats, so commonly worn by farmers, with a shoe-string tied around the crown to make it fit. His face, however, especially attracted my attention. He had a round, full face, high forehead and the most mischievous blue eyes, in which one could sometimes see the merriest twinkle imaginable.

We had now arrived at the house and Dan'l turned me over to his wife's care, telling me to make myself at home while he fed and watered my horse. He soon returned and we sat down to a most appetizing supper, consisting of ham, eggs, coffee and biscuits, such as can only be cooked in an old-fashioned oven over an open fire. After

eating a hearty supper Dan'l and I went out on the porch, and he brought out his tobacco and clay pipes, proposing that we should take a smoke. Upon my refusing he laughingly said that perhaps I was one of those people who thought smoking injurious, but this idea, said he, was all a mistake, for he had, to use his own words, "smoked and chawed too" ever since he was eight years old, and had never been sick a day in his life. I at once became interested in such a wonderful boyhood, and asked him to tell me something of his early days. After hesitating a while he began:

"I was born near the town of B——, twenty years before the war. My parents were very poor, and as there were twelve children in the family we naturally had a rather hard time. From my earliest recollection I have worked early and late, most of the time getting very little for my work, but since I have been married, by Kate's help, God bless her, I have managed to save a little. Of course we could not go to school, for we had to work in order to get something to eat, and consequently I grew up in ignorance, not even knowing how to write my name. My children, if I am spared, shall have better advantages than I had.

"When I was about eighteen years old I left home to work for Mr. Bone, who lived at that time about a mile from B——. The boys there had just organized a debating society and they asked me to join. I thought that I could at least talk as well as any of them, so consented to join about two weeks after I was first invited.

"The first question, I remember it well, was: 'Which has the greater influence over man, woman or money?' This question suited me exactly, especially as I had to say that woman exerted the greater influence. I was very much in love at this time with a girl who lived across the creek, about two miles from Mr. Bone's, and I had had an experience on the way to see her a few nights before, which proved to my mind that a man would do more for woman

than for money or anything else under the sun, and I felt sure that this experience, if told, would help my side of the question. I worked hard all the week, but kept thinking all the time what I should say at the debate.

"When Friday night came I put on my best 'biled' shirt and 'store clothes,' and went to the school house, where the debate was to take place. Everything went along very smoothly and several of the boys spoke, some, indeed, making very good speeches. My time now came, and when the secretary called my name I could feel my heart come up until it stopped in my throat. I got up, however, though I felt rather choked and my knees trembled a great deal. I hummed and hawed a while and finally, forgetting all my prepared speech, I simply told my experience of a few nights before while going to see that girl I told you of."

This experience, which he related with half-suppressed chuckles, was as follows: "It was on one cold night in December that I left Mr. Bone's about eight o'clock. I walked at a pretty good gait and soon came to the bridge, which crosses a small creek about a mile from Mr. Bone's. As I approached this bridge I saw something white at the other end. My hair, which usually lies close to my head, now stood straight up and I had to jam my hat down to keep it on. I stopped and started to run, for I always was afraid of ghosts, but just then the thought of that girl on the other side of that ghost, devil or whatever it might be, made me determine to see her that night, in spite of all the ghosts and devils in the world. Accordingly I picked up a fence rail and started across, stepping very much like a blind horse, and stopping every step or two to steady my legs, which were shaking violently. As I got nearer, the thing kept getting bigger and bigger, and I became more and more frightened. Finally I came up within two feet of it and, drawing back my rail, I hit with all my might and—I wish you could have seen the caterpillars and cobwebs fly.

"I told the committee who were to decide the question, that no amount of money in the world would have made me cross that bridge that night, but that I just could not resist the thought of that girl waiting for me on the other side. This argument seemed to convince them and they decided in our favor.

"I did not marry that girl, though, after all. The war came on about this time and broke up all my plans, for I, like all the young men in my section, enlisted and went to the front as quickly as possible. I well remember how important and brave I felt when I first started out with the boys, but this bravery deserted me when I went into battle, and it was all I could do to keep these cowardly legs of mine from taking me to the rear at a double quick. I served under Captain A——, of the —— infantry, for two years, and nothing special happened during this time except a few skirmishes. In the latter part of my second year's service I was paroled, and immediately went home. It was during this stay at home that I became engaged to Kate, and that month was indeed the happiest of my life. The time simply flew and it only seemed a day until it was time for me to return to the army.

"Just before going back I bought a horse, thinking that I would have an easier time if I were to become a cavalryman. This horse was a small, raw-boned, clay-bank mare. She was one of those dish-faced horses which show all the white in their eyes when you attempt to pet them, and salute you with their heels if you get too near, especially if you have a bridle in your hand. Her one redeeming quality, however, was her saddle gait, and I think, without doubt, she could outrun any horse I have ever seen. Her running qualities, though, came near proving fatal to me on one occasion. It happened this way: On my return to the army I had been transferred to the —— troop of N. C. Cavalry, commanded by Capt. B——, of W——, and had drilled with the boys several days. My horse, I noticed,

was rather hard to hold when we charged at full speed, but I thought she would soon tame down. We were within a short distance of Warrenton, Virginia, at this time and the Yankees were all around us, so we did not know at what moment we might be attacked. That night I fed and curried the mare better than usual, thinking that I might need her before morning, and I wanted her to be in good condition. Nothing happened that night, but early next morning we were ordered out and soon went to the front.

"The Yankees were drawn up in an old field just in front of us, and we thought we had them, for we had twice as many men as they. Capt. B—— ordered us to charge at full speed, and just as we got within shooting distance we saw that another company was hidden behind a fence to our left. Capt. B—— saw immediately that the two forces were too many for us, and he ordered the retreat to be sounded. My mare, however, did not want to retreat, but grasping the bit in her teeth, she threw up her head and made straight for the Yankee lines. I tried to throw away my sabre, which was tied to my wrist in order to hold her, but couldn't get it off, so here we went, I slinging my sabre over my head as if I were charging, and the mare running at her best. You should have seen those Yanks. give way when they saw me and the mare coming. They divided ranks and that infernal mare passed clean through their lines, and then turned around and ran right back to our lines. The Yanks. seemed dazed at such foolhardiness, or bravery, as they thought, and did not fire until I was well out of reach. I wish you could have heard our boys cheer when I came into camp. Everything went wild and every one was talking about my bravery. The Colonel sent for me and would have promoted me for bravery, but I could neither read nor write, so was incompetent to hold office. I told some of the boys afterwards that I didn't deserve promotion anyway, but that the mare deserved it, because she went willingly and I didn't.

"The rest of my stay in the war was uneventful, and after the surrender I walked home—my mare having died—a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Arriving at home, at last, I found Kate still waiting for me. We were married about a month after I got back, and started out without a cent, but now, by economy, we have saved enough to pay for our farm and educate the children, and I hope they may never be hampered in the world as I have been for lack of an education."

After he had finished he arose and said he guessed it was bed time, so he would show me to my room. This room was one of those low shed-rooms with one window, so commonly seen attached to farm houses in the eastern part of the state. The bed, though, was most comfortable and I slept soundly, awaking next morning much refreshed, also very hungry. By the time I dressed, breakfast was ready and I partook most heartily. After breakfast I bade Dan'l and his wife farewell, and they insisted that I should stop with them if I should ever pass that way again.

Looking back, as I drove down the lane, on that happy home, I realized more fully than ever before the true bravery which characterized our Southern men during the war, a bravery which not only caused them to endure the hardships of war, but which indeed enabled them, when defeated, to look the grim monster, Fate, in the face and compel her to yield up her stores to their toil. Such men are the hope of our nation, and so long as they maintain their high character, this land of ours need fear no harm.

A. P. V.

## RELATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO IMMIGRATION AND MATERIAL PROGRESS.

The efficiency of the public schools of a State is an important factor in determining its development along all lines. Education and material progress go hand in hand. That those who intend to enter some one of the professions need to be educated, every one admits, but that farmers, mechanics, and mill-operatives would be greatly benefited thereby, is not so generally conceded. Mill, in his "Elements of Political Economy," mentions skill and knowledge as important elements in determining the productiveness of labor. The advantage to a State of a thoroughly efficient system of common schools, measured merely from a standpoint of dollars and cents, is incalculable. The contrast between the neat dwellings, substantial out-houses, and the impression one gets of thrift and well-ordered affairs in traveling through an intelligent community, and the evidences of dilapidation, decay and careless makeshift that we meet on every hand in a community of ignorant people, is ample evidence of this fact. The demand for intelligent labor exceeds the supply. The employer of labor wants a man not only able to do a certain work in a mechanical way, but who has intelligence enough to adapt himself to changing circumstances, and is wide awake to his employer's interests.

The average farmer, in a community where the schools are poor, does not know, nor does he care, what is going on in the world outside his own immediate neighborhood. He has no idea what progress his fellow-man is making in more enlightened localities, and is content to apply the same methods his forefathers used, never dreaming that the superior productiveness, and better condition of his better educated neighbor's farm is the result of the application of intelligence to labor. The same condition is found among laborers in all kinds of work where edu-

cation, outside of preparation for some special branch, is ignored. The laborer in a machine shop, for instance, is very apt to be content with training sufficient to enable him to perform his special work, and seems to be entirely unconscious of the fact that a careful general education would make him more efficient in his work, and enable him to command higher wages. Manufacturers, and other employers of labor, testify that those laborers who have received a careful general education are better workmen, are more orderly, are more refined in their pleasures, and strive for improvement that the ignorant laborer never cares to attain. An ignorant laborer may be earnest and anxious to improve, but eager desire to work to best advantage cannot take the place of the education that would enable him to give intelligent direction to that desire. It is to our common schools we must look for that improvement in the general intelligence of the people that will render our farms more productive, our laborers more efficient, and able to command higher wages, and our employers better service. There is no reason why, in the rural districts of North Carolina, we should not find those evidences of thrifty, intelligent, wide-awake farming that are found in other States not more favored in natural advantages, save the woeful lack of adequate educational facilities within the reach of all. Increase the intelligence of a community and the people are no longer content to follow the old beaten paths, but with increased intelligence come new wants, and those wants infuse energy for effort towards improvement.

To the evils attendant upon poor public schools may be attributed in large measure the comparatively few immigrants who settle within the borders of our State. The large number of immigrants who come to this country annually, desiring to better themselves, and to contribute something to the advancement of the States in which they settle, go where their children can have the advant-

age of good schools, and we will continue to lose these desirable additions to our population so long as our common schools remain in their present state of chaos. All effort to secure desirable immigrants in the South must prove futile until we can offer substantial inducements in the way of superior educational advantages, and the higher wages and advancement in prosperity that must follow.

The Commissioner of Immigration of New York in 1870 estimated the average economic value of each immigrant at $1,125, and in this estimate allowance is made for the fact that about one-fifth of the immigrants are under fifteen years of age. But the honest, intelligent, industrious immigrant brings value difficult to estimate. He does not go to any section of the country without first giving due consideration to what advantages that section offers, and no State, however favored in natural advantages, can offer inducements sufficient to secure him, that does not give proper attention to the education of her people. Better our system of common schools, thereby increasing the thrift, economy, and productiveness of our people, and these elements will render us capable of taking rank among the most progressive States.

With ample provision for common school education many of the evils now so loudly complained against would vanish, one important reason why more immigrants do not come to us would be removed, and our State would enter upon a period of prosperity that cannot otherwise be attained.

J. A. SHARP.

## RELATION OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS TO SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

[Paper read before the Student-body December 19, 1896.]

It would be useless for me in addressing a body of college students, especially an audience of Trinity men, to enter into any prolonged discussion of the relation of literature to individual lives. All of us, by the close of our Freshman year, have felt ourselves under the charm of the great English poets and prose writers; and our conceptions and ideals of life have been broadened by a thorough study of literature. Matthew Arnold expressed in one sentence the great fundamental idea upon which all literature is based when he said, "Literature is a criticism of life." This is the proposition to which all things must conform if they are valuable to us—this life-producing power is the criterion of all merit, literary or scientific.

I take it for granted that we all have some conception of the relation of literature to the life of the individual. Is its relation to the social and political life of the race at large less important? Doubtless many thought Corinth with her material resources far greater than Athens, and war-like Sparta with her myriads of brave soldiers more powerful than Attica. Yet all of Greece that lives to-day is the life of her literature, and that life is the spirit of Attic literature. No; the influence of literature on the life of the race is felt more and more; and North Carolina or any other State cannot afford to ignore the power of books. "Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a spiritual field; like a spiritual tree—it stands from year to year and from age to age, every one of which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men. O, thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom

they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conquerer or City-burner."

It is useless for me to add example to example and precept upon precept concerning the influence of books upon life. That would be a task greater than piling Ossa upon Pelion. We have seen it in history, have beheld it around us, and now we are led to inquire what literary thought America has produced—especially are we interested in the literature of our own section, the songs and stories of Dixie. Southern climes have always been the homes of literature. Egypt and Assyria were the cradles of ancient learning, and Greece and Rome are the inspiration sources of modern times. But in America these conditions have been reversed. What literature this country has produced, has come largely from the Northern states. The South has been deplorably behind in the production of literary thought. What are the reasons for this condition of affairs? To obtain an answer we must examine the very principles upon which the colonies were founded.

To the wild and bleak shores of New England, came the Pilgrim Fathers. They had been persecuted and driven from place to place for many years, had closely studied the sociological conditions existing in the Old World, and were aware of the evil inflicted through the people's ignorance of social and political problems. Hence education was placed by them second only to religion; and by the side of every church there was built a school house and the spiritual pastor became the intellectual guardian of the young. As early as 1649, every New England colony, except Rhode Island, had a compulsory school system, requiring every town of fifty householders to support a grammar school. Also, the unit of New England life was the town. The people were thrown close together and the communal doctrine of "the greatest good of the greatest number" was the principle that controled their actions. As a result of years of intellectual labor, there sprang up

the public libraries and the Lyceum, and the richest fruits of this system of public education were realized in Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Holmes. The social motto of the Puritans was *Religio et Eruditio* and their educational policy was *Eruditio et Religio*. "Religion and morals went hand in hand."

On the other hand, Virginia and the Southern colonies were settled by the exiled cavaliers, the followers of the unfortunate Stuarts. They were gallant, daring men, used to the life of a profligate court, and consequently cared little for literature. They enjoyed the hunt, and the introduction of slavery gave them time to squander in worthless pastimes. The plantation was the centre of life; men were separated from one another by vast acres of cultivated land; there was no society except the rough, half-romantic, pioneer type. There was also another class of citizens, the indented servants, who had been criminals and prisoners for debt, and had come to America to escape punishment. These were little inclined to educate themselves and their chances for so doing were diminished by the fact, that they had to compete with slave labor; so no time was found for educating their children, provided the means were at hand.

Under these circumstances, there developed our much-prided Southern conservatism. Literature as a profession was frowned upon. Those few who cared for literature were of the old school type, who read Pope and Shakespeare and quoted Horace, but took no interest in current publications. The sons of the planters were educated in Europe, returned home and took up the old line of life. Wm. Gilmore Simms, the founder of Southern literature, was scorned by South Carolina aristocracy and when he had brought glory and fame to his native State, Charlestonians still waged a relentless persecution against him. Edgar Poe, our most gifted poet, received little support from the South, and his life was shortened by neglect and his death was precipitated by a band of Baltimore politi-

cians. Sydney Lanier confessed that his Georgia environments were not encouraging to a man of literary aspirations.

But there is also a bright side to our literary history. The Civil War came with its blood and disaster. But it did much for the South in many ways, especially in literature. Its battles and sieges were an inspiration to Southern literary men. It also destroyed the old system and laid the foundation for the new. As Dr. Baskervill has said, "He that had ears to hear might have heard in the booming of those guns not only the signal for a gigantic contest, but also the proclamation of the passing away of the old order, and along with it the wax-flowery, amateurish and sentimental race of Southern writers." Since 1865 we have made rapid strides in material development. Our elasticity in changing from the old to the new *regime* has been the wonder of the modern world. Along with this material prosperity, there has also sprung up among us a new school of Southern literature. Joel Chandler Harris, Thos. Nelson Page, Charles Egbert Craddock, and Geo. W. Cable have been, for the last twenty years, the most popular American novelists, while Sydney Lanier has written poems that rank their author among the chief of American poets. This development has not been attained without ceaseless toil on the part of these men. For they have, according to the old custom, been greeted with a marked lack of appreciation on the part of the people of their own section, notwithstanding the fact, that today the first question asked about an article of merit in the *Century* office is, "Is it from the South?", and Geo. W. Cable is regarded by the best English critics as the foremost man in American letters. Nor has North Carolina been in the rear in this revival of letters. The same conditions existing in other Southern States are found here. Henry Jerome Stockard has produced verse, small in quantity, 'tis true, but in quality it ranks with the best current poetry, and Mr. Hill's "Disenchantment" has been pro-

nounced "a masterpiece of fine work—which is a piece in verse what the Dying Gladiator is in marble." Also "Christian Reid" has been read throughout the land and Judge Clark is coming into prominence as a magazine-writer as well as politician, and no Southern journalist has finer literary appreciation than Dr. Kingsbury. Yet, last year, Mr. Stockard was unable to publish his poems for lack of public support and Dr. Kingsbury has been compelled to abandon his many literary projects for the same reason.

From these facts, we may fairly conclude that the present is a critical time in the South's history. Our material wealth has increased at a wonderful rate. But popular education and the absence of a spirit of free thought have allowed our literature to expand only under the most adverse circumstances. The question today is, Shall our material progress overshadow our literary growth? Shall literature go down beneath the onward march of industry? If it does, there will be a reaction upon the literature of the whole Union. "United we stand, divided we fall" applies to the literature of this country as well as to political institutions. If there is no onward movement in letters in the South, there will be a breach between the North and the South greater than slavery. We *must* move onward; if sectionalism is to die and this is to be a union of States, our literary thought must also expand.

What is the remedy for this condition? It is simple and sure in its effects. As without a strong basis there can be no good citizenship, so, unless there is a ground among the people upon which literary thought may be built, there can be no literature. Until the time comes when there will be an efficient system of public instruction by which the people of the South and of North Carolina can secure those requisites for a study of literature and which create a demand for books, so long will there be a dearth of literary thought among us. How can North Carolina, which

appropriates only eighty cents per capita yearly for her public schools, and where the average attendance is fifty-four days per annum, be expected to be rich in those ideals which lead to the highest intellectual attainments? We have seen how a thorough system of public schools in New England has been the direct cause of her productivity in literature, and not till the same system exists in the South will there be a sufficient basis for the upbuilding of a Southern literature. Next in importance to the relation of popular education to good citizenship is its relation to the cause of learning.

Washington Irving, in describing the Alhambra, tells us that just above the entrance to that palace there was on one side the statue of a book, on the other side, a hand carved out of the finest marble. There was a tradition that the Alhambra would not fall until the hand and the book should come together. Today, there is a great army of ignorance, superstition, and sin in this world. Not until the best thoughts of the ages are put into the hands of oppressed and fallen humanity, not until the best literature is placed in the empty hands of millions of suffering people, will there be a better social, moral, and literary life in this land. Not until North Carolina has a thorough, efficient system of public schools will the words of the ardent patriot come true, when he said, "Of the forty-five stars that illumine our flag, the brightest there is the one that glitters to the name of North Carolina."

W. K. BOYD.

## COMMON SCHOOLS OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Our State educational system consists of what is commonly known as the neighborhood schools, the State University, the Normal and Industrial College, and the Agricultural and Mechanical College.

As to the efficiency of the common schools the next report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction will say: That there are 635,330 children of school age in the state; that 331,830 names are enrolled on the books; that 95 per cent. of the whole number are dependent upon the public free schools for what education they may get. The report will further state that there are 7,171 school houses, 5 counties, or 616 school districts, having no schools at all; that $835,265 was devoted to education last year—$145,104 being expended upon new buildings, furniture, etc., leaving $95 per year to each school.

The teachers of these schools are taken from any and all classes, with little facility for securing intelligence or fitness. It is true that we have county boards of education, who go through the formality of holding examinations and granting certificates. Whether this is a good thing or not, is very well demonstrated by their own work, and by their works shall we judge them. Whether the teachers are selected before or after the examinations are held, I will not say. But I will say that in our whole common school system politics has too large a share. The county boards are appointed by the will of politicians. The result is that these boards are, in the main, incompetent, and when they meet to hold the examination, the Colonel's friend always gets the appointment and a first grade certificate. If it is not the Colonel's friend, it is some young man who is *honest* and wants an education himself, and who must, therefore, have an opportunity to earn money to pay his expenses while at college, and this is the place he generally seeks.

The school houses are poor and we need 616 more. In fact, we need 7,787. Those that we have are about the only remaining relics of the other stages of development through which we have passed. Where we now have log cabins and box-houses about 30x30 feet to accommodate from 30 to 50 pupils, we should have houses that show a few signs of civilization. We don't think it would be a good plan to take a child into heathendom to teach him our civilization, but on the other hand, if he were surrounded with objects that denote our present stage of development, his progress would be much faster.

Our system lacks in co-operation, unity, compactness, supervision and countless other things. It fails to accommodate nearly half of the children of school age. And the schools are kept open not more than three months for the other half.

These facts and figures justify the people in demanding a reform in the school system. The state that taxes its citizens for school purpose and fails to maintain a system of schools through all the counties and school districts according to a fixed rule, falls short of the ultimate aims of government and merits the disapproval of the people.

But we cannot better this system much with our present means. We must have more funds. The Superintendent in his last report said that the present tax-rate (16 cents on the $100) was insufficient, and he calculated that it would require an additional tax of 7 3-5 cents on the $100 to provide the necessary funds to run the schools the required four months, and he recommended that this additional tax should be levied, but it was not.

Then, it is evident that there is not enough sentiment in favor of public schools. This sentiment can be created only by educating the people to appreciate and take more interest in schools. This calls for speaking. The schools themselves must receive more attention, the houses should be enlarged and beautified to some extent. They should

have two or three acres of ground attached, and it should be laid out in walks and shrubbery should be planted. Much could be done in this direction at a small cost. All this would attract attention and cause the people to take more interest and pride in their community schools. Then the people would be more willing to be taxed. But after all those who are to receive the benefits are not the ones who will have to bear the taxes,—they are not able.

Second, we would recommend an improved management and thereby a better system.

But here we meet a more formidable difficulty. Our present disintegrated and loose system is unsatisfactory. The Superintendent, who should be at the head of all reforms, is by necessity a politician. And the people controlled by political parties, and parties lead by politicians have shown themselves wholly unable to cope with the question.

The State University cannot do it, because it does not command the support of the masses of the people and is antagonistic to the church colleges. Individual church colleges cannot do much effective work in this direction, because they are not in full harmony with each other, and they, too, are opposed to the University. But it seems plain that the common school system effects all the people alike, and any advance must be made by the direct consent of all the people. Then we would counsel peace in every quarter of our educational system. We are here not to antagonize and tear down, but to build up; not for war, but for peace. That is Trinity's object and I believe it is the object of all true educational institutions in the state. We believe that if there is any antagonism between any of the institutions of higher learning, and that if there is any fault in the system or method of any of these institutions, these faults are more the outcome of this antagonism than of the wilful disregard of right. And we believe that full harmony between the exponents of higher education is

absolutely necessary to their successful participation in this movement for better common schools. But they cannot harmonize so long as they disagree as to methods of work. I think the first step toward the remedy of these faults would be a frank and open conference between all the colleges of the state, in which they should pledge common good-will, support, and co-operation.

Then with friendship fully established, this abnormal competition, with its unfair means, would stop; the system of each college would be reformed after the best parts of the whole number, leaving these institutions free to co-operate in their demand for better common schools.

I have only one further recommendation to make, that is, that the Legislature pass an act creating an Advisory Board of Education, composed of the presidents of the leading colleges of the state. Let it be understood that this board is not to usurp any of the powers or functions of any other individual in our educational system as it now stands, but that they are to study the question of common schools in this state and in other states, and that this board be required to make an annual report to the Legislature, making such recommendations as they, in the light of their research, may deem necessary. A report from this source should command the approval of the state at large, as well as the sanction and action of the Legislature, coming, as it would, from all the denominations and representing the best thought in the state.

I will not attempt to suggest what recommendations this Advisory Board should make. But our schools, as they now stand, need supervision; the teachers now procurable need as much teaching as the pupils. The course of instruction should be regulated and enlarged. The methods of city schools are very different from country schools. If these methods have been found satisfactory in the cities, then they should be introduced into the country schools.

If the state will provide for better common schools, still

there will remain the question of preparatory schools, but each college must solve this problem for itself. If each college will surround itself with a set of academies similar to those of Randolph-Macon College or of Vanderbilt University, then the Old North State can take a more advanced position among her sisters of the great American Republic.

B. F. HARRISON.

NOTE.—Statistics, partly from Superintendent of Public Instruction, and partly from newspaper reports.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A PART of this number is devoted to papers, on some phases of the Public School question, which were read before an assembly of the students December 19, 1896. The meeting was held for the purpose of discussing and securing better information upon this important subject. It is gratifying to note the interest the students are taking in this movement, and it is to be hoped that they will continue to agitate for a better system of Public Schools until North Carolina shall have a well equipped school during nine months of the year within the reach of every boy and girl in the state.

The papers will be interesting to all those who see the need of better educational facilities for the people in the country districts, and in the smaller towns and villages of the Southern States For us, here in North Carolina, it is a most important question, for in it is wrapped our destiny as a progressive state. No permanent advancement along material lines can be expected until we have a more efficient and thorough system of popular education. Social progress, in any broad sense, will be restricted so long as great numbers of our people are ignorant, and thus easy prey for the politician and the demagogue. The doctrines of Christ can never develope themselves where ignorance and superstition prevail, and it is well that the church has realized this and has thrown itself into the movement for better common schools. The ministers touch the people more closely than any other class of men, and it is for them to teach the people the great need of education and thus create a sentiment that will support legislation along this line.

A broad basis of popular education will, in twenty-five

years, solve the problems of higher education, for it is a well known fact that those who have received an educational stimulus and have had the thirst for knowledge aroused in them, can always secure the advantages of higher education, provided they are worthy of them, no matter what their circumstances may be. The young man who has worth and grit will always find a way to educate himself, regardless of poverty and unfavorable environments.

The development of such an educational stimulus would soon fill the colleges and make a real uuiversity a thing possible for the South.

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THE recent gift of $100,000 to the college by Mr. Washington Duke will mark a new era in the history of Trinity. She is now beyond the bounds of poverty and possesses means for carrying out the plans for better and more extensive work, the full realization of which has heretofore been impossible on account of the lack of sufficient funds.

But the giver did more than put the college on a firm financial basis. In his far-sightedness he saw the need of greater facilities for the higher education of women in the South, and, accordingly, he made the gift on condition that women should be admitted to Trinity on the same terms as men. Mr. Duke has thus not only given liberally for the cause of learning, but has furthered the cause of co-education and helped to release woman from the fetters that man has put upon her mind to prevent its growth and usefulness.

Trinity has been co-educational in a limited way for some time. The following is taken from the catalogue:

"While Trinity College is not co-educational, yet the Trustees have determined to admit to the courses of study young women who have graduated at some female college, and who desire to take advanced work. There is a large number of young women in the South who go yearly to northern colleges and universities, because they are not ad-

mitted to southern colleges. Their ability for advanced work has been vindicated in the leading universities of the world, and it is but just that they should be given these advantages in our colleges. Young women entering Trinity will be held responsible for the work given young men, and will be admitted to all the advantages of the college."

Mr. Duke saw the wisdom of extending this policy, so as to give any woman who may wish to pursue the courses of study offered here, an opportunity of enjoying the same educational advantages as her brother. And why should they not? Are they not as much in need of culture as men are? Are they not as capable of being cultured? Their ability cannot be doubted here at Trinity, for those who have taken work here have stood high as students and proven themselves fully capable of doing the work offered to men. How can the class of '96 have any doubts as to woman's ability, when a young woman missed winning the valedictory over seventeen young men in the class only by a fraction approaching very near to zero?

So the admission of women to Trinity will not lower the standard of work in the least, nor in any way retard its upward movement. But however high the standard of work may go, the young men had better keep a sharp lookout for their share of the honors.

Instead of going North to study, southern young women may now obtain instruction at one of the highest grade colleges in the South. Trinity is one of the very few endowed institutions of higher learning in the South that are open to women.

By this gift of $100,000, together with what he has before given Trinity, making a grand total of about $250,000, Mr. Duke has become the chief financial promoter of education in the South. No southern man has ever given so much for education. He had the wisdom to realize the necessity of educating the people, both men and women, of his land, and he has given most liberally for the advancement of that which lies at the root of our progress and well-being.

The news was received with much joy by all connected with and interested in the college. There was great display of enthusiasm on the campus. Trinity men have never shown more forcibly their love for Trinity. Every one gloried in the good fortune of his college, and surely there was reason for glorying. The students on receiving the news began to plan for demonstrating their high appreciation of the donation and the great esteem which they have for the giver. That so much could be done on such short notice was surprising. The telegram announcing the news received at 3 P. M., December 10;—an assemblage of the students, Faculty and some of the friends of the college in the chapel at 7:30, when enthusiastic speeches were made by representatives of student-body, Faculty and Trustees;—afterwards a march down to the home of Mr. Duke, where yells were heartily indulged in and where the students were most kindly received;—then, on the campus, a huge bonfire, which closed the program.

When the students assembled in front of Mr. Duke's residence, he touchingly addressed them in the following words: "I do not usually make speeches, but I will say this: I have been striving all my life to do something that would make the world better for my having lived in it. I have now accomplished about all I can do for it, and it now devolves on you to do what remains to be done. I leave you young men to do the balance." Who that was there was not deeply moved by this speech so charged with feeling? He had faith in Trinity and believed that the men she sends out are to bless humanity. Who could look into the face of this great-souled philanthropist as he spoke, without resolving to make the best use of his munificence?

This benefactor stands out as a great example for other wealthy men of the South, pointing them to the wisest way of using their wealth. May the spirit of liberality that led him to give, spread until the South shall be behind no section or country in education.

# Wayside Wares.

G. H. HUMBER, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

It was the night after the college had closed for the holidays. The buildings were lonely and deserted, except for a footfall now and then of some one of those who had not been able to get off on the evening trains, or who were to spend the Christmas season on the campus. A number of these, according to that mysterious fashion of college men, had gathered in a room on the first floor, whether for the sake of each other's company or because there was nothing else to do, it is hard to say. It was a typical scene and a fit representative of the hours of peace and good feeling that come sometimes in college life, when the Freshman and the Senior, the gay Soph. and the sporting Junior sit down together at peace with themselves and all the world.

In the Senior's best rocker sat the little Freshman with his horn to his lips and one leg thrown over the arm of the chair. On the table, where Stukenberg and Carhart were rudely jostled against Keats and Shelly to make room for him, another Freshman was perched with his guitar, his firm face all aglow with life and music; and near them sat the other member of the trio, with a harp.

Near the door the dignified editor of the ARCHIVE was very comfortably located on a lap-board, which, with his "two forty" legs, made a rather unsubstantial tripod, but by the aid of the wall behind him, he managed to maintain a precarious dignity.

Opposite him on the bed was a handsome young Freshman, quieted and subdued, for the time, by the music, his face showing the innocent expression of boyhood, scarcely yet mature enough to grasp the meaning of college life and its opportunities, nor yet hardened and strengthened by the keen

clash of debate, of competition or of the long, hard struggles with Greek, Latin, and Math.

Over near the window sitting on the floor was another Senior, the president of his class. The examinations and the problems of college life for the moment forgotten, he seemed perfectly content with whatever life had in store for him. Behind him stood a trio destined to do something in the world. One a Junior, well built, sound of mind and body, with something of imperiousness in his clear, blue eye, and a bearing that marked him a leader among men. By his side stood his chum, a heavy set Junior, firm, self-reliant and every inch a man, he stood with his hands in his pockets and a well colored pipe between his teeth, and as the smoke curled in graceful columns above his head, his face took on an expression of satisfaction seldom seen there in the busy movements of college days. The third of the trio was the reserved member of '97. And as the strains of the Spanish Fandango filled the room, a far away expression stole over his countenance as if he were recalling the scenes of other days. Who shall say it was not a vision of a camp-fire beyond the Mississippi, lighting up the faces of a picturesque group of cow boys as they listened to the same tune from one of their companions, with their ponies grazing contentedly within the circle of the fire light, and beyond them the broad, open prairie?

In front of these stood a fine looking Soph., just returned from a call down street, his eyes still sparkling from the influence of the fair sex, and his cheeks aglow with the warm blood of youth and health.

Over on a trunk sat another Junior, wearing a sweater and cap. He was a true representative of another class of college men. As a rule they do not take high rank as students, but are, generally, whole-souled, good fellows. They are the leaders in athletics and are always ready for anything, from a foot-ball game to a foot-race. Keen-eyed, clear-headed and muscular, they are always the pets of college life. To these

descriptions we might add that of the man on the washstand (I don't think he was sitting in the wash basin), the men perched on the dressing case and in a dozen other as appropriate positions, but space forbids.

As the notes of a familiar waltz rose from the instruments the men became more silent and a smile of pleasure rested on each of their faces. Presently the musicians played "Home, Sweet Home," and as the soft, low notes of the guitar vibrated through the room, they seemed to strike a responsive chord in every heart and a subdued hush stole over the company. The hard lines melted out of each face as that strange something in man which says "I am," wandered back to the old home, to visit the scenes of boyhood and look upon the faces of the dear ones there, one, perhaps, to the home by waves of the Atlantic, another to the home among the mountains, another to the plains beyond the Mississippi, and so they wandered on to the time when "meadow, grove and stream, the earth and every common sight seemed apparelled in celestial light." The music stopped and by twos and threes the listeners departed, each content and happier than when he came.

D. S.

# Literary Notes.

There is before us the third number of Dr. Baskervill's series on *Southern Writers*, entitled, *Irwin Russell.* This gifted young man was a Marylander and "was among the first, if not the very first, of Southern writers to appreciate the literary possibilities of the negro character and of the unique relations existing between the two races before the war." In the first days of that struggle he composed the poem, "My Maryland," "the first note of the new Southern literature." He possessed an intense love for nature and great originality, and was influenced by Chaucer, "Percy's Reliques," and Byron and Shelly. Unfortunately, the fates were against him; he had many friends, but was reduced to the most abject poverty through that peculiar "waywardness of genius" which always leads "in the direction of suffering and sorrow." He died at the early age of twenty-six, a victim to those passions which are so strong and often create such sad havoc in the hearts of Southern youth. Yet he has left us some admirable verse and some excellent stories, and "his pitiful story softens our hearts and his blithe spirit sweetens and refreshes our lives." His poems have been published by the Century Company.

Dr. Baskervill has made his sketch of this talented writer of Southern song most interesting. He has the rare faculty of interweaving with the story quotations from the author in hand, so that the study is thus made all the more pleasing. This, we believe, is, so far, the best of the Doctor's essays.

Rudyard Kipling is familiar to us as the immortalizer of dismal swamps and jungles, inhabited by a queer species of animals, half-human, half-beast, which would do justice to the most ardent scientist's conception of the "missing link."

Much to the surprise of his readers, Mr. Kipling now tries his hand at poetry. "Seven Seas" is the title of his volume of verse, "the first heir of his invention" in the field of poetry, so far as we know. We shall expect in this work many breaks in "poetic diction," for the author seems to have a confusion, or profusion, of ideas in everything he undertakes. But he has genius and originality and, the critics say, a deep love for the sea; hence we may look for many good passages to counterbalance the faulty ones.

Not only is there much enthusiasm over contemporary authors, the Barries, Maclarens, and Allens, but there is also a revival in the study of those who have a permanent place in our literature, especially the New England group. Wm. Deau Howells writes attractive, though rather egotistical, magazine reminiscences of "we literary men," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps publishes her "Chapters of a Life." Another semi-biographical annal of literary acquaintances is Mrs. Fields' "*Authors and Friends.*" This book contains essays upon Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe and Lord Tennyson. Mrs. Fields has had exceptional advantages for the preparation of this volume, for she was well acquainted with the subject of each essay and her husband was the publisher of some of them. Houghton, Mifflin Company will issue her book.

Mrs. Alice Morse Earle contributes another work to the history of the "Empire State," "*Colonial Days in Old New York.*"

A not less interesting book is "*Karma*," by Paul Carus. This work, unlike those we usually see, is made of canvas instead of paper, and is printed in Japanese. Its object is to set forth the doctrines of Buddhism and the style is allegorical, similar to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

Mention should also be made of the "Life of Lord Tennyson," by his son, soon to appear. *Munsey's* has a picture of

the poet's biographer. He is said to be a quiet country gentleman of the old English type. He was very intimate with the Laureate and his "Life," and will doubtless give many valuable facts about his father's history.

Southern literature is enriched by a new book from the pen of Joel Chandler Harris, the chronicler of "Uncle Remus" and "Brer Rabbit." The title given to this new work is "Sister Jane," and is a story of Georgia life. Mr. Harris is one of the most popular American writers, both at home and abroad. His book should receive hearty support from us Southrons, for he is one of our best men of letters. Appleton's illustrated "Uncle Remus" is now in its 112th edition. Houghton, Mifflin Company are his publishers.

Apropos to Princeton's Anniversary, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Lecturer in Jurisprudence at that University, contributes an article to the *Forum* on *Princeton in the Nation's History.* The history of this institution is similar to that of every organization whose work has been "not to change, but to strengthen society, to give, not yeast, but bread for the raising," a story of numerous misfortunes, but also a story of steady, onward progress. The college was founded in the most stirring period of American history, and within twenty years turned out twenty Senators, twenty-three Representatives, thirteen Governors, three Supreme Court Judges, one President and one Vice-President. An institution with such a record must have great vitality, and the most interesting part of Dr. Wilson's paper is that which discusses the principles upon which Princeton works. He makes some good points on the great problem of modern education, science or the classics.

Dr. Wilson is one of the most brilliant of American literary men. His *State*, a text on Political Science, is regarded as authority both in America and England. His latest work, *Mere Literature*, has also attracted much attention.

Princeton, however, has her sorrows as well as her joys.

Her latest is the removal of Dr. Wm. M. Sloane to New York, where he accepts the Seth Low Chair of History in Columbia University. He is the author of the famous *Life of Napoleon*, which appeared in the *Century* last year, and represents the highest type of modern historical work.

S. R. Gardiner, author of "A Student's History of England," is to deliver six lectures on *Cromwell* at Oxford, England, during the present term.

# Editor's Table.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

"Thee, bold Longinus! all the nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire."

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The Table is constrained to call attention to another evil that pervades the columns of some of our exchanges, an abuse peculiar to the Local Department. Some of our contemporaries open this department with such exclamations as, "Election!" "Freshmen!!" "Christmas!!!" or that ancient and purely Anglo-Saxon word, "Rats!!!" Such a beginning is almost invariably followed by a column of silly verse and that enemy of good style and refined taste, the ubiquitous college joke, and some even go so far as to insert a number of one-inch advertisements. The ARCHIVE does not believe that "Locals" come in the proper sphere of a college monthly —they are a department of a college weekly, an institution much needed in every large college. But when it is necessary to insert "Locals" in the "Mag.," they should be confined to such topics as are of importance to college life. If the Local Department is not kept up to a high standard, the journal can have no literary excellence. The old proverb, that "A man is no stronger than his weakest point," applies to a literary magazine. If one department is badly managed and shows lack of "substantiality of substance," the effect is seen in every other department. The *Hampden-Sydney Magazine* has an able editorial on this subject. "The editor of this department should, like his associates, endeavor to make his columns of high literary merit, but it is evident that in many instances his chief desire is to appear 'funny,' and to this end he is willing to sacrifice his style, his rhetoric, and sometimes, we may add, *himself*, for he succeeds in becoming eminently foolish and absurd."

Another ill, opposed to the development of the highest type of journalism, which must always be altruistic and never display conceit, is found in the Alumni Department. Charles Lambe has well divided all mankind into "two distinct classes, *the men who borrow* and *the men who lend.*" Judging by some of our contemporaries, the former class is now at a maximum and the latter composed entirely of our fathers and the men of former generations. *William and Mary College Monthly* is a very good illustration of this modern "perseverance of the saints." The department headed *Alumni* has the following very appropriate motto,

> "Gone! No more this hallowed spot you tread,
> Unseen, but not forgotten,"

followed by the announcement that "William and Mary has the largest Alumni of any Southern institution." We are at first disposed to doubt this assertion, but after reading some of the notes we are inclined to give William and Mary full credit for her large class of successful and prominent graduates and sympathize with the *Monthly* accordingly. But in looking through the magazine our eyes are attracted by a title in large print, *Our Distinguished Alumni.* We are very much surprised at seeing this after reading of the historic achievements of William and Mary men in the other department (for are not *all* W. and M. graduates *distinguished?*) Upon closer examination, we find here a life of Peyton Randolph, occupying a space of about three pages. Now, it is always a good thing to keep trace of all the "old men" but there is such a thing as going to extremes. Our esteemed contemporary devotes several pages to their alumni and, adding a poem of ten pages written by some graduate about fifty years since, makes a total of seventeen out of fifty-three pages devoted to the memory of those ancient and venerable saints, "unseen but not forgotten." Does it not seem that the *Monthly* is rather inclined to join the ranks of "the men who borrow?" We will say no more, except to ask if some modern alumnus should become great, under which category

would he be construed, the "Alumni," or that class whose "lives did not end when they yielded their breath," whose "glory illuminates the gloom of their grave?" We "pause for a reply!"

A goodly number of exchanges come to us this month. Many of them contain Christmas stories and are in holiday attire, but *Yale Lit.*, as usual, takes the lead in fiction. This magazine contains little else but fiction and, though it be of a high order, we would like to see something more than stories from so excellent a source.

The *Wofford College Journal* is rather conservative in its contents. There are a number of essays, but only one, "Old and New Japan," is up to date. "Chaucer and His Mission" is an old subject, rather "Sophmoric" in sound and substance, while the sketch of "Henry Timrod" is an endeavor to revive study in an *ante bellum* author who undoubtedly had talent, but whose works are not now in publication. The most interesting article is in the Alumni Department, entitled, "The Man Who Killed Jackson!" There is a conspicuous dearth of poetry in this issue. Wofford men are taking the advice of one of their *Alumni* who has been heard to declare that "no man should write poetry unless he could not help it." May the "divine afflatus" soon inspire you, Wofford.

Prominent among our exchanges is the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, conspicuous for its bad poetry, poor locals, and the prominence given to the college it represents by the publication of two articles on the R. M. Laboratories, which, however, may prove instructive reading for those who have a hungry desire to be informed of science at Randolph-Macon. The magazine goes too far in trying to be the organ of both the R. M. Academies and the College. Hence it fails as a literary journal.

One of the neatest magazines that comes to the Table is the *University Beacon*, of Boston University. It seems to

be rather a record of college life at that institution than a real literary publication. It usually contains some good poetry and the college notes are always fresh and interesting. The Editor-in-chief is a lady; for this reason the ARCHIVE is especially interested in the career of this journal, as Trinity itself has lately become a "co-ed" college.

The following stanzas from the *Tennessee University Magazine* appeared before the election. Whoever composed them was either a fortunate speculator or a prophet:

SILENT BILLY.

There was once a Major in Canton,
Who protection and tariff would rant on;
Till the free silver tide
Swept the tariff aside,
And he knew not what subject to rant on.

S. BUGG.

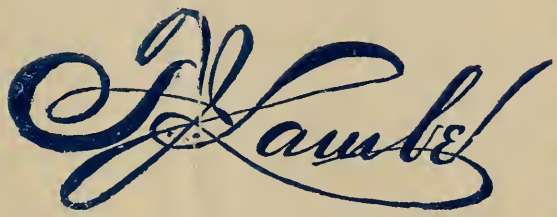
THE TOMBSTONE.

Here lies a young fellow named Bryan,
Who thought himself liberty's scyan;
He talked every day for the mine-owner's pelf,
But his mouth was so big that he swallowed himself;
And, therefore, he couldn't help dyan. G. BUGG.

The *Messenger* of Richmond College opens with a poem of three pages, some lines of which are very good, not a few very bad. We shall not attempt to criticise "A Tandem Escapade." "Life of Cimon" sounds like the production of a Freshman, and "Something about which we know Nothing" is a fruitless attempt to unravel the old mysteries of life. The article on "The Monroe Doctrine" comes in very well just on the eve of the Venezuela discussion; it would have appeared to better advantage last spring. The *Messenger* should either abolish the jokes in "Collegiana" or substitute better ones.

*To the Faculty and Student-Body of Trinity College:*

We want to thank you kindly for your past favors, and hope by close prices and kind treatment to do our part in the future. Asking you to always feel at home at our store when down town, always make your wants known, when we will show you much the largest stock in our line to be found in the city to select from. Taylor-made Suits a specialty. Call Inter-State Phone No. 56. Orders promptly filled and delivered.

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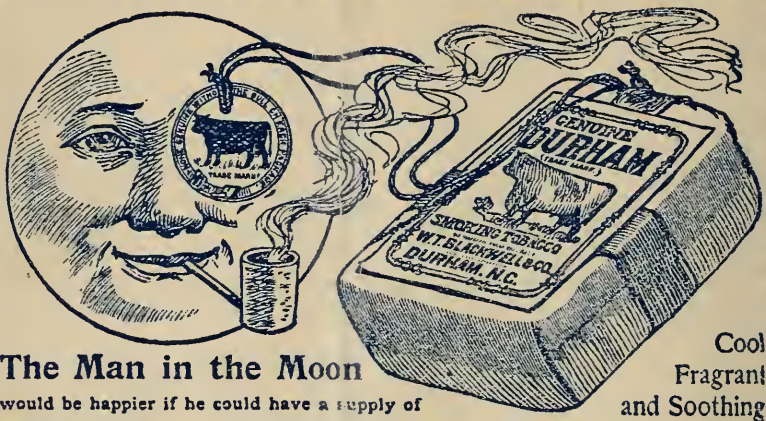


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# Literary.

## CLASSES IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Within the last few years the study of Ethnology has advanced at a remarkable rate. Formerly a study of races was pursued by a few philologists who sought in migrations and climatic influences reasons for changes in inflection and word formation. Today a study of society is valued not alone by the seeker after abstract ideas, but its importance is recognized by the reformer as well as the lexicographer, by the minister of the gospel as truly as by the student of antiquities. If an evil is discovered in society, our nineteenth century methods and theories do not regard legislation the best means for its permanent elimination, but the education of the people to higher motives and desires is considered the only panacea for "the ills that are." For these reasons, to make known some of the needs of Western Carolina and to correct some false impressions concerning her resources and her people, I now write of that "Land of the Sky."

The conditions of life and classes cf scciety in this re

gion are not radically different from those in other parts of our land. Class distinction is as old as history itself, and here, among the monutains of Western Carolina, we find the same elements that have always formed the basis of civilization and progress, as well as the germs of social discontent and anarchy. There is the higher class of humanity, people who live in the most refined environments, with all the comforts which educated sensibilities can give. In direct contrast to this, is the undeveloped and dwarfed element of the race, those who live upon the crumbs of earthly life and often worse than husks of the spiritual. Standing like a barrier between these two extremes, is that important middle class, the great main-stay of all social and economic life. That these divisions of society exist in all nations, shows that our own country has not been subject to any abnormal development, as some have claimed, and that the reformation needed in our national life does not demand the destruction of the labor of four centuries, but better application of truth to work and duty.

Let the above apologetic paragraph stands as an explanation for Western Carolina; for, as I have said, this country is no exception to the general rule. Let us take as an example a certain village which, viewed from the surrounding mountains, corresponds to Barrie's definition of Thums: "A handful of houses jammed together in a cup, which is the town nearest the school-house." Here we find class distinctions which could be no more marked in New York City or around Windsor Castle. In this village, there may be found characters that would suggest to those who know them best, at least a part of Hamlet's rhapsody, "Noble in reason! infinite in faculty!" Men and women whose "Empyrean souls" have solved the problem of human happiness and learned that ceaseless activity is a foe to misery and dole, and, endowed with a genius for overcoming obstacles, have reached out persistently for the crown of royalty humanity may wear if it wills.

There are those, too, whose lives, apparently uneventful, have "kept the noiseless tenor of their way;" but they are the force that holds the world together, the centripetal power that antagonises psychical isolation and, with the family as the nucleus, makes national life possible.

Alas! that in so fair a land we should find discordant and disintegrating elements; but even here, where the physical horison is so narrowed that the sky and earth kiss within reach of our finger-tips, we have what the sociologist calls "degenerate families." At the threshold of their cabins, "Progress halts on palsied feet," and the stagnation and misery within call in pleading minor tones for amelioration. The needs of these sad, imperfect lives should arouse not only sympathy to "feel another's woes," but thought to investigate cause and effect and to formulate laws for the suppression of the evil, and furnish what Mrs. Browning calls a "physic for this grief."

Probably there is no endowment of the human heart so universal as a desire to share good gifts with less favored people—a sort of divine altruism shown in its perfection in the man of Galilee. He, by the well of Samaria, the pool of Bethesda, or at the table of the ostracised Zacheus, touched humanity, revealed its possibilities, and suggested its completeness. In these imperial manifestations of the divine in man, Western Carolina has not been overlooked. I would not arraign a great commonwealth; but a defective school system, as well as inaccessibility to outside influences, has been a barrier to the education of the people; and in many cases children, with a decided aptitude for learning, have been allowed to develop into manhood and womanhood without a knowledge of the very rudiments of an English education. Hence we North Carolinians learn the appalling and mortifying fact, that under the census reports of the nation, our State heads the column marked "Illiteracy." Fortunately, this "infinite, inarticulate wailing" of human hearts for restoration to

the lofty plane for which they were designed has not been totally unheard. Nor are we surprised that the great religious denominations have been the first to heed, if not to hear the cry. The Presbyterians have probably been the pioneers in the work. They have established mission schools in the various counties, with their work centering in a Normal and Collegiate Institute and a Home and Industrial School at Asheville. Through the influence of these institutions, many young people have had aroused within them latent ambitions which, being followed, have given valued and needed material to church and state. The Episcopalians have also been active in this work and have established missions, one of which is very near Asheville. Within the last year, there has been started a non-denominational, evangelizing centre of education under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, recently reported in the Epworth News. I may be pardoned if I speak with an increased degree of satisfaction about the work done by the Methodist Church, South, begun at Brevard, Transylvania county, under the supervision of Mr. Fitch Taylor. I would recommend this school to the support and patronage of the church and Epworth League of the Western North Carolina.

An illustration of the growth of society with the store as a centre is often seen by the traveler in his journeys through the mountains, where the people of the "settlement" congregate not only for economic exchanges but for social intercourse. In these meetings, not infrequently the legends of the mountains form a thrilling part of the discourse. These narratives, though only stories of conflicts with the wild animals of the hills, represent the primitive epic, such as the Iliad must have been before the time of Homer or William Tell when a myth of the rude forests of Germany. These legends, told in the quaint dialect of the people, also from an interesting and profitable study in the growth of the English language. To the

cultured ear, many of their expressions sound strange and eccentric, as when a sweet-voiced old mother exclaimed, "I prefer to live with my son, but my husband *hones* after his girls." For an explanation of the word in italics, we have only to turn to the dictionary and find it among the obsolete forms. There are numerous other phrases that might excite the risibility of the hearer that are archaisms which we might easily find in Chaucer, that "well of English undefyled."

A fragmentary notice of classes in Western Carolina, as this paper must necessarily be, would be incomplete without some mention of the changed conditions resulting from the Civil War. The isolation of a mountain region in times of peace is, in some measures, detrimental to the interests of its people. But it is often, in war times, an advantage. Owing to her natural defenses, Western Carolina did not suffer the devastation of an invaded country to the same extent as did other portions of the South. But she was not altogether exempt from the libertinism of war. Many of the best families belong to the old Southern school and very often their fortunes have been wrecked through their loyalty to a "lost cause." It is not unusual to see the head of a household maimed for life by a limb lost in "the imminent, deadly breach." Not a few of these veterans are of the middle class. The Colonel's tenats have, in most instances, shouldered arms at his call and marched forth and imperilled their lives to maintain the honor of "Dixie," only to return home with empty pockets as well as empty sleeves, to adjust themselves to an entirely new order of life. Let critics spare their sneers at what they call "the listlessness and apathy" of a people benumbed by the shock of a collapsed financial and social system, to whom forgetfulness can not come so long as the river fords, mountain line, and low hill-crest constantly remind them of the sombre chapter in their history.

The occupations vary with the classes. The majority of the better class are supported by their farms, while the humbler people serve as tenants. Here are your "true aristocrats," for "they acknowledge no superiors." The "Ayrshire Ploughman" might have inscribed to them his immortal song—

> "What though on hamely fare we dine,
> Wear hodden gray an' a' that,
> Gie fools their silk an' knaves their wine,
> A man's a man for 'a that."

So far, I have spoken of the native population. The prosperity or deterioration of a state depends largely upon the class of its immigrant citizens. A proof of this fact is found in our stringent laws regarding immigration. Western North Carolina has been blessed in the character of her immigrants. The ruggedness of the country does not invite the inert and non-enterprising element; consequently, the "hobo" is an unknown quantity among us. Those who come gravitate toward their own kind, and this is one of the hopes for the betterment of some of the pathological conditions of our society, for the immigrants are usually energetic and of good character. Among them may be found representatives of many nationalities. England, Scotland, the West Indies, Armenia, and various other lands have augmented our population with their emigrants. Even John Chinaman has found his way among our mountains and has established laundries in our cities, obeying an instinct truly Emersonian, that mankind should be "washed and set up on end."

If these pages portray too sombre a view of Western Carolina, let the reader remember that, though "the moral sensibility which makes Edens and Tempes so easily may not always be found," yet the material landscape is never far off;" and to us in the "Land of the Sky," the words of Lowell have a meaning that is lost to our neighbors beyond the Blue Ridge,—

"Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts, the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite."

W. K. Boyd.

## A FISHERMAN'S ADVENTURE.

One warm afternoon last Summer I was sitting alone in my father's office, lazily observing the loitering flight of many gulls as they gracefully skimmed and hovered with down-cast eyes above the sparkling blue of the land-locked bay, their downy plumage brightly gleaming in the soft sunshine. Beyond the blue of the teeming bay, stretching away between two mighty promontories of rock and trembling sands, was the ocean, deep, dark and restless, heaving his bosom like some untamed giant lulled into a troubled sleep. My mind, oppressed by a scene of so much grandeur and beauty, had about drifted into a dreamy repose. I observed no longer the trembling bay teeming with sharpies and skiffs and tiny vessels, all white winged and free; nor the lazy flight of the bright sea birds. The mighty sound of ocean's roar had dwindled into the confused murmur of the street below; and the heavy air was drowsy with the low melody of falling waters.

How long I would have remained in this blissful, half-sleeping, half-waking condition, I am unable to say, had not a rough, heavy, yet withal kind voice, violently aroused my dreamy faculties. I started up, and more from force of habit than from any knowledge of just what I was saying, inquired if there was anything I could do.

No, there was nothing I could do; and as my father, who was out attending to some business, was expected to return at any moment, my visitor, Mr. Rosedale, to use his own words, would "jest lay to and wait." Suiting

action to words, he seated himself in the large office chair, which I had wheeled into position for him near an open window.

I could not resist a more minute observation, than heretofore, of my self-inaugurated companion, who, though legally, had rudely broken in upon my dreamful siesta, and now sat, with oilskin hat crushed scroll-like in one ponderous hand, beside the open window enjoying the gentle but delightfully cool puffs of ocean breeze that occasionally came, rippling and darkening the sunny waters of the bay, from out the south.

He was a tall man, stalwart of limb and very broad across the shoulders. Wore no coat, but a heavy woolen shirt, which, open at the neck, disclosed a massive and brawny chest, slightly brown from exposure to weather and the unfriendly sun. Over his pantaloons he wore a pair of bright yellow oilskins, which came high up on the stomach and found support by two narrow straps of the same material safely attached to the waistband and fastened with a hole and button upon each shoulder. From the knee down, his legs, overalls and all, were incased in a pair of close-fitting rubber boots. As I have already said, he held his hat in his hand; and his long, dark hair, sprinkled with gray, tossed lightly in the soft sea breeze. His eyes, which were the most noticeable features of his bewhiskered and sunburnt face, were mild and gentle and kind, yet flashed from beneath heavy, grizzled brows, steady fires of health and conscious manhood.

I was still observing with kindling admiration this magnificent specimen of physical beauty and heroic manhood, when Mr. Rosedale suddenly turned and looked at me; and, in that same bluff, characteristic tone which had only a moment since disturbed my quiet siesta, said:

"It's hot!"

"Very," I vouchsafed.

"Wouldn't be surprised didn't have a squall afore night," he continued.

"Wouldn't be surprised," I acquiesced.

And just then, as if to verify his timely prediction, a shadow fell athwart the window; the winds started up afresh, stirring noisily the papers on the desk; while a low, grumbling sound rumbled distinctly from out the distance. It was the loud-mouthed precursor, thunder, heralding the approaching storm.

"If I stay away from Betsy and the children to-night," he continued, as he glanced hastily through the window at the clouds, which only a brief while ago had been loitering aimlessly around like a flock of white sheep in a green pasture, but now were rushing, reeling, careering madly, like a terrified herd, between sky and sea, and piling in great, dark, restless banks along the horizon—"If I stay away from Betsy and the children to-night, it will be the first time since I landed them 'ar land lubbers, Peters, Lemon and Brown. I vowed then I would never lay away from home ag'in. I tell you, boy, home's a mighty safe anchorage arter dark. You just lay to that as what old Rosedale said, and you'll alers find it true as natur', that home's a mighty safe anchorage arter dark."

"Indeed you are very right, Mr. Rosedale," I answered, somewhat stirred by his words. "We are never more safe, young or old, than when moored to those holy influences that ascend as sacred incense from the altars of home. Remain moored by those influences, a wife's smile, a mother's prayer, a kind father's words of warning, and we are secure; cut loose, we, like the proverbial ship without a rudder, drift into the dangers of an unknown sea. But you made mention of Peters, Lemon and Brown. I have often heard of the atrocious crimes of these daring men, and for long have had a desire to hear in detail the story of their capture. Now, if you don't mind while you

wait, I shall be delighted to listen to the story of your adventure and the capture of those lawless men.

"O no, don't mind a bit," he replied. "But reckon you'll grow tired afore the v'yage ends, and take a bunk."

I hastened to assure him that nothing of the like would happen, as I had already gained enough of the story to know that it was sufficiently interesting to keep me from sleep.

"Well, it were this way," he began and as suddenly paused, shoved his great, rough hand between his shirt and the waistband of his oilskin overalls, after a few twists and jerks found one of his pants pockets, and from somewhere in its dark interior, angled up a half plug of dry tobacco and an old short-stemmed pipe. Breaking off a small portion of the tobacco, he went through the same manoeuver as already described, in getting the remainder again into his pocket. Crumbling into small bits the part retained, he poured it into the palm of his left hand, and placing his right palm over that, used them as an "upper and nether millstone." After a very brief while of this grinding process, he removed his right hand; and shaking the now powdered tobacco into a small heap within the hollow of his left, proceeded to empty the entire lot into the bowl of his pipe, all the while using the forefinger of his right hand as a packer. The pipe being filled, he brushed the few remaining particles of adhering tobacco from his hands by lightly rubbing them up and down the legs of his stiff oilskins. Lighting the now ready pipe, he relapsed for a moment into silence, while clouds of blue smoke, issuing along the stem, were caught in the might of the increasing wind and sent wildly streaming, whirling, up, down, out and away through the opposite window.

"As I were goin' to say," he resumed, slightly changing his position, so that he now sat looking me directly in the face over his short-stem pipe, "Peters, Lemon and Brown were about three as darin' land sharks as ever lived. They

were a terror to all good people for many a long sea mile around; and the crimes they did were as horrible as many. No one dared poke a head out arter dark fer fear of a rifle ball or a knife, fer them lubbers didn't no more mind killin' of a man than I would to eat one of Betsy's biscuits. They jest went a-cuttin' and a-shootin' and a-slashin' 'round, terrifying women folks nearly to death, and layin' to ever'thing they could git their hands on. Whenever a party went out to hunt them down, Peters and his sharks were no whar to be found. Jest dived somewhar and lay low, snug enough, laffin' under decks at the way the wind were blowin'. Arter the blow were over, they'd come ag'in a-sailin' 'round as peart as you please, and worse than ever. The gov'ner offered big rewards for their takin'; and officer arter officer tried for to steer them in. But it were no use. The officers could never find 'em, and some brave fellers disappeared altogether and were never h'ard of more.

"Well, things kep' a-sailin' 'long like this for more than a year, and times got mighty hard. Men folks were afeard to go out fishin' or to work their craps, less them lubbers would sail in while they were gone, kill their wife and chillern, and take ever'thing they had. Bread about my house were gettin' mighty scarce and scarcer every day. So one mornin' I got up arter a sleepless night and made up in my own mind for to capture them 'ar lubbers or shiver my timbers a-tryin', and git the reward. Betsy—she's my wife, and a mighty smart woman too—noticed that I were more thoughtful this mornin' than usual, so at breakfast she says to me:

"'See h'ar, Cyrus, what's ther matter with you? You looks that glum and downcast-like as an ayster.'

"I told her I were jest thinkin' of goin' away a few days, and that she must look about mighty peart-like while I were gone, less she be boarded by them lubbers, Peters, Lemon and Brown.

"Now, Betsy ain't no coward; that she ain't; and can handle a craft as well as me; and that's sayin' a heap fer a woman. But my goin' away were a whale to Betsy, it were, and she were the Jonah; and that whale didn't set good on her stomach; so she jest flared up mad as you please, and 'lowed that she didn't believe I loved her and the chillern no way; if I did, I wouldn't be a runnin' off leavin' her alone to take care of a house, and it full of chillern. It were an excuse to git away. She 'lowed that Peters and his gang might kill her and all the little ones while I were gone. That's jest Betsy's way, to go off like old Thunder half cocked; but in a minute the smoke cl'ars away, and she's all right, jest as quiet and smooth-like as an inland bay with sunshine on it.

"Long afore dinner time, Betsy were a-stirrin' 'round lively as a new-painted craft, gettin' things in read'ness for the v'yage. She didn't know whar I were a-goin' or what I were goin' to do. I hadn't told her a word of my plans, for no matter how faithful a woman may be, you can't alers depend on her tongue; and I didn't want the entire neighborhood a-knowin' of my intentions. Now, you jest lay to this, my boy, and if anybody asks you whar you got it, jest say from old Rosedale: That a secrit known by two ain't no more a secrit, and 'specially ef one of that 'ar two be a woman.

"By sundown ever'thing were in red'ness; so kissin' Betsy and the chillern good-bye, I shouldered old Thunder and went down to whar my skiff were anchored in a little cove. Settin' sail on Betsy—that, too, is the name of my skiff—I turned her head into the west. I couldn't help from turnin' my head and gazin' back through the setlin' dark, for no matter if I be rough and full of barnacles from hail, I love my wife and chillern; and I didn't know whether I should ever see them more. Thar they were a-standin' by the door of our little home, Betsy holdin' in her arm our youngest born, and by her side our two boys,

Willie and John. They were all a-wavin' to me a last good-bye; and as Betsy rounded a bend in the river little May—that was the name of our baby. She's dead now goin' on two years—flung from her baby fingers a kiss to me—cute trick learnt from her mother."

At this point Mr. Rosedale discontinued, and glanced thoughtfully through the window at the lowering clouds, which ever and anon were shivered by blue elfish fires that, like writhing serpents, ran down the clouds to the sea, and were followed by peals of resounding thunder. I half suspected Mr. Rosedale was not so much concerned about the threatening aspect of the heavens, as desirous of concealing the slight twitching of his rough and sunburnt face, caused by the remembrance of little May and that twilight scene of long ago.

"All night I sailed." he resumed, after a few hasty pulls at his pipe, "and next mornin' knowed I were near the whar'bouts of them 'ar lubbers, Peters, Lemon and Brown. So, anchorin' Betsy in a little cove, I eat breakfast and lay down for a nap. Bime-bye I waked up. Ever'thing were jest as snug and quiet-like as you please. The water were a-talking low-like as it play under Betsy's stern, and a little bird were a-singin' in a tree that leaned far out over the bushes and ma'sh-grass. The sun had clum well up in the sky, and thar he stood, like an old sailor hangin' to riggin', a-blinkin' and smilin' at me good nat'red-like, jest as if he were sayin': 'Good mornin', cap'n. See! I've been to work while you slept.' I jest couldn't stand that 'ar sun a-talkin' to me in that way, and smilin' all the time. So I shouldered old Thunder and plunged into the woods.

"Arter steerin' 'round fer some time without spyin' a livin' soul, I had about made up my mind to return to Betsy and have dinner; but jest then I run 'kerwhack!' head-fo'mus' on a cl'arin' in the wood. I eased off sail in a jiffy, and jest lay to, playin' like in the wind to 'noiter and git my bearin's.

"Thar were spreadin' out afore me a field with woods all 'round; and, with its white sands a-tremblin' and its bars, it looked for the world like a great lake with sunlight on it. Standin' near the woods, somew'at pertected from the bilin' hot sun, were a little house all painted up and lookin' purty anough. I couldn't understand why the house were thar and no crap in the field, but I jest made up my mind to steer for the house anyway.

"A elderly man were a-sittin' on the pizer when I rounded to; and his wife, a busy little body, were a-hustlin' 'round smart as you please, gittin' dinner ready. Arter dinner I made some inquiries about Peters and others, and learnt that they had been seen only the day before, about a mile further east. Tellin' these good folks good-bye, I made my way back to whar I'd left Betsy. Startin' sail on Betsy, I navigated 'bout a mile lower down the sound. Thar findin' a small creek a-makin' out through the ma'sh-grass, I hove to, and as the wind were drawin' dead ahead from the land, polled Betsy up the creek about a half a mile to a sort of a landin'. Castin' anchor, I made ever'thing ship-shape and snug as you please. Then I shouldered old Thunder and started out to sound the bottom and git my barin's fer next day.

"Well, I reckon I'd been gone 'bout an hour, all told, when I got back to the creek. Look whar I might, I couldn't find Betsy. Thar were the very spot whar her anchor laid, but Betsey were gone. I looked up and down and all across the ma'sh, but it were no use. She were no whar to be spied. I had about made up my mind for to go down the creek in s'arch of her afore sundown, when from a chunk of woods less than a hundred yards away I h'ard the sound of a gun, and a musket ball went 'zing' right by my year. I tacked on to that course mighty quick-like; and none too soon either, for 'bang' went that 'ar gun ag'in, and another ball teched my shoulder jest about in the same place whar my head were a minute afore. I

made up my mind in a jiffy that no green horn were at the other end of that 'ar gun; and as I were too good a craftsman to undertake a v'yage in the teeth of such a gale—fer I couldn't spy a livin' soul doin' that 'ar shootin', only see blue lines of smoke a-curlin' up in a don't-care-if-I-do sorter way above the low bushes into the leaves—I jest harbored mighty peart-like behind a old log to wait until dark."

Here Mr. Rosedale paused to re-light his pipe, then resumed:

"Arter good dark had set in, I made up my mind to pull anchor and steer for the woods. Fer, mind you, I didn't know how soon Peters and his swabs would come a-sailin' 'bout that 'ar log like hungry sharks in a school of minners. So I jest moved out mighty careful-like, all the time a-keepin' one eye peeled to the wind'ard for flaws. Arter crawlin' like a 'gator for some way through the ma'sh and mud and water, I hit a p'int of dry land kivered all over with low bushes. Here I keeled up to rest, fer I were mighty tard arter crawlin' all the way from that 'ar log with old Thunder.

"Arter restin' awhile, I plunged into the woods, and might dark it were, and gloomy-like as a graveyard. Takin' my barin's the best I could in the dark, help'd somew'at by the stairs that stood a-blinkin' at me through the trees, I begun a slum v'yage to'ards that 'ar clump outer which the shots had come. I hadn't gone very fur when I h'ard a owl hoot, and mighty sol'mcholy-like it sounded in that still woods. Now, I laid to mighty peart-like, and got into the dark of a big tree, fer that 'ar hoot, no matter how nat'r'l it sounded, were not nat'r'l at all—fer it come from the ground and not from up in the trees. Arter awhile that 'ar owl hooted ag'in, and then I listened jest as I thought thar were another, and he answered away off-like, faint and low.

"Slow as a ship on a stormy night a-picking her way

through hidden shoals, I begun a-movin' to'ards that 'ar first owl, luffin' into the wind ever now and then jest fer to spy how the land lay, and to h'ar that 'ar owl hoot. Bime-bye he hooted mighty nigh-like, and I begun a-steppin' as light as 'ar hardly bendin' of the pine straw that kivered the earth under the trees. Arter awhile I lay to in the dark of a mighty pine, and spied 'round. A-settin' on a log with his back to me, and a-lookin' to'ards the creek, were a man. Across his lap he had a gun, fer I could see the bar'l a-shinin' as plain as you please in the starlight. I knowed at once it were his watch, for he kep' a-peerin' and a-peerin' to'ards the creek; and as he couldn't spy nuthin' nor h'ar nuthin' but the waves a-swashin' low-like in the ma'sh-grass, he kep' a-hootin' a 'awl's well' to his mates, jest a-tellin' them that I were safe anuf behind that 'ar log.

"I jest moved mighty 'tic'lar-like from that 'ar pine, and crep' along as easy-like as a new-painted craft in still water, till I were about to run him down; then I laid to and waited. Jest then, while I were a-waitin', he flung his head up fer to hoot ag'in. In a jiffy I had him by the throat with a grip that didn't 'low no loosin', and jerkin' him hard-like, he fell over back'ards off the log whar he'd been a-settin', strikin' his head with a 'whack' upon the ground. He laid thar still as you please. Never even so much as moved a fin arter his head struck the ground; and his gun, it had tumbled down in the scrimmage, and were now a-layin' at his feet along side the log."

Here Mr. Rosedale paused again to lower the window, as the clouds, which had so rapidly collected, dark and black beneath the blue of the sky, began to discharge their loads in great glittering drops that rattled against the pane and spattered on the sill, amid blinding flashes and deafening peals of heaven's heaviest artillery. Having closed the window, he resumed:

"Arter tyin' him up safe and sound as you please—fer I knowed he were no more dead than I were, and would be a'comin' to arter awhile—I poked a han'kercher in his mouth. It were no intention of mine that this hy'ar owl should go a-hootin' round jest a skerin' his mates off'ern their roost, fer I had made up my mind afore leavin' Betsy and the chillern, that I would chase them 'ar bloody lubbers down, and I were goin' to do it or shiver my timbers a-tryin'. So a-leavin' him thar on the ground, I took up old Thunder and steered a bee line to'ards that clump I've already spoken of. Twern't long afore it hove in sight, a-lookin' that deserted-like and still as a graveyard, with its little cl'arin' a-peerin' through one lone tree at the stairs, and a-growin' low bushes helter-skelter all around. I jest laid to in the dark of them 'ar bushes and peered through into the cl'arin', but not a soul were to be spied. I worked my way mighty easy-like around the cl'arin' and peered ag'in, but it were no use, thar wern't a livin' criter thar. It were all desert'd and that still-like, I could h'ar my own heart a-beatin'. I peered down to'ards the creek. Thar it were, with little stairs a-shinin' in it, crawlin' in and out this hy'ar way and that, and all the while a-speakin' soft-like in the ma'sh-grass. Partin' the bushes, I stept easy as stairlight into the cl'arin' and steer'd strait as a line for that 'ar tree. I had mighty nigh made it, and were jest a-thinkin' of makin' up my mind to lay to, when right over my head in the leaves an owl hooted. I knowed at once it wern't no owl, but one of them 'ar lubbers a-standin' his watch. So I made a dive mighty peart-like into the dark of that 'ar tree, when the whole earth seemed to go down 'neath my feet like an over-loaded craft in a gale; and I shot down, down, slow-like at first, but faster all the while; like a fishin' hawk when he dives for a minn'r, mighty slow at first, but fast when near the top of the water. I drapt old Thunder and tried for to ketch at the roots of the tree, but it were of no use; ever'thing I made fast to gave right away, and as I sunk outer sight, half kivered up and nearly blinded with

dirt, I seed the stairs a-blinkin' soft-like through the leaves.

"Arter fallin' about ten feet, I tumbled out into a kind of a small cave. A man were a-standin' at the other side from me a-smokin' away as quiet-like as you please in the light of a pine torch jammed in a crack in the wall. I were on my bottom in a jiffy; and none too soon, for that 'ar lubber, a-tackin' clean about, stood with full sail right on my course, a-holding in his hand a knife. I could see it plain anuf a-shinin' red as red paint in the torchlight. He were mighty nigh on me now, holdin' that 'ar knife above his shoulder whar I could see it a-quiverin' and a-flashin' jest like it were a blazin' fire. Givin' one mighty plunge, he struck hard-like at my breast. But quicker than him, I stept aside and shoved out with my right hand, strikin' him hard right under the chin. He fell heavy-like, and lay kind a-tremblin' on the ground.

"Well, I were about through a-tyin' his hands and feet with some old rope I found a-layin' on the ground, and were jest a 'parin' fer to slip a last noose about his shoulders, a-makin' good and sure he wouldn't be a-sailin' off, when I h'ard a noise, and hiar come a man a-slidin' down that 'ar hole. I knowed at once he were another owl; so jumpin' up mighty peart-like, still a-holdin' in my hand that 'ar rope with a noose in the end of it, I jest lay to a-waitin' for him to light. Jest as soon as he toched bottom, I flung that 'ar loop right over his shoulders, and jerked it mighty sudden, like I were a-fishin' and had a bite. And none to peart either, for that 'ar lubber, jest as soon as he spied me, sorter rais'd his hand quick-like with a pistol in it, and fired pine blank at my head. But that 'ar jerk I gin him kinder dis'certed his aim, and that 'ar ball went 'zip' right by my year, a bitin' off a piece of my hair. I jerked him ag'in and mighty hard-like, a-bringin' him a-tumblin' head-fo'mus right to my feet. Afore he could git on his feet, I flung two half hitches round his arms and legs, a-tyin' him down like he were a hog and ready for market. Then I set down for to rest and take a

smoke, for I were mighty tard arter what I had been through.

"While I were a-smokin', I jest glanc'd 'round that 'ar cave; and a mighty sorry sort of a hole were it. There were old ropes and blankets and pieces of old chers scattered all 'round, and at one end a kind of fireplace with a kittle and pot a-standin' by it. A-runnin' in the cave right by the fireplace were the creek, and in the light of the torch I could spy Betsy a-swingin' in the tide.

"Arter smokin', I found old Thunder; and draggin' them 'ar lubbers that kep' a-cussin' and a-snortin' mighty mad-like all the time, down to whar Betsy were, put them in and polled out into the open air. Arter gettin' that thar other owl I had left anchor'd in the woods, I set sail and started for home jest as the sun clam'erd up beyond the trees, a-lookin' mighty red in the face, like he were blazin' mad because he hadn't been 'lowed for to begin his v'yage earlier. You could ha' shivered my timbers with a feather, I were that surpris'd when, on a-lookin' at that 'ar lubber, Peters, who were a-cussin' of me mighty hard-like, I diskivered, in the light that were a-shinin' under the sail on his face, that he were the very same man I had took dinner with the day before. I cortched on at once. It had been his intentions for to get to that 'ar cave behead ov me, and when I landed, for to shoot me; but his plans miskarr'd, and afore dark I had 'em all landed high and dry in jail."

E. W. HILL.

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## FONETIC REFORM.

Early in the year 1896, The Funk & Wagnalls Co. sent out a list of revised spelling, inviting signatures for the adoption of the words contained therein, "provided 300 editors, authors, prominent teachers, or prominent business men" would subscribe to the same. Rule for spelling No. 7, of the American and English Philological Societies, according to which the words in this list are spelled, reads as follows, "Change *d* and *ed* final to *t* when so pronounced,

as in *looked* (lookt), etc., unless the *e* effects the preceding sound, as in *chafed*, etc." This invitation was responded to by many more signatures than were required to make the rule binding. Conspicuous among them are the names of William Dean Howels, Benj. Pitman; Editors of Burlington Hawkeye, Young Men's Era, Mosart (New Orleans); Professors Max Muller, E. B. Andrews, M. Kellogg, and Cramer of Drew Theological Seminary. Guilford College furnished the only five signatures from North Carolina.

This is no new movement. Ever since Noah Webster succeeded in expelling the useless *u* from such words as *favour*, and the superflous *l* from *traveller*, etc., many reformers have been devizing plans for simplifying English spelling. Congress has been petitioned from time to time, and various State legislatures have appointed committees and adopted resolutions looking to a reform in spelling. The American Philological Association has taken the lead in this movement. The spelling in this article is in accordance with a list presented to the Association in 1886 by a committee on the Reform of English Spelling. Prof. F. A. Marsh of Lafayette College was Chairman.

While both common sense and the shortness of life call loudly for a perfectly fonetic language, the Philological Associations have recognized the fact that to ask too much means failure, so they have attempted in ten short rules to expel or change the most useless and illogical features of our orthography.

1. *Drop silent* e *when fonetically useless.* Four per cent. of our writing and printing is made up of silent *e's*. One letter saved in every twenty-five would in the course of several days' writing amount to many pages. Some objections are raized to any change in spelling on the ground that etymological and filological students would thus lose valuable historic clues, but scholars say that the many silent and useless letters and combinations of letters found in English are drawbacks rather than helps to compara-

tive and historical research. Milton uzed such words as *vers* and *welcom*. This etymological and filological value was greatly injured by suffixing an *e*. Let us lose no time in repairing this injury.

2. *Drop* a *from* ea *having the sound of short* e, *as in feather*.

3. *For* o *having the sound of* u *in but*, *write* u *in above* (*abuv*), *tongue* (*tung*), *and the like*.

4. *Drop* o *from* ou *having the sound of* u *in but*, *in trouble*, *rough* (*ruff*) *and the like*.

5. *Drop silent* u *after* g *before* a, *and in nativ English words*, *and drop silent* ue: gard, gess (guess), catalog, leag, etc.

6. *Double consonants may be simplified when fonetically useless*.

7. *Change* d *and* ed *final* to t *when so pronounced*, *unless the e affects the preceding sound*. This is an attempt to redress another injury to students of language. In Milton's "Hymn on Nativity" we find the words *hist*, *worshipt*, etc., which are speld occording to this rule.

Educators ar, to a large extent, unanimous in their call for a reformed spelling, because they know that the chief cause of difficulty to beginners is our illogical spelling. Publishers and editors are leading the movement, since by a fonetic spelling one-sixth of the labor and cost of printing can be saved. Authors and scribes should be and are doing all in their power to effect a change that will dispense with one-sixth of their labor. The millions who ar now learning, and the millions who ar yet to learn the English language raiz their voices against the centuries of useless labor imposed upon them. I say centuries, I should perhaps say millions of years. Even with as incomplete a fonetic alfabet as can be found from our present set of letters, it has been proved that two years in the education of a child can be saved. Suppose there ar a hundred million who learn the English language during

each generation. If each learner spent two unnecessary years in lerning to read and spel, two hundred million years would thereby be wasted.

Prof. Max Muller says: "The question, then, that wil hav to be answered sooner or later is this: Can this unsystematic system of spelling English be allowed to go on forever? Is every English child, as compared with other children, to be mulcted in two or three years of his life in order to learn it? Ar the lower classes to go on thru school without learning to read or rite their own language intelligently? and is the cuntry to pay millions every year for this utter failure of National education? I do not believe or think such a state of things wil be allowed to go on forever, particularly as a remedy is at hand. I consider that the sooner it is taken in hand, the better. There is a motiv power behind these fonetic reformers hardly taken into account. I mean the misery endured by millions of children at schools, who might lern in one year what they now require four or five years to lern, and seldom succeed in lerning after all"

Anything seems easy to those who have lernd it. At first sight it might seem an exageration to speak of the enormous labor required in lerning to read and spel correctly. But imagine the confusion it would produce even in a matured mind when lerning the value of characters altogether strange, to be told that the combination *ough*, for example, could be pronounced in different words as if it were respectively, *aw*, *awf*, *o oo*, *u*, *uf*, corresponding in pronunciation to certain sounds represented by each of the vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and *y*. Mr. A. J. Ellis in illustrating this featur of English Spelling, says: "The person familiar with the words *schism*, *seive*, *myrrh*, *visor*, *scourge*, *suffice*, might spell the word 'scissors' *schiesourrhce.*"

The Spelling Reform has common sense on its side, which should bring to its standard those who boast their independence of mere useless conventionalities. The Spel-

ling Reform has been introduced along the lines marked out by reason and logic, and hence those who believ in consistency in all things cannot consistently fail to adopt it. The Spelling Reform is based upon principles of economy—economy in space, in time, in labor, in money—and none of those whose lives are only three score years and ten can afford any delay in accepting its conditions. Of all labors the most noble is that from which others will reap the benefits when we ar gone. Let all those who hav no selfish motiv to impel them to this change, and all those who can consider the needs of others before their own wants, lend a hand in bringing about this reform for which the voices of unborn millions ar crying.

M. P. TROY.

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## CREEDS.

When I am dead, when these frail limbs
Are cold and stiff, and funeral hymns
Around my bier are slowly sung,—
If there are those whose hands are wrung
For me, let none from womam sprung
To them dare say, "He turned his heart
From right—this creed ne'er charmed his tongue;
In alien paths he ever trod,
False to his mother's faith, his father's God."

Let none so dare. Or, if the soul
Lives on somewhere while cycles roll,
Hear while I swear: I'll upward rise
From earth, or downward from the skies
I'll sweep, to fix him with my eyes
Immortal; or congeal from air
My mortal form, to say he lies!
An oath more strong, more strange, more rare
Than mortals dare to breathe or think, I'll swear!

Must I receive midst myriad creeds
This faith for which its votary bleeds,
But that for which as many die
Reject as false idolatry?
Must I be hissed if I defy

Men's gods carved out in human mould,
Or if I stand and dare say "Why?"
Or if, in age's spite, I'm bold
To say their childish trinkets are not gold?

God knows, no doubt, I've often turned
My head from right—yes, often spurned
What should have been received; but he
Knows full as well—be this my plea—
That what I knew was right, to me
Was law, was God itself. To find
The straight way—"*Vixi hoc in spe.*"
My failure lay in being blind
Among "so many paths that wind and wind."

When I am dead, when, after all,
The bird shall feast, the worm shall crawl;
When earth shall vomit up her care,
And this grim skull, with hollow stare,
Shall grin, and say, "Beware, Beware!"—
Will some one pass, and passing sigh,
And sighing say, "Perchance in there
One dwelt who ever strove, like I,
In vain. They live the best who hardest try."

MELVILLE PRESTON TROY.

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## TOMOKIN.

A few summers past I was representing an Eastern firm, in the West. I had been on the road continuously for several weeks and was thoroughly tired and worn out when I reached the little town of L——, in the Indian Territory. When I reached this place, to my dismay, I learned that I must "lie over" several days, though I had studied my schedule and time-table thoroughly, I thought. But I was not as lonely as I expected, for I soon found that several other traveling men were in the same "fix" that I was. Although I had seen none of them before, I knew that our kindred occupations would naturally draw us together, and at least exert a few paliating influences.

When my presence was known, I was welcomed more cordially than I expected. The "boys" had been here for

several days and they had exhausted every means they could command to while away the time. They had told every joke that they had ever heard; they had resorted to every means imaginable; all was exhausted, and now *tempus* must *fugit* as she pleased. The moment I stepped in, the crowd with one accord wanted to know "if I knew anything." To be candid and honest, I should have confessed that I knew nothing. That a crowd which showed the unmistakable signs of being men of experience, should call upon me, a novice, for "what I knew," was extraordinary. If they had made the request simply for courtesy, then they were the most courteous crowd that I had associated with. Lest I should betray the confidence of these jolly fellows, I began to rumage for "what I knew." I succeeded in telling a few things, at which some laughed and others swore.

The next morning (it being evening when I arrived at L——) we decided to take a hunt on the neighboring mountains, as plenty of game was reported in that region. But we were all strangers in this community; and if we should be successful in finding guns and dogs, still we would need a guide.

Upon inquiry, we learned that an old man lived a few miles down the road in the direction that we intended to go, and that very probably he would consent to become our guide. Some one else said that the old man was in town that morning, and that possibly we could see him before he started for home.

After a few moments search we found him and I approached him and, informing him of our intentions, asked him if he would act as guide for us.

"Which way do you want to go?" he asked.

"To the mountains," said I.

"No, sir, I don't go to any mountains to-day."

His rather careless but positive manner discouraged us, but one of the boys asked him when he would go.

"Not for two months."

By this time he had somewhat aroused our curiosity. Some one asked if he was busy. He said he was not. Some one else asked him what were his objections to going to the mountains during the next two months. He turned his head slightly, and looking out of the corner of one eye, said, "Aint you strangers in these parts?"

By this time one of the boys, by common cognomen, Bill, who seemed to be more deeply interested than the rest of us, took the whole proceedings into his hands, and conducted the rest of the examination. He answered the old man, who gave his name as Sam Stockin, by telling him that we were strangers, and for that reason wanted a guide. Old Sam looked toward us and said, "No you don't want any guide either, you want to keep out of them woods too!" and before any one had time to speak, he asked if we had heard about that "Injin."

Will told him no, and asked what Indian.

"The one that stays in them woods," said he.

"What does he do over there?" asked Will.

"Well, nothin' partic'lar, but he cuts up over there for about two months about this time every year."

Will asked if the Indian lived over there.

"No, he don't 'pear to live any where partic'lar he's been dead about twenty years."

Here the whole crowd bursted into a loud peal of laughter. This somewhat displeased old Sam and he made preparations to leave, but we called him back, telling him that we meant no disrespect, and assured him that if he would finish we would remain respectful during the rest of the recital.

The old fellow said, "I reckon you know these Ingins used to have medercin' men who could do anything they wanted to, don't you?"

We told him that we had heard something about such things, but that we knew nothing positive.

"Well, this Injin, was one of them medercin' men. He used to travel all over this whole neighborhood in all kinds of shapes. Sometimes he'd be a bear, a wolf, a hawk, a eagle, or anything else he wanted to be, and you couldn't kill him to save yo' life.

"But before he was able to take on any form he wished, he had to cut off his limbs and open himself and take out all incumberance. When he did that, he would fill himself with wind and take the shape of a owl and fly off to the mountains to meet the other medercin' men. Then they'd decide whar they were goin'. Then they'd brake up and change forms ag'in and prowl over the neighborhood the rest of the night.

"One night when this Injin, who was called Tomokin, was out, his wife found the parts of him that he had left, and, thinking it the remnants of the deer he had killed that day, she threw them in the pig pen. That night when Tomokin returned home, he failed to find the parts of himself he had left behind, and after searching until late in the night he went flappin' into the house like a owl. The noise he made not only woke his wife but scared her so bad she jumped out of the bed and run off and has never been seen since.

"Old Tomokin fumbled about until he got tired then he crawled off in one corner and died. And next day when some of the neighbors happened in, they found old Tomokin lyin' on the floor with his arms and legs cut off and his body split open."

As old Sam closed, he looked at the crowd as if to say, "That ought to satisfy you."

"He continued, "If you go to them mountains, the spirit of old Tomokin will hant you every step o' the way. And if you stay out there all night—which you will have to do, if you hunt any—he'll steal your horses, and chop trees down on yo' and shoot bullets through yo' tent all night. And he'll wet yo' amernition, and—well he'll fix yo', if yo' go over there."

I. L. R——.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

How he shall study is a very important question for every student; indeed, his success or failure in his college course depends more upon this than anything else. How many students, even though they have been through college, know how to take up a subject and apply their minds closely to it until it has been thought out, and its various relations followed up? We often think that the professors do not give the *how* of the students' studying sufficient consideration; and it is quite certain that the students themselves lack a right appreciation of the value of a correct method. This lies at the bottom of all study and all improvement. Should the student be left to himself as to method, when the extent of his mental growth depends upon it?

The methods of students may differ and still be correct, of course; but there are some methods that will not do for any one.

We would like to call attention to one habit very extensively practiced among students, which probably does more to deaden the true spirit of a student than any other. It is the habit that some have of studying together, or better, of attempting to study together, for there is really very little genuine work done by such an assemblage. If there is any studying worthy of the name done when three or four get together in this way, it is done by one of them and he is the only one benefited, while the others accept what he says as truth and imagine that they are also getting the full value of his work. But in reality they had as well be doing nothing. Some men act as if it were impossible for them to get up a lesson by themselves. They are afraid to be alone for one

moment with a book or with their own reflections. They dread the work and want to get somebody else to do it for them—they imagine that it is for them—so that they may avoid putting forth any energy or troubling themselves about the matter. Some good fellow will often take several such shirkers into his room and undertake to dispense to them knowledge, thinking all the time that he is doing a charitable deed. As a matter of fact he is doing harm. He is acting as unwisely as a man who gives money to an able-bodied beggar who is too lazy to work.

This over gregarious tendency displayed by some college men has none of the spirit of a true student, and if the habit is long indulged in, it cannot but destroy every vestige of a spirit of self-reliance and every desire for independent research that the mind ever possessed. A true student without self-reliance is an impossibility. He may get a smattering of this language and that language, of this science and that science; but learning in the correct sense of the world can exist only when a man has labored over and lived through the ideas that he possesses. Then they become a part of the learner and will yield to his wishes and serve his purpose just as readily as the hand that has grown with the body; but if the ideas a man calls his own have been caught up ready-made, they represent but little of the possessor's life, and they will serve him, if at all, only clumsily like a wooden leg.

After one has thought a thing out as best he can for himself, of course there is no harm in talking the matter over with some one else and exchanging ideas; it is no doubt a good plan. But in this there is no lazy shirking of work.

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THERE is much need that more careful attention be paid the Reading Room. If it is kept for anybody's benefit or exists that the news may be had, then the daily papers should be put in while they contain news that is news. But little

pleasure is derived from reading an average daily paper after it is a week old.

To our personal knowledge the papers often take a day's rest in the room of the one who delivers the mail, or are taken and kept for a day or two by individuals, before they are put up for the students to read. Many of them never enjoy the good fortune of a visit to the Reading Room at all. The Reading Room is without doubt sadly neglected, and steps to better conditions should be taken by those in charge.

We wish to offer the following as a suggestion: That the student who distributes the mail be appointed to look after the Readidg Room. He can attend to it better than any one else, for the papers always go to his room and he knows when they come. So there would be no excuse for not putting them up immediately. If the present arrangement can be made to do as well, of course it will be as satisfactory as any other to the students, but they would like to see a decided improvement.

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TENNYSON says:

> Not once or twice in our rough island-story
> The path of duty was the way to glory:

The idea here put into poetic form lies at the very foundation of England's power and prosperity. The Englishman's dogged determination to do what he terms his duty, is the secret of his success wherever he has gone. College men can learn a most valuable lesson from this trait of English character. It is the basis of all character and without it a man is always irresponsible. The rush and hurry of college life often cause men to lose sight of those important factors in their own lives. They slur over their work and hope to get through by good luck; they neglect chapel exercises because they are too lazy to get up in time; they neglect Sunday School and church services because it is such a bore to get ready; they neglect their Literary Society because it takes

time and energy; and so all through the affairs of their daily life men neglect duty until it becomes a habit, and a worthless character is the result.

Another elemen of character which college men ought to cultivate is the Yankee appreciation of time and punctuality. Lack of the latter quality is especially the fault of Southern men, and in college it is more apparent than elsewhere because of the many engagements which men have to meet each day. A great many men get up and get to breakfast from five minutes to an hour late; and if they get to chapel, it is after the exercises are half over. They arrive at the recitation room from five to fifteen minutes late, and, on account of the delay, the professor, in order to finish his lecture, extends it over in to the next period from one to ten minutes, and as a matter of course they are late at the next recitation room. So it goes all day—late in the class-room, late on the athletic field, late at committee meetings, late at class meetings—until it almost seems that half the time is taken up in waiting for some one.

These evils can be corrected. Each man should not only *try* to be, but *be* on time to the minute whenever duty calls. The professors can set the example by dismissing the classes on the stroke of the hour, and students can help them to do this by being there promptly so that the duties of the hour may be begun at once.

If one is to make a success in the world, these lessons must be learned, and there is no better place to learn them than at college. Here we find inter-dependence, just as in the outside world; and neglect and delay on the part of one often causes inconvenience and a dead loss of time to many others. So if the injury done ourselves is not a sufficient consideration to deter us from such looseness and indifference in our work, the fact that our lack of regard for punctuality and duty inevitably effects others and literally robs them of the means of self-improvement, should cause the abandonment of such habits for the sake of doing justice to our fellow-men. The

extent of inter-dependence in the affairs of men will be more fully realized when the duties of life are taken up after leaving college, and the vast importance of punctuality and other straight-forward principles will then be appreciated.

# Wayside Wares.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

## A KISS.

A "tasteless morsel," rather flat,
  Not quite enough for one;
For two it's like the parlor chat
  Where three break up the fun.

A "trade" that suits the miser's taste—
  And worthy commendation—
For though it must be made in haste
  He gets full compensation.

That which the child holds "poor attraction,"
  The youth, a "priceless boon;"
The only pleasant "two-faced action"
  'Neath sun or on the moon.

A "telegram" sent to the heart,
  In which the lover uses
The sounding system's magic art
  Which pleases but confuses.

When quarrels come the only "smack"
  To close the verbal sluice
Is to revive the kissing knack—
  The lovers' flag of truce."

Of love, a "language universal,"
  But to a timid fellow,
A "strange and torturing rehearsal"
  That turns him slightly yellow.

D. W. NEWSOM.

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It is very late, and I have just fired up my briar-root for a few moments of quiet meditation. I'm sure I don't know what to write, but write something I must, for in an evil moment I promised, and in the morning it must go in. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. And if, O Reader, you share

my sorrow—as you doubtless will if you wade through this effusion—let it not be unmixed with tender compassion. The wind is howling mournfully outside, rain is falling in torrents, and under these circumstances I am actually expected to write—I blush to own it—something funny! Clearly, that is out of the question. Now, if I had the inventive power of Baron Munchausen, or the lively imagination of John Kendrick Bangs, I might cause you to smile. Or, better still, had I the fancy of Ik. Marvel I would wreathe for you a reverie such as would cause you to lay down this magazine with a sigh of pleasure, and wipe a tear from your cheek left there by the play of emotions sweetly sad. But being sadly deficient in these qualities, how can I hope to contribute to your enjoyment? Would that I might! And if I cannot, why should I claim your time? Suppose this escapes the Editor's waste-basket, and finds its way into the ARCHIVE. You pick up that magazine and begin to read; you strike the Wayside Wares department, and, perchance, launch into that. Now if I cannot put thoughts either pleasant or profitable into your head, you may grow black in the face with suppressed profanity if you are a man—provided, of course, you lack sustaining Grace—or if you are of the opposite persuasion you may vow that you will *never*, NEVER, NEVER read another line in that horrid magazine! Horrible to contemplate! But don't lay the blame upon the undersigned, I pray; rather lay it at the door of the Editors.

Examinations closed last Saturday. That brought joy to the hearts of most of us here on the Park, and if you had been upon the second floor of Epworth Hall that night, you would have had ample evidence of that fact, though the outward manifestations of joy in our hearts might have brought sadness to yours had you been compelled to remain. "Confusion worse confounded" would have aggravated you so that you might have fled precipitately—very precipitately, indeed, had you struck the ice outside in haste, for ten to one you would have found yourself sprawling upon your back, gazing into the far-away

stellar world. But if you had decided that you were between the—pardon, pray—devil on the one hand, and the deep, blue sea, or, more appropriately, the slippery ice, on the other, and had stayed until after the dance, you would have been regaled with a few of the sweetest (?) strains that ever fell upon mortal ears. Just as the lights went out the manager announced that Mr. Stupentecker, the ballad-singer of world-wide fame, assisted by three other singers scarcely less renowned, would, by special request, favor the audience with a few of his most select songs, and out upon the midnight stillness there floated "strains that might have created"—cuss-words in the brain of the most devout, especially if he had just wrapped "the drapery of his couch about him," preparatory to pleasant dreams. "Silence was took ere she was ware, and wished she might" reign forever, rather than be so displaced. And during the short silence that followed the first outbreak, there came in sepulchral tones from below, " 'Can any mortal mixtures of earth's mold' emit such vile, soul-harrowing noise? Sure something *hellish* lodges in those breasts,

> And with these *dischords* moves the vocal air
> To testify his—very apparent—residence."

Again those melodious (?) voices poured forth in song, and when they paused, again that voice came from below, "Oft in my dreams I've seen strange shapes, and often in the still hours of the night I've heard strange tales, that caused my 'knotted and combined locks to separate and stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' but such awful certainty of waking horrors I never had till now." And they say that a certain professor was heard to spring from his bed and exclaim in anguish:

> " 'Hold, hold, my heart;
> And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
> But bear me stiffly up' . . . Great God, I'd rather be
> A hobo in some wild and trackless waste,

And have cold, freezing rains beat fast and furiously on my defenceless head, than be hemmed in by walls and hear such noise as this."

Many poor souls tossed in anguish, and sought rest in vain. From twelve till day they say that black-robed spectres stalked about those halls, uttering such fearful cries that the stoutest hearts quaked with fear. At the first crow of the cock there was a hush for a moment, then a furious rush, a wail like that of a lost soul—and all was still. W. W.

---

## NELLIE KNOX.

Let others tread the paths that thread
  Parnassus' rugged rocks,
For me, to fire my simple lyre,
  Needs only Nellie Knox.

Full many a time at my heart's door
  I've felt young Cupid's knocks,
But never did it ope before
  He called out, "Nellie Knox!"

My breast was barred with bolts of steel
  And many crafty locks,
But down they clanged with angry peal
  When he cried, "Nellie Knocks!"

From California's golden shore
  To New York's foggy docks,
There lives no soul could soul adore
  As I love Nellie Knox.

Some measure life by heart throbs, some
  By sun-dials, some by clocks;
But I tell time by billet-doux
  I get from Nellie Knox.

Some men sweep on to fame and wealth,
  Some plod on like the ox;
But I'll not creep nor run, but stand,—
  And gaze on Nellie Knox.

Tell me why men of long ago
  Wore hooded, long cassocks?—
Because in those sad days, you know,
  There was no Nellie Knox.

Ulysses sneers at womankind
  And Pope at virtue mocks—
Poor men! They never knew the day
  That saw a Nellie Knox.

Then Carolina be my home
  Till death my bosom locks,
Since Carolina is the home
  Of Nellie—Nellie Knox.

# Literary Notes.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The first month of the new year chronicles the death of two of America's most prominent authors, Rev. Joel T. Headley and Gen. Francis Walker. These men represent two distinct schools of our literature. Headley, the historian, belongs to the old ante-bellum class, and excells in brilliancy of diction, fire of imagination, and power of word-painting. Next to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," probably "Napoleon and his Marshals" had the widest circulation of any ante-bellum publication. It appealed to the imagination and fire of the Southern nature and was one of the few American books popular with the Southern aristocracy, finding its way into nearly all of our libraries. In this age of "cold reason," when the minute details are more prized than the great movements of history, it is a relief to take up this book, ignored by our modern scholarship, and there read the captivating account of the "Man of Destiny," and behold the "light that never was on land or sea" which the author throws upon the achievements of that "Corsican Upstart." General Walker, though not so extensively known as Headley, has done an invaluable service for American scholarship, for he was among the very first to herald an objective study of social problems. His "Land and Rent" has forever dispelled the epitaph of "dismal" from Political Economy. He does not stand so much for style as accuracy of thought, hence he is regarded as authoritative in all ecconomic circles. We have seen several accounts of the life of Gen. Walker, but none of Headley. This shows how completely buried are our old thoughts and methods, how "the world is weary of the past."

The *Scribner's Company* is soon to issue a new edition of Byron, poetry and prose, editited by the Earl of Lovelace,

the grandson of the poet. That this edition will give especial attention to the poet's correspondence with Thomas Moore, signifies that his work will be treated from a new standpoint. For who can understand and criticise a poet so well as a poet? The exponents of "piosity" and didacticism have long condemned Byron as a libertine and revolutionist, but they have completely failed to comprehend the meaning of that revolt. Perhaps no one better than "Tom" Moore knew the great heart-secrets which actuated the rebel-poet and, though Moore's relation to Byron could hardly equal that of Coleridge and Wordsworth, we shall still expect in this new edition a more just and adequate view of his life and work than has yet appeared.

Were the spirit of the immortal Darwin to leave his last resting-place and take a hasty visit to the scenes of his former activities, that scientist's faith in evolution would be greatly confirmed and strengthened. Less than three centuries since, a ship-load of wild and savage African "Jumboes" was landed on our shores. Today, in the year eighteen hundred ninety-seven, one of the features of our current literature is the publication of a volume of verse, *Lowly Lyrics*, from the pen of no less a personage than Paul Laurence Dunbar, a negro poet. Who knows but that the parent ancestors of this newly discovered genius were nourished with human blood on "Afric's golden sands" and then tilled tobacco on a Virginia plantation? "The world do move." The latest news of this new luminary is that he is soon to visit England, where he will give readings from his poems. Will our "English cousins" regard this as a "natural specimen" of Yankeedom, as they did Walt Whitman, or perceive an element of permanent greatness in this "Brother in Black?"

However, fate has decreed that the colored man's capacity for historical research shall not be eclipsed by his achievements in poesy. Mr. W. E. DuBois, of Wilbeforce University, is the author of the last volume in the Harvard Historical Series, "*The Suppression of the African Slave-trade to the*

*United States of America.* Characteristically, the author gives especial prominence to the moral opposition to slavery which, he says, was least when most needed. With such men as Booker Washington, Dunbar, and DuBois, what may the negro race not contribute to our social and literary life?

On December 12, 1896, at Marylebone Parish Church, was celebrated the golden wedding of Robert and Elizabeth Barret Browning. The services should have taken place September 12th, but were postponed till December, as that date was the seventh anniversary of Mr. Browning's death. Dean Farrar preached the sermon and Canon Booker and Canon Wilberforce read the service. Mendelssohn's Wedding March was played at the conclusion of the service. The invitations were adorned with portraits of the two poets and a fac-simile of the entry of the marriage in the Parish Register. The current Review of Reviews contains an article on Browning by Dean Farrar.

Two books have recently appeared which have caused quite a sensation in the literary world. Mr. Brooks Adams's *Law of Civilization and Decay* is one of the few contributions of historians to the philosophy of history. This work is the exposition of a new theory of civilization, that the progress of the race is a triumph of the economic, over the imaginary, man. "Civilization is the history of a movement from a condition of physical distribution to one of physical concentration." The artistic and emotional is the primary type of man, and as civilization advances, the economic man supersedes, and develops along two lines—"the usurer in his most formidable aspect, and the peasant whose nervous system is adapted to thrive on scanty nutriment." The book is written in an attractive style, but the author's enthusiasm over his new theory often leads him to conclusions which careful thought prove untenable.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's *Beginnings of a Nation* is an ac-

count of the early Colonial life in America. The superior excellence of this book is its freedom from provincialism. Instead of going into discussions of John Smith and squaw Pocahontas or the Pequot War, Dr. Eggleston passes on to the real life of the colonists. His book is "rather a commentary on early colonial history than a history of the colonies strictly speaking." The book has the rare charm of "The Hoosier School-master," but it is not, as might be supposed, a repetition of previous facts and stories. The author has spent years in collecting facts by travel and extensive reading to put into this volume. So the book marks an epoch in history writing. Henceforth, the American historian will not picture the great events which have made our national history, but will concentrate his study on the changes in the ideals of the people wrought by each success in the struggle for progress and advancement.

Prof. W. P. Trent, author of the "Life of Simms" in the "American men of Letters Series," has written an able review of Dr. Eggleston's work. Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whose "Winning of the West" has gained him a reputation as a man of letters, gives an account of "The Law of Civilization and Decay." Both reviews are in the January *Forum.*

We are glad to note that there is a movement to reclaim the home of Edgar Allen Poe. The following sonnet by Henry Jerome Stockard, addressed to the poet's cottage, appeared in the November *Chautauquan.*

AT FORDOM.

Not here he dwelt, but down some path unknown
  That winding sinks into night's spectral vale,
  Where prisoned, uneasy winds forever wail,
And plangent season dolorous shores intone.
His charmed cloud-built home was there upthrown,
  Engirt by marsh and mere and wastes of bale;
  No foot save his e'er trod those reaches pale;
His were those tracks abandoned, his alone.
There with hushed breath he heard the thin, far strains
  Of Israfel steal through his haunted room,

Or caught the nearer, clearer clank of chains ;
  Now o'er him leaned Lenore in deathless bloom ;
Now, while the blood slowed, freezing in his veins,
  Some goblin shivered in upon the gloom !

*McClure's* for February opens with "Thirty Life Portraits of Washington," a good example of that tendency in American ideals toward the spectacular, seen in the literary journal as well as on the stage. However, this magazine is not void of all literary features. Prof. Trent begins a series on "The Makers of the Union" with a short sketch of Washington. Rudyard Kipling contributes a poem, another evidence of his love of the sea, which has very good rhythm, but there are a few nautical terms which are in keeping with the author's reputation as chronicler of the vague and unknowable. Mr. Kipling continues his serial, "Captains Courageous" and Mr. J. H. W. Dow relates his visit to the Oxford University Press and British and Foreign Bible House unter the title of "The Making of the Bible."

"The Assembly Ball" in the current *Harper's* is a story of North Carolina colonial life. Richard Harding Davis gives an account of the recent Russian coronation. Mr. Davis was one of the eight Americans present at the time and his account of the ceremonies is very interesting. He is now Cuban correspondent for one of the New York papers. His "Princess Aline" has been quite successful. He is also running a serial in *Scribner's*, "Soldiers of Fortune."

# Editor's Table.

P. V. ANDERSON, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

With this issue the Table changes hands. We recognize the delicacy of the position of exchange editor and the difficulties with which he has to contend, consequently we approach our new duties rather with fear and trembling. It might be well for us to say in the beginning what constitutes our idea of literary worth, so that no one may misunderstand our criticisms. Our idea of what constitutes worth in a college magazine is its value as a contribution to literature, and it is by this criterion that we shall attempt to judge all articles. The ARCHIVE has always tried to be strictly a literary magazine; a medium through which the students may exercise whatever literary talent they may possess. This we think should be the true sphere of every college magazine. Verily the truth of that old proverb, "of making many books there is no end," etc., is shown by the number of our exchanges for January, but we welcome them all and find much that is good among them.

The *Messenger*, of Richmond college, is always an excellent magazine, and the January number is perhaps better than the average. "Bacon's Rebellion" shows a careful study of the question, and the facts are presented in a clear, concise and attractive way. The writer shows that Bacon's conduct was that of a patriot throughout the struggle, and believes that had he lived a century later he would have been one of the heroes of the Revolution, and that historian would have eulogized rather than blackened his name. This is probably true. We are always glad to see historical subjects treated in our exchanges and think more attention should be paid to historical investigation by all college magazines.

"Byron the Man" is the most just review of Byron's life we have seen in some time. Byron has never been appreciated as he should be, and we are glad to see this article in his defense. If more people would read his writings rather than criticisms of them, they would form a more accurate opinion of the man and his work. We heartily endorse the position taken by the exchange editor as to what should constitute literary merit in an article, namely, it should be "a contribution to literature." This should be the criterion by which all magazine articles should be judged.

The Wofford College *Journal* contains for the January issue some very solid matter. Perhaps the best article is "Rip Van Winkle." We will not attempt to criticise "Foot Ball" and the "Way Out." From the amount of poetry in this issue, Wofford must have received the "divine afflatus," and her men have arrived at that stage where they must write poetry or die. We think, though, from the quality of some of the verse, that the poets should have refrained a while longer.

William and Mary College *Monthly* is still harping on *Our Distinguished Alumni.* The article on Shakespeare is simply a rehash of what has been written of him for years. Let us have something new, up to date. The editorials for this issue are very good and show much thought.

One of the neatest magazines that comes to the Table is the *Mirror*, of Hendrix college. The editorials for this issue are rather scant, and the literary matter is dull. There is also an absolute dearth of poetry. May the Muse soon inspire you, Hendrix.

The *Athenaeum* for January is poor from a literary standpoint. It is devoted almost entirely to college happenings and advertisements.

The Guilford *Collegian* contains an article on The Dust

Theory of Soil Formation, which is perhaps interesting to those interested in such matters. We appreciate the spirit shown towards Trinity in the editorial on co-education, and hope the system will prosper here as it has at Guilford; also that soon the other colleges in the states may open wide their doors and give the women an equal opportunity with the men. They deserve it.

The University *Beacon*, of Boston, comes to us regularly. It contains some very good poetry and the college notes are interesting. It is quite a relief not to see *Snow! Fire!* or *Examinations!* at the head of the local department. If locals must be put into a college magazine, let them be such as will not detract from it. For instance, one of our leading exchanges had two pages filled with such locals as: What are you going to do Xmas? Answer, "Blow myself." (Same old trade.) Another answer to same question, "Tear dad's buggy up, I guess." Now, to say the least, this is bad taste. Let our exchanges adopt the policy of the University *Beacon* and print only such locals as are at least in good taste.

The Tennessee University *Magazine* is well filled in its Literary department for this issue. The articles are well written and up to date in every respect. The poetry is also good.

The matter of the Emory *Phœnix* is rather dull for this issue, although "Bob and the Widow" does very well for a short story. The poem, "Emory," is a very good eulogy for the college.

The last issue of the *Tar Heel* gives quite an extensive account of President Alderman's inauguration. We extend congratulations to our neighbors and their new President.

Don't talk to me of studies hard,
  Which do the mind defy,
This to me is worst of all:
  Luo, lueis, luei.

If I should study greek ten years
  I'm sure I'd never know
The tenses, moods, in rows and tiers,
  Of that old verb luo.

I wonder who invented Greek!
  'Twould please me much to ply
The lash upon him till he shriek—
  "Luo, lu—luomai."—*Ex.*

## SOPHOMORE MATH.

There is beauty in the ocean,
  And there's beauty in the skies;
There's beauty in misfortune—
  If we know just where it lias.

Classic Greek may show its beauty—
  And old English if it tries;
But when Math. proclaims it beauty—
  Well, I know just where—*it lies.*

—*University of Mississippi Magazine.*

The national flower! what shall it be?
What symbol for the brave and free?
What token for his glorious land;
First wooed to bloom by patriot hand!
Where years ago the fathers fought,
And with their life-blood freedom bought?
Oh, Carolina! Hear our voice;
Be clustered golden-rod the choice.

In burning heat or nipping cold
No nature child so brave or bold,
Sweet flower! It craves no finer earth,
But glorious in its humble birth.
Oh! graceful in the beckoning nod
And fair the gold of the golden-rod.
Oh, Carolina! Hear our voicc;
Be clustered golden-rod the choice.—*Ex.*

If last century a maiden
  Wished to send her lover away
When he'd popped the fatal question,
  She would quietly answer "Nay."

But an ardent, wooing lover
  Only fifty years ago,
If he did not suit the sweet one,
  Would be crushed by one short "No."

Now, however, if a fairy
  Wants to give her flame the mit
When he asks her to be "his'n,"
  She will softly gurgle "Nit."—*Ex.*

### Resolutions of Respect Adopted by the Hesperian Literary Society in Honor of Jas. W. Tillett.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his divine wisdom to remove from our midst, Jas. W. Tillett, one of the oldest members of the Hesperian Society, a great friend among the students, and a true Christian, therefore be it resolved:

1. That in the death of our friend and brother, the Hesperian Society loses one of its most loyal members, and the college one of its most elevated alumni.

2. That in his death he lett us a legacy of faith and good works.

3. That we extend to his family our ernset and heart-felt sympathy, praying that they may be comforted by our Heavenly Father.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, a copy spread on the minutes of the Hesperian Literary Society, and copies be sent for publication to the *Christian Advocate*, *Burlington News* and the TRINITY ARCHIVE.

J. T. STANFORD,
J. C. GIBBS,
D. W. NEWSOM,
*Committee.*

Jan. 8, 1897.

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### In Memory of Dr. J. C. Brown.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call from time to eternity, Dr. J. C. Brown, of Durham, N. C.; therefore be it resolved:

1. That while we sadly miss his kindly greeting and encouraging words, we bow in humble submission to our Father's will.

2. That in his death the Columbian Society of Trinity College sustains a loss of one of her most faithful and loyal members.

3. That we extend to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their sad bereavement.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society; that a copy be sent to each of the city dailies and the TRINITY ARCHIVE for publication, and a copy to the bereaved family.

L. M. CARLTON,
S. A. STEWART,
G. H. HUMBER,
*Committee.*

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Vol. X. No. 6.

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March, 1897.

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MARCH, 1897.

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# Literary.

## THE CASE OF THE STATE VS. WILL.

One of the most remarkable cases ever tried in the North Carolina courts was the case of The State vs. Will. It was the most important case on the subject of slavery and fixed a slave's right to defend himself against the cruel and unjust punishment of a master. It was decided at the December term, 1834, of the Supreme Court (State vs. Will, 1 Devereux and Battle, 121-172). The facts of the case are as follows:

Will was the slave of Mr. James S. Battle, of Edgecombe county, and was placed under the direction of an overseer named Richard Baxter, a man whose temper differed materially from that of his pious namesake. On January 22, 1834, Will and another slave had a dispute over a hoe which Will claimed the right of using exclusively, since he had helved it in his own time. The foreman, who was also a slave, directed another negro to use the hoe, whereupon Will, after some angry words, broke the helve of the hoe and went off to work at a cotton screw about one-fourth of a mile away. The foreman reported the matter to Bax-

ter, who at once went to his own house. While there his wife was heard to say: "I would not, my dear," to which he replied very positively: "I will." He then took his gun, mounted his horse, and proceeded to the cotton screw, ordering the foreman in the meantime to take his cowhide and follow at some little distance. He approached unobserved to Will, who was throwing cotton into the press, and ordered him to come down. The slave complied, taking off his hat in an humble manner. The two were heard to exchange some words, which were not understood, and then Will began to run. He had gone ten or fifteen yards when Baxter fired, filling with shot a place twelve inches square in the back of the fugitive. Testimony showed that this wound might have proved fatal; but the terrified slave continued to flee. After a moment the overseer directed two other slaves to pursue him through the fields, saying, "He could not go far," while he himself left his gun and rode around the field. Here he met the fugitive and pursued him on foot. He soon overtook and collared him. At this time Will had run more than five hundred yards and not more than eight minutes had elapsed since he was shot. Stinging and bleeding from the wounds of that outrage and fearing a worse punishment all his instincts of self-preservation were aroused. He closed with his antagonist and in the struggle drew a knife and got his adversary's thumb in his mouth. The pursuing slaves now coming up were ordered to take hold of the enraged negro. In striking at these new foes Will wounded the overseer in the thigh. In further struggling he wounded him with his knife in the upper arm, and it was this wound that proved fatal. After dealing these blows the slave released Baxter's thumb and escaped to the woods; but later in the day of his own accord he surrendered himself to his master. The next day he was arrested. On being told that Baxter had bled to death from the wound in the arm, he exclaimed: "Is it possible!" After the escape of Will

the other slaves found the overseer sitting where the struggle had been. He said to them: "Will has killed me; if I had minded what my poor wife said I should not have been in this fix." Will was tried in the lower court and convicted of murder. His plea was that he had been under the impression that his life was in danger and that the crime ought accordingly to be reduced from murder to manslaughter; and on the strength of this plea he appealed to the Supreme Court of the State. In this court he was represented by Bartholemew F. Moore, then a young lawyer of no great reputation, and George W. Mordecai. Against him was the Attorney-General, J. R. J. Daniel.

It is the argument of Mr. Moore and the decision it won that has made this case famous. Bartholemew Figures Moore was born on January 20, 1801, near Fishing Creek, Halifax county. His father, James Moore, was a man of little wealth. The boy spent his early years on his father's farm and in attendance on such schools as were at hand. Not born to wealth he learned from the first to have sympathy for the lowly, and he retained throughout a long and active life a deep confidence in the common man. He studied in the school of Mr. John Bobbitt, of Louisburg, N. C., and in 1820 graduated at the University. He then studied law and in 1823 began to practice it at Nashville, N. C. It was a hard struggle for a young man starting a profession in those days without influence or position. He worked with quiet determination, reading assiduously. At the end of seven years he had made, it is said, only seven hundred dollars by his profession; yet the first five hundred that he had he spent in travel. In 1835, after twelve years of struggle in Nash, he returned to his native county and settled on a small farm near the town of Halifax. At this time his reputation had begun to broaden and success came more rapidly. He was thrice chosen to the General Assembly, and in 1848 he was appointed Attorney-General of the State. In the same year he removed to Raleigh, where he

afterwards resided. In 1850 he was appointed a commissioner to prepare the Revised Code of the laws of the State, which was afterwards published in 1855. When the issues of the war came on he took a strong position against secession and expended all his energy to prevent that movement. In his will he said of this phase of his life: "I was unable, under my conviction of the solemn duties of patriotism, to give any excuse for, or countenance to, the civil war of 1861, without sacrificing all self-respect. My judgment was the instructor of my conscience and no man suffered greater misery than did I, as the scenes of battle unfolded the bloody carnage of war in the midst of our homes. I had been taught under the deep conviction of my judgment that there could be no reliable liberty of my State without the union of the States, and being devoted to my State, I felt that I should desert her whenever I should aid to destroy the Union." After the war he was invited to Washington to consult with President Johnston in regard to the future policy with respect to the State. His advice was immediate restoration to the Union. The policy of negro suffrage and military rule later adopted he opposed continually. Though a Republican he opposed the excesses of that party in politics. He continued for the most part in private life until his death, November 27, 1878. His painstaking and laborious study of the law had brought him ample reward. At his death his estate was valued at more than $600,000.

It was while struggling against many odds at Nashville that he was retained in the case of The State vs. Will. I have been unable to learn under what circumstances he came to be interested in this case. It is possible that this being the case of a slave it was thought that there was no need to be careful in selecting a lawyer. Yet it must be confessed that such a surmise is not in keeping with the feelings of humanity and honor which have usually characterized members of the family of which Will was the

property. At any rate no better lawyer, as the event showed, could have been employed.

The point of the case was the right of a slave to defend himself on due provocation from his master or from anyone in the position of the master. Would the provocation, which in the case of a white man would mitigate murder into manslaughter, be good in law in the case of a slave? Of course such a problem involved the whole relation of a slave to his master. It was of special importance at this time because, as Mr. Moore said in opening his argument, there was then a tendency in public opinion to consider "that any means may be resorted to to coerce the perfect submission of the slave to the master's will; and that any resistance to that will, reasonable or unreasonable, lawfully places the life of the slave at the master's feet." It was necessary, he added, to find the line "between the lawful and unlawful exercise of the master's power."

The "tendency" here referred to had been indicated five years earlier in the case of The State vs. Mann (2 Devereux, 263), in which the point was decided as to a master's liability for a battery inflicted on his slave. Then it was decided that a master was "not liable for an indictment for a battery committed upon his slave." The opinion was delivered by Judge Ruffin, who said, and his words sound like the sentence of fate for the unprotected slave: The end of slavery "is the profit of the master, his security, and the public safety. The subject is one doomed in his own person and his posterity to live without knowledge, and without the capacity to make anything his own, and to toil that another may reap the fruits. What moral considerations shall be addressed to such a being to convince him, what it is impossible but that the most stupid must feel and know can never be true, that he is thus to labor upon a principle of natural duty or for the sake of his own personal happiness? Such services can only be expected from one who has no will of his own, who sur-

renders his will in implicit obedience to that of another. Such obedience is the consequence only of uncontrolled authority over the body. There is nothing else that can operate to produce the effect. The power of the master must be absolute to render the submission of the slave perfect. I must freely confess my sense of the harshness of this proposition. I feel it as deeply as any man can. And as a principle of moral right every person in his retirement must repudiate it; but in the actual condition of things it must be true. There is no remedy. This discipline belongs to the state of slavery. They cannot be disunited without abrogating at once the rights of the master and absolving the slave from his subjection. It constitutes the curse of slavery to both the bond and free portions of our population."

The harshness of this opinion strikes us more forcibly even than it struck the illustrious judge who delivered it. Yet it is not difficult to see that it grew logically out of the theory of slavery. To overthrow it demanded a sagacious appeal to the humane spirit of the court. That was the line followed by Mr Moore. In opening his argument he laid down two propositions: "1. If Baxter's shot had killed the prisoner, Baxter would have been guilty of man slaughter at least; and 2. This position being established the killing of Baxter under the circumstances related was manslaughter in the prisoner." It was on the former of these propositions that he was confronted with Judge Ruffin's opinion in The State vs. Mann. Of these sentiments he said: "It is humbly submitted that they are not only abhorrent and startling to humanity, but at variance with statute and decided cases." "Absolute power," he continued, "is irresponsible power, circumscribed by no limits save its own imbecility and selecting its own means with unfettered discretion." The language of the court would have applied to slavery in ancient Rome or in Turkey, but it was in direct contradiction to the opinion

of our own Judge Henderson, who had said that the master's power extended "to the services and labor of the slave and no farther," and that the authority over his life was reserved to the law. Judge Ruffin had added to his opinion the statement that he was gratified to know that public opinion would protect the slave from abuse under the harsh ruling of the law. This is an excuse that the apologists of slavery to this day have not ceased to repeat. It was met by Mr. Moore most effectively: "Wherein lies the necessity to clothe the master with absolute authority over the slave? If this necessity exists public sentiment is not so strong as is claimed. If it does not exist 'the power is given for abuse and not to accomplish the object of slavery.' It would seem that the result of the opinion of the court was 'to teach the kind master how merciful and moderate he is in the midst of such plentitude of power and the cruel one how despised and desecrated he will be if he uses its legal license.'"

It is impossible to summarize here all of Mr. Moore's argument; yet I cannot refrain from introducing one eloquent outburst. Judge Ruffin had said in the opinion already quoted that the slave must be made to realize that the master's power was "in no one instance usurped." This, exclaimed the generous attorney, repressed thought and "reduced into perfect tameness the instinct of self-preservation," a result difficult to accomplish and lamentable if accomplished. But if the relation of slavery required "that the slave shall be disrobed of the essential features that distinguish him from the brute, the relation must adapt itself to the consequences and leave its subjects the instinctive privileges of a brute. I am arguing no question of abstract right, but am endeavoring to prove that the natural incidents of slavery must be borne with because they are inherent to the condition itself; and that any attempt to punish the slave for the exercise of a right which even absolute power cannot destroy is inhuman and

without the slightest benefit to the security of the master or to that of society at large. The doctrine may be advanced from the bench, enacted by the legislature, and enforced with all the varied agony of torture and still the slave cannot believe and will not believe that there is no one instance in which the master's power is usurped. Nature, stronger than all, will discover many instances and vindicate her rights at any and at every price. When such a stimulant as this urges the forbidden deed, punishment will be powerless to proclaim or to warn by example. It can serve no purpose but to gratify the revengeful feelings of one class of people and to inflame the hidden animosities of the other." Was ever the cause of the slave pleaded more eloquently in the land of freedom than by this son of the yoeman class before the highest tribunal of the land of slaveholders?

Attention was then turned to the question of provocation. Could a slave be provoked in law? Had Will been a white freeman or an apprenticed freeman, the crime would have clearly been manslaughter. Mr. Moore demanded for the slave all the consideration of a white man under like conditions, to whom he was simliar in feelings of resentment and in the instinct of self-preservation. The law had not required him to extinguish this instinct, and he accordingly had full right to plead a legal provocation. In conclusion the counsel referred to the necessity of defining the position of a slave in regard to his life. "I feel and acknowledge," he said, "as strongly as any man can the inexorable necessity of keeping our slaves in a state of dependence and subservience to their masters, but when shooting becomes necessary to prevent insolence and disobedience it only serves to show the want of proper domestic rules."

The slave Will was as fortunate in his judge as in his counsel. On the bench was William Gaston, as noted for his humanity as for his ability in his profession. To him

fell the duty of writing the opinion. The task was performed clearly and emphatically. It was all on the side of the prisoner, clearly giving him the right of defence against his master's attempt to take his life. It declared: "Unconditional submission is, in general, the duty of the slave; unquestioned power is, in general, the legal right of the master. Unquestionably there are exceptions to this rule. It is certain that the master has not the right to slay his slave, and I hold it to be equally certain that the slave has the right to defend himself against the unlawful attempt of his master to deprive him of life. There may be other exceptions, but in a matter so full of difficulties, when reason and humanity plead with almost irresistible force on one side, and a necessary policy, rigorous, indeed, but inseparable from slavery, urges on the other, I fear to err should I undertake to define them." The court hesitated to define exactly a legal provocation in a case like this. It did say that if a slave were excited into unlawful violence by the inhumanity of his master, it ought not to be concluded that such passions sprang from malice. "The prisoner is a human being," said the court, "degraded by slavery, but yet having 'organs, senses, dimensions, passions,' like our own." On the evidence no malice could be found, and, it was concluded, none had existed. The killing was accordingly a felonious homicide and not murder.

It was a notable victory and reflected as much credit on the State as on the brilliant and humane lawyer who had won it. It was quoted and commented upon extensively throughout the Union. It fixed forever afterwards the rights of a slave in cases like the one under consideration. In not another instance was a case of kindred nature brought before our courts. Most important of all it was a triumph of humanity and served to commit our law of slavery to a more lenient policy than existed in some other States.

JOHN S. BASSETT.

## A DAY IN NORTH CAROLINA'S CAPITAL.

The woful period in human experience occupied by examinations was passed. That weighty and most brilliant class of young men we call Seniors had for the past five months been attending regularly the lectures of our professor of Political Economy and Social Science. We had gone with him (mentally, of course,) from the lowest dive on Mulberry Bend in New York City, to the $50,000 Ball on Fifth Avenue; we had listened to the awful silence in Chinese quarters; then placed ourselves in the blubber and splutter only possible to Jew Town. We had made the trip successfully through Philadelphia, and thence to London and European countries, surveying the sanitary conditions and all those institutions of good and evil which necessarily attend the progress of mankind.

But now we were to undertake a trip in reality, for the professor, in his usual, happy manner, announced that preparations had been made for the class to visit that pride of every North Carolina heart, the city of Raleigh. Friday morning 5 : 30 was the hour set for all to meet at the depot. This train is very accommodating, as it strikes the town at 5 o'clock, and for an hour makes quite enough noise to awake every one and give him ample time to reach the depot. But one of our heroic Juniors, who had decided to go with us, was not aware of this. He heard the train leaving the next station above just six miles away. He knew that he was about two miles from the depot; and a six mile race with the train, the Junior given four miles the lead, bid fair to be an interesting contest. And so it was. He made the start, hat and umbrella in hand, a long, caped mackintosh wrapped about him, and his long hair gracefully floating in the morning breeze. The faithful watchmen at the different factories along the way, hearing a roar as "of mighty wind," and seeing some dark spectre shoot swiftly by about three feet above the earth, would drop

their lanterns and guns, and raise their hands in "holy horror." But he won, and, from the amount of blowing and puffing, it is a question which was in the worse condition on their arrival; but the student had a triumphant look in his eye.

We boarded, and as we were rounding the last curve out of town the conductor, a stalwart, brave fellow, set down his lantern, clasped his hands, and, with one long look heavenward, closed his eyes, for he thought "It is all over now." He soon heard the characteristic rush of a Junior and the additional roar of a Senior, and he was not used to such phenomena. They successfully grasped the step-rod, rested awhile, and then drew themselves in on the steps, and all was safe.

The conductor, recovering his equilibrium, asked what all this meant, and one volunteered to explain to him that it was Prof. Dowd's class in Economy and Sociology going to visit the Legislature. At the word "Economy" he dropped one corner of his mouth and rolled his eyes, which altogether made a most solemn picture. He evidently thought that we would recommend lowering of wages and economy along that line, but we soon assured him that we were his friends.

Day was fast breaking and we were nearing the capital city. When we arrived it was full day, and the masses had arisen and were hurrying to their labors. Breakfast was the next thing in order, and it is my intention to give to each movement its proportional space according to the amount of time it consumed and theamount of benefit derived. I suppose I have said enough.

At the appointed hour the students met the professor under the dome of the capitol and mapped out the *modus operandi*. We could hear the bystanders wondering what that crowd was that had struck the capital, and some came to the unwarranted conclusion that it was Coxey's crowd No. 2. However, we proceeded to the institution for the

blind, and were received in a most cordial manner. The affable superintendent had business at the capitol in reference to an appropriation for his noble institution, and we excused him. He placed us in the hands of one of his co-laborers, an admirable old gentleman.

We were ushered into the department of higher mathematics. Seated on benches were those from whom the glorious light of day was cut off. Though it was midnight darkness to them, they, with their text-books, which consisted of heavy, thick leaves in which were punched an inconceivable number of small holes, could expound deep problems in Analytic Geometry which none of our Seniors would have attempted with all the sunlight, four eyes and a blackboard. We passed to another room in which spelling was in progress, and thence to the class in arithmetic. The work done here in tough problems in percentage was wonderful. They had just begun the study of banking. Then to the kindergarten, where there were about two score small children, and they were taught by two ladies to build out of small sticks such things as a bee hive, and then the work of the bee was explained by the teacher and indelibly impressed upon these young minds. They also sang and marched by the piano, which was presided at by a young boy not yet in his teens. His up-to-date selections were excellent. Of course the class, on going through, noticed the general conditions of the buildings which were found to be scrupulously clean and well heated by steam. The orchestra had assembled in the chapel for our special benefit, and we sat for more than an hour enchanted by the harmonies of about thirty instruments, together with solos and quartets. Everything was well executed, and all was concord. The pupils seemed to have much affection for one another. We were shown through their broom factory and dining-hall, and everything was as neat as a new pin. It was voted to the asylum that they had the most beautiful premises, lawns and

walks of any institution which we visited. We were for awhile at a loss to understand why this should be, but finally concluded that it was due to the keen eye which the inmates had for the beautiful in art and nature. We took our leave after a hearty hand-shake from our escort, and felt that we could more appreciate what a blind asylum meant for the unfortunates of our State.

Back to the capitol we sped and found our way into the gallery, where we could overlook the House, those Pillars of State which say what we shall and shall not do. A long, wiry gentleman was discussing with very wild gestures and raised voice the right of a Democrat to a seat which was being contested by a colored man. As we did not hear his premises (which he undoubtedly laid down) and saw the amount of steam he had on, and our breakfast was fast losing its effects, we migrated to the Senate, and there we heard vital enactments referred to special committees. The birds in one county, the ducks in another, and the rabbits in another, were receiving their careful attention. Some creek bridge was made to depend for its materialization on a committee, and the back salary of some poor school teacher was at stake.

Having witnessed this business a short while, we adjourned to meet "after dinner" (?) We met and proceeded *per pedem* to the Insane Asylum. Being cordially received, we started through, and it may truly be said that some of the party were very shy of every one they met. After some were almost frightened out of their wits by the sane lady nurses, we went through, viewing scores of patients in the hallways in all positions. Card tables were plentiful, but the boys had not the *time* to take a hand. The air was made somewhat sulphurous at one point by an old lady, who gave vent to her feelings in unchaste but scientific cursing. She did it as if by note. The boys were kindly invited to come back to the dance that night, and as some had found the female portion very attractive, they

accepted, and four found their way back. We found Dr. Faison, who, by the way, is an old Trinity man, a very kind and pleasant gentleman. He seemed to be greatly loved by the poor inmates. Two most charming lady nurses accompanied us through on our tour of investigation, but ask, if you please, two of the Seniors what they saw besides the winning ways of that dear little creature wrapped in the red dress, and behind whose glasses brilliant eyes looked almost to their very souls. One of the inmates, on solicitation from the Doctor, kindly performed on the piano, and at the same time accompanied it by a comb covered with paper, which was held to her lips. The comic pieces, old love songs, and her gracious smiles at the students occasioned much applause. This room had the appearance of a knitting mill, for a large number of old ladies were circled about industriously working with the needles and partly finished socks. The Doctor, in passing through, pointed out to us certain inmates and gave us their own peculiar characteristics. We could see that he was perfectly familiar and in love with his great work, and he seemed highly pleased at the chance of escorting us through. The patients were treated most kindly and seemed to appreciate recognition. The floors were oiled, everything was in order, and could not have been cleaner. The building is heated by steam. Out in the laundry we found elegant work done by the patients, and all modern equipments for same. Thence to the stables and cattle pens, which was a treat to the lovers of cattle. The arrangements were the best and many valuable hints in construction were suggested that would save time, labor, food and composts.

Bidding the Doctor farewell, we started for the house of correction, familiarly known as the Penitentiary. We approached the gate of the tall fence, hailed a young fellow with a large, uninviting "shooting iron," and made ourselves known. Drawing back a lever from above he

gave us entrance. A deputy warden piloted us through long corridors, locking doors behind us as he went, and we realized once, if never before, that we were incarcerated. The heavy clanking of the iron doors and jingling of keys made not the rapture in our souls that did the sweet strains we had heard in the morning. We passed long rows of cells which looked more like tombs than anything else we were accustomed to. The sanitary arrangement was good and the air was comparatively free from those foul stenches which are so characteristic of our county jails. The wash-room and *dining*-hall were well arranged, and presided over by convicts in their prison garb. In the kitchen was a very tempting lay-out. Two large, fat, sleek and greasy negroes were turning out biscuits which the chemists of our party would have said contained an excess of sodium bicarbonate, which gave them a beautiful green tinge, and this no doubt brought to the minds of the unfortunates the days when they used to frolick in the meadows and lawns in days of yore. Some white inmates looked as though they had seen better days, and would smile graciously at us in passing. The convicts were, for the most part, out on the State farms.

In the office the genial book-keeper exposed his books to our gaze and explained his mode of keeping them, the terms upon which the convict was imprisoned and the manner in which he could lessen his term. The system is a good one. He kindly furnished us with statistics and reports.

We left convinced that "The way of the transgressor is hard." The minutia of arrangements in all these institutions cannot be entered into. It remains for the prophet of the class to tell us which of the party will find his way to the Legislature and which to the penitentiary. It was late and we pulled for the city, each making his arrangements for the night until time of departure. Some took the Y. M. C. A. halls, some went back to the asylum for

the dance, some to the female schools, and, of course, anywhere that anything was to be learned.

We "turned in" to the depot under the rain which fell in torrents. We nestled down, endeavoring to tempt sleep; but in vain, for three or four heartless fellows who, of course, had been to the asylum and were brainless, had sworn eternal vengeance against sleep, and Morpheus did not dare enter the car, not even to woo our tired professor, but he, good natured as he is, stood it for "the boys." All the stale "gags" and songs of the past four years were brought into play and were the more enjoyable because of their staleness. The conductor was rejoiced to know we had done him no harm and treated us royally. Suffice it to say that, though we struck the campus tired and wet, we had in our hearts a deeper appreciation for the noble work that is being executed in our State.

L. M. CARLTON.

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## A POSSIBILITY.

Herbert Jones and I had been playmates and companions from the time when our nurses would put us down on the floor to crawl around together until we went to college, he going to a college in another state, while I went in my own state. Before he left home, Herbert was one of the manliest, most gentlemanly fellows I ever knew. Open-hearted and of a frank disposition, he readily made friends anywhere.

At college Herbert got in with the fastest set there, and as soon as I saw him at the beginning of our vacation, I knew that he was a changed man. During the holidays I saw him several times under the influence of liquor. He was changed in every respect. No longer of open, frank countenance, but with the stamp of vice printed on the once handsome face, one would hardly recognize him as the Herbert Jones of former days. He seemed to avoid me, so our intimacy entirely ceased.

We graduated the same year, and I took up my abode in a neighboring village to pursue my profession as a physician, while Herbert settled in our native village as a lawyer. I frequently heard of his brilliancy at the bar, but these reports always ended with the statement that he was killing himself drinking since, on account of this vile habit, Miss C—— had broken off their engagement.

One sultry summer night about two years after we had graduated, I was sitting on the front porch at my boarding place, when a man came riding up, his horse covered with foam. He dismounted and asked for Dr. Clark. I told him that I was the doctor, and inquired who was sick. He said that Herbert Jones was dying and had sent for me. I had my horse brought round and was soon at Herbert's home, which was situated a mile from the village in which I lived.

I was hardly prepared for the change in my old friend. Every noble trace had been obliterated, and the expression of vice had given place to one of a fiend. Such hardened features I have never seen in any other man. He seemed very glad to see me, and spoke of our childhood days and how we had drifted apart. Among other things, he said that he had voluntarily given his soul to the devil, and I verily believed it from the bottom of my heart. I soon found out that he was suffering from pneumonia contracted through exposure.

During his illness he never mentioned the name of Miss C——. The struggle was short and decisive, for he was too much shattered and broken down to stand the fierce assault of the dreadful disease. On the seventh night after he had been taken, I was sitting alone watching the last ebb of life steadily flowing from his body. It was excessively warm and all the doors and windows were open. The stillness of the night was only broken by the distant note of a cooing dove, the occasional baying of a dog, or the moaning of the wind through the pines. A

lonely owl, the restless prowler of the night, flopped heavily by the open window. In the stillness a train of thought trooped through my mind of wasted opportunities, of regrets too late and the gnawing remorse for a misspent life. Herbert Jones had suffered hell on earth, yet at the bar of God he would say again, "I gave my soul voluntarily to the devil." These thoughts gave place to the sound of the melodious voice of a belated negro in the distance, singing:

"Way down upon de Suwanee Ribber,
Far, far away;
Dar's where me heart is turning ebber,
Dar's where de ole folks stay."

Then dying away in the distance:

"All dis world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh, darkey, how me heart grows aweary,
Far from de ole folks at home."

Stillness was settling again, when a sound from the bed attracted my attention. On looking around, I saw Herbert sitting up with a frightened expression, and his eyes rolling in horror. Then shrieking "It's lost! my God, it's lost!" he fell back, frantically clutching the air. I hastily jumped up to feel his pulse, fearing that at last the slender, feeble chord of life had snapped, but my attention was arrested by seeing something—it might have been a bird—fluttering around and around the room. Silently and swiftly it flew in a smaller and smaller circle, getting nearer and nearer the floor. At last it dropped—it might have been from exhaustion—right in front of a hideous looking snake which had been unobserved by me until now. Fixing its deadly fangs in its victim, it glided silently and swiftly through the open door. Then came a quivering, tremulous note, oh, Heavens! such a weird, uncanny note as I hope I may never hear again,—the cry of a lost soul wailing in the stillness, "Lost! lost! lost!" The voice

grew fainter and fainter until it was wafted through the open window mingled with the plaintive note of the whip-poorwill, still with the refrain "Lost! lost!"

I came to my senses by hearing the cheery voice of a resident physician saying, "Come, Clark, you are not going to let a screech owl frighten you?"

It may be that the snake was the same one which I had tried to kill that afternoon. It may be that it was a sparrow which had flown through the open window. It may be that it was a screech owl in the distance. But then, again, it may be none of these. Ah! how it makes me shudder to think of this other possibility.

W. H. ANDERSON.

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## WILLIAM J. YATES.

William J. Yates was born in Fayetteville, N. C., August 8, 1827. His father was an invalid, and was what was known in those days as a "wheel-wright." His mother was a member of the M. E. Church for seventy-two years, and she neglected none of the training that her son ought to have. The grandparents of Mr. Yates were English and Welsh, having come direct from Great Britain to this country. From boyhood he was thrown upon his own resources, and gladly assisted in the support of his mother and the younger children. Early in life he showed great devotion and tenderness to his mother, and this feeling was kept up through life, for after he left his old home he made his annual pilgrimage to Fayetteville to see her. He would make any sacrifice for her happiness, and a portion of his first earnings were spent in purchasing a house and lot for her.

Mr. Yates' first permanent employment was in the printing office of the *North Carolinian*, a paper published in his own town, where he served as an apprentice for about seven years. At the end of this time he became a

"journeyman printer" in the same office, receiving a few dollars per week for his labor. This enabled him to lay by a little money to be invested in something at a suitable time. The struggles of Mr. Yates' early life for an education are among the most conspicuous in the annals of the State. He was educating himself, and he had not the advantages of a college or university training, yet he was very eager to appropriate every idea that would benefit him in after life. He seems to have known in early life what his mission was, and therefore he began it with great earnestness and anxiety.

As a printer and journalist he was trained in the old school, which embraced such men as the able and celebrated E. J. Hale, editor of the *Fayetteville Observer*, and R. K. Bryan, editor of the *North Carolinian*, both of whom were the soul of honor and of exceptional ability. These men were in active life while Mr. Yates was young and ambitious, and many were the valuable lessons he learned when he came in touch with them. Besides, they were in great sympathy with the young man, and encouraged him in his chosen field. His labor was not to go unrewarded, and at the age of twenty-seven he purchased the *North Carolinian*, and published it for a time. This step seemed to broaden him, and from that date he became one of the best thinkers in the State. The question as to what to do in an emergency never troubled him for a moment. He could weigh all the advantages and disadvantages of a proposed measure instantly, and with marvellous precision. This caused him to become a leader of opinion, and he was consulted frequently, both in private and public matters. His sound judgment and his strong moral character made him a safe adviser. "He was religious by nature and training, and his moral principle was granite."

The personal characteristics of Mr. Yates are especially striking. He abhorred any semblance of external show or anything that savored of vanity or egotism. These qual-

ities were odious to him, and when met in a man always produced a look of disgust in his face. Those who knew him intimately say that a poor person never appealed to him in vain. He would give the last penny he had to one who actually needed it.

His foresight was phenomenal, especially in politics, where he seldom made a mistake as to men or measures. It is related of him that his judgment in matters of politics was so much sought after that the question, "What does Mr. Yates say?" was asked on every hand. People looked to him for the solution of questions which they could not decide at once for themselves. Breaking a promise was something that was utterly unknown to Mr. Yates. No matter how little the promise might involve, he would not break it. He was also very kind to young men. He never tired in his attentions to young men in that line of business which was his life vocation.

Mr. Yates was once asked the secret of his success, and he very readily replied, "that it was owing to his individual efforts (blessed by a kind Providence), close attention to business, complying strictly with every promise made, studying hard, working hard, the use of the proper economy, and never engaging in but one business at a time: that of publishing a newspaper." And that *was* unquestionably the secret of his success. He never neglected any duty, never tried to do but one thing at a time, and never gave up a task till it was finished, though he was often forced to work till eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

Mr. Yates' love for the "Old North State" was akin to idolatry. He loved the masses, and may be called a man of the common people. With a wonderful rapidity he surveyed the various institutions of the State, saw their greatest needs, and proposed remedies for their deficiencies. He loved everything that tended toward the development of our resources, and he was never better pleased than when some movement was inaugurated for the uplift-

ing of his fellow-men. He always attended the State Fair, believing it his duty to advocate every measure that might promote the best interests of North Carolina. Nothing that appealed to the philanthropist or the patriot failed to appeal to him. He had great State pride, and always felt that there was something great in the people of his own State. He reviewed the internal improvements of the State with a keen interest. He was always their strong advocate and promoter, and never failed to take a firm stand on every issue that involved the welfare of the citizens of North Carolina. Some one has said: "He was the best exemplar of home institutions and home rule we have ever known. For a man of his strong feelings and positiveness, he was the most conservative writer and adviser we have ever seen."

The State of North Carolina owes Mr. Yates an inestimable debt for the fight he made for education. He was one of the pioneers in the cause of the common schools of the State. He realized that in education there is power, and he registered his vow to disseminate the truth throughout the State. A higher type of citizenship was the burden of his heart, and he thought that this could best be secured by a system of good public schools. He was ahead of his contemporaries in his ideas of education, and we are just beginning to realize what he stood for in this field.

Mr. Yates was an earnest and consistent Democrat, having voted the straight ticket at every election; yet he never failed to criticise severely any wrongs in his own party. His strict loyalty did not make him blind to faults that needed correction, and his liberal views did not cause him to ignore a good measure in the Republican party. His partisanship never made him offensive.

In the fall of 1856 he sold his paper in Fayetteville and moved to Charlotte, N. C., and took charge of the *Democrat*, which paper he conducted till his death. Mr. Yates' strict business principles are best seen in his management

of this paper. He published it for about thirty-two years, and during that time it never came out as a half-sheet on more than one or two occasions, and this would not have occurred, probably, had it not been for a destructive fire and the collapse of an adjoining building, which made it necessary for him to vacate his office. He had lofty ideas about journalism, believing that his greatest service to the State would be the publication of a clean newspaper. Not a single time did he debase it for any notoriety, his good judgment and modesty would not allow anything in its columns that would reflect upon the dignity of the distinguished editor. Through its columns he reachea the people of the State as few editors have ever done. Back of every editorial was unchallenged sincerity and allegiance to every good cause, so his paper could not fail to have great weight and influence where it circulated. His was one of the few permanent newspaper successes in North Carolina.

Mr. Yates' influence in politics was felt throughout the State. This was, doubtless, due to his remarkable foresight and the readiness with which he solved problems that demanded immediate attention. His love for politics never made him an office-seeker, but on the other hand, the office frequently sought him. During the earlier days of his life, official honors were repeatedly offered to him, but in every case he declined, believing that he could serve the State better in journalism than in office. Non-partisan offices were the only offices he would consent to fill. He stands out in bold relief as the typical citizen of North Carolina who cared nothing for the little offices that almost craze the minds of the politicians of to-day. Patriotism and love of state, not love of office and money, were the great principles that actuated him to service. He was broader than any political party, he was even broader than the State he served. His great popularity and influence led him to be chosen a member of the Council of State during a portion of Governor Ellis' administration in 1859

and '60. He also held the directorships in two railroads while they were being built, the Carolina Central and the Charlotte Air Line. In addition to these positions of trust, he served on what was known at the time as the "Literary Board" of the State, which board had the power to distribute the money set apart for the public schools before the war. Mr. Yates was also chosen a Trustee of the State University, which place he filled for a few years.

To show further that he touched the interests of the State in other respects, it is necessary to mention his appointments by the Executive of the State at different times. Reposing special trust and confidence in his integrity, the Governor, Thomas Bragg, in the year 1856, appointed him a delegate to the Southern Commercial Convention which met at Savannah, Georgia, in December of that year. In 1880 Governor Jarvis appointed Mr. Yates on a committee from this state to meet similar committees from Virginia, Tennessee, and South Carolina, to make arrangements for the celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain, which was to take place in October. Seven years later Governor Scales appointed him as a delegate to the Southern Forestry Convention which met at Huntsville, Alabama. Other minor appointments were made, but the above are sufficient to show what his attitude was toward every interest of the State.

The labors of this noble son of North Carolina for the insane have endeared him to every citizen. When the Insane Asylum at Morganton first threw open its doors, he was elected director, and he entered the service with all the earnestness of his soul, visiting the institution each month during his connection with its management. A very pleasant incident is told of him while he was director. His frequent visits made him so popular with the demented inmates that it became necessary for him to go through the asylum in disguise, in order to avoid the numerous kisses and embraces with which they saluted him. This did not

secure immunity for him for any length of time, for they soon learned again who he was and the trick he was playing on them. No labor in which Mr. Yates ever engaged afforded him more pleasure than this labor for the unfortunates of the State. The directorship was an office which he really cherished. At his death the Board of Directors drew up resolutions of respect, an extract of which will show in what high esteem he was held: "To his wisdom, sagacity, and devotion is due, in large part, the efficiency with which the institution is to-day fulfilling its humane mission."

The best testimonials of the worth of this distinguished man to our State are to be found in the expressions of regret that followed the consolidation of the *Democrat* with the *Southern Home*, a paper published by Mr. J. P. Strong. The paper resulting from the consolidation about October, 1881, was known as the *Charlotte Home and Democrat*, but Mr. Yates continued his connection with the paper, keeping up that great reputation he had for writing sensible and interesting articles. The *Fayetteville Examiner*, commenting on the consolidation of the papers, said of Mr. Yates: "His strong sense, independent judgment, and honest expression of opinion have obtained for him a high position among the journalists of the State, and secured great influence for the journal which he has for twenty-odd years conducted." The *Raleigh Biblical Recorder* said of him: "His paper has been a great favorite in this office. We liked his sensible and independent way of putting things." The *Charlotte Observer* paid Mr. Yates a high compliment in the following extract: "The *Charlotte Democrat*, under his management for nearly thirty years, has taken hold of the confidence of the people to an almost unprecedented extent. Conscientiousness has been its distinguishing feature and Mr. Yates' claim to that virtue in his valedictory is founded in obvious justice." For fear our testimonials become tedious, we shall desist from

citing any more in this connection. Suffice it to say, that the newspaper fraternity from one end of North Carolina to the other, spoke in terms of great praise for the veteran editor of the *Democrat*. He was regarded by them all as one of the best newspaper men in the State. Men of both political faiths were sorry for him to give up his own paper, but his good judgment told him it was the thing for him to do.

After Mr. Yates moved to Charlotte he became identified with the people, and his name was loved in every household. He was a leading spirit in every movement that meant the upbuilding of the town in which he lived. Business men, doctors, lawyers, and bankers respected his intellect, for he was able to grapple with the profoundest problems of society. Dr. Jno. H. McAden said of him: "He conducted the best weekly paper in the South, and made a continuous success as an editor." Mr. H. C. Eccles, a citizen of Charlotte, paid him the following tribute: "He was a good and valuable citizen, and his place in this community will be hard to fill. He will be missed as few men are."

Mr. Yates' phenomenal success as an editor should be an encouragement to the newspaper men of North Carolina. In his life is an example of consistency, honesty, and morality unsurpassed by few men that the State has produced. His one great aim was service, and in the service of his fellow-men he died. His death occurred October 25, 1888, after having spent that day in his office writing for his paper. The subscribers to his paper read the articles written by him the day before his death, while the brain that inspired them was deadened to all earthly things. His death was, indeed, lamentable, and in his demise the State lost a venerable citizen, a celebrated journalist, and his wife a devoted husband. No more loyal man could be found. He was faithful to every duty that devolved upon him. His sincerity and allegiance were proverbial. "He

was an ideal elder brother." His hopes were concentrated in his brother, E. A. Yates, and him he encouraged and helped to educate, thus preparing him for that great sphere of usefulness which he fills to-day as a member of the North Carolina Conference. The inspiration from such a life as that of William J. Yates should be sufficient to show the editors of North Carolina that there is a great work for them. He has placed before them ideals lofty and pure. May they all be as faithful to their fellow-men as he was. If they will follow the lines marked out by him, there need never be any fear for North Carolina's journalism.

ZEB. F. CURTIS.

NOTE.—The material for this paper is taken from old papers and clippings belonging to the various members of Mr. Yates' family. Z. F. C.

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## THE FATE OF MELVIN.

In the southern part of North Carolina, situated on Lumber River, is the quiet old town of Lumberton. As the name signifies, its early inhabitants were engaged in the lumber trade, but that was before the country was so thickly settled and before the forest had been cleared away. The incident which I wish to relate occurred about twenty-five years before the Civil War.

The sultry, withering heat of summer was gone. The trees, only a short time before so green and magnificent in this foliage, were bare, save where a few leaves, old and brown, clung to the limb on which they had grown with tenacity. Yes, those leaves, which had grown so lustily in spring and rustled in the soft breezes all summer, had, at the approach of fall, been blown from their places on the trees and had fallen on the street and in the yards, and now lay crackling uuder your feet as you walked along the sidewalk of that quiet old town.

On a site overlooking the river was a large brick edifice. It looked very old and must have been built in the first part

of the century. Its moss-covered roof and weather-beaten appearance betokened its age. Despite the antique appearance of the house, the lawn surrounding it was beautiful. The various occupants had shown untiring zeal in keeping the numerous and well curved walks in good condition. The evergreens were always in the best of shapes and exhibited signs of careful training. Here lived Sheriff Leverson. At the time when this story opens he was old and decrepit. The doctor had been a frequent visitor at his residence. One bright morning in October, when the family were in the sick room, the old man said in an audible and distinct voice, "Melvin, my son, approach the bed that I may speak with you."

The young man spoken to was a little above the medium height, well proportioned, and withal he was a fine specimen of physical manhood. His shoulders were broad, chest deep, hands regular and not too large. His complexion was rather fair but had been browned by careless exposure. A sadness was expressed in his countenance; it would otherwise have been expressive of youth. When spoken to he approached the bed and stood by it to hear what his father had to say.

"My time on earth is nearly up," continued the old man, "and it now devolves upon you to take up the business where I leave it off. I have made my will, which you will read after I am dead. You must assume control, look after your mother and sisters, and attend to affais in general. You can easily have it arranged by the authorities for you to fill my place as sheriff and may you ever conduct yourself so as to appear worthy and honorable in the sight of God and man."

When he had finished he passed peacefully away, and the young man, in the ardor and bloom of early manhood, stepped into the world in his father's place to perform a father's dying request, little dreaming of the fate that awaited him.

In the daily routine of the office there was nothing remarkable during the fall and early part of the winter, and Melvin often spent the evenings at home in delightful conversation

with his younger brother and sisters. But it must not be understood that he spent all his spare time at home. There was another home on the corner of a quiet street, over which the giant oaks spread their limbs as if to protect it from any imaginary evil. Flitting about among the limbs, the birds in summer continually chirped and twittered, but now that the birds had deserted, there was a stillness about the place amounting almost to solitude. In such a home lived Edith Dane with her parents. Her father was a retired merchant who was loved and respected by all who knew him. Edith was tall and graceful, with a wealth of light, curly hair and deep blue eyes. The young man's horse was frequently seen at the gate impatiently stamping and champing the bit, while the master was within with Edith, nor heeding the moments as they sped by.

The people in and around Lumberton were good, law abiding citizens and had had nothing to arouse them from the "even tenor of their way" since the days of Henry Berry Lowry. The jail was without an occupant and seemed a relic of barbarous times rather than a necessity now. Everything was in too happy a state to last long. The calm is only the precursor of the storm. There was a rumor afloat that two desperate characters were in the northern part of the county. The report came that they were negroes, well armed and committing depredations in that neighborhood. Bill and Leek Fields were desperadoes. Their scarred faces, evil looking eyes, haughty, insulting manner, swarthy complexion, catlike movements gave little evidence of their being peaceful men. They entered people's houses and took such things as pleased them. The farmers commenced missing hogs from the pen and cows from the pasture. However, they had become so accustomed to their quiet life that they were averse to getting up excitement and little was done to recover the stolen property. A few hogs and cows had disappeared, when everything became quiet again. Christmas eve was upon us and the town seemed to wake up and was doing justice to the occa-

sion. Merry shouts of happy boys were heard on evey hand. After twelve o'clock all fire works had ceased and the din of the crowd had died away.

Christmas morning early Mr. Robertson was startled to find that his best horse, a black thoroughbred, was missing. In a short while all Lumberton was astir. An hour later Mr. Mantly, a well-to-do farmer, came into town saying his gray horse was stolen by those negroes. It seems that during the night he heard a commotion amongst his horses and he got up to see what it was. He was just in time to see Leek Fields ride off on his gray horse with Bill at his side on a black one. The two men determined to regain possession of their horses and and punish the thieves.

Sheriff Leverston, on whose lip the down had hardly yet appeared, started in persuit. He searched the country over and over. Descriptions of the animals were sent to different places in the State, but Bill and Leek Fields were not to be found. They knew their business and had the situation well in hand. After a few weeks, active pursuit was left off, but a close watch was kept to learn if anything had been seen or heard of the horses. Not a report came from any source. It had about ceased to be the prevailing topic of conversation. February was half gone and monotony reigned supreme in the town.

On February twentieth, Mr. Wilton's two little girls, Mamie and Lola, had gone out into the country to visit some playmates. Going into the country, though not far, was a privilege rarely accorded them and they determined to make the best of it. When they arrived, their young friends ran out to meet them and they were soon enjoying each other's company as only ceildren do. They never thought of time—in fact, where is a child of twelve or fourteen who does think of time? The sun was setting when they started home and and they had two miles to go. They went tripping along at a merry pace until they came to a swamp a half-mile from home. The swamp was very thick and gloomy, the over-

hanging boughs sweeping completely across the road and when leaves were on them they made a screen through which the sun never shone. In the hazy light the road through looked very dismal. A tremor went over the girls as they neared the wood, but they walked boldly on, Mamie holding Lola by the hand. When they had gotten well in they were assaulted by the negroes who were in hiding there.

When the good people of Lumberton heard of this, as they soon did, their wrath knew no bounds. A posse of men was soon scouring the country in every direction. Melvin was up all night and all the next day, but the best he could do was to find occasional traces of them. The night of the twenty-first he snatched a little sleep and early the next day set out, with only two companions, for a large swamp about four miles away. When near the swamp they found a negro man, who, when he saw a pistol gleam just in front of his breast, hastily confessed that the negroes had entered the swamp the night before. The three men rode on to the verge of the woods and there separated. One went to the left, the other to the right, and Melvin kept on in the same direction. By the merest good fortune he saw Bill standing by a large tree with his back toward him, and before he was aware that a sheriff was within five miles of the spot, Melvin was by his side with his pistol drawn. At his order, Bill dropped the gun he had in his hands, still holding the muzze of the barrel, so that the gun stood straight up resting on the ground. Dismounting, Melvin said, "I have a warrant for you," and commenced to read it. Now, Leek was only about thirty yards off, and seeing that Bill was fairly caught, he shot at the sheriff with his rifle. The ball took effect in his left side and he threw up his hands; as he did so, Bill struck him over the head with his gun, crushing the skull. Melvin lay dead. His horse ran away when it heard the report of the gun. A little later his body was found by his comrades.

The news of the murder flew from mouth to mouth and in less than six hours all the country for miles around was in

arms making search. The people's rage was ungovernable. The more they searched for the desperadoes the more they became enraged. About sunset that day—the twenty-second—the negroes were found and carried to the spot where they had killed the sheriff. They were told to pray and be quick about it. When they had made a little sing-song prayer they cofessed their crimes. They were fastened to a tree and, when Melvin's brother, Rand, had fired the first shot, were riddled with bullets.

Melvin was buried next day with Edith's ring on his finger. Her heart was in his coffin.

When the twenty-second of February is mentioned to a certain old man in Lumberton he is always seen to shudder and dismiss the subject, but he is very proud of his two sons, Rand and Melvin, who have the same light, curly hair as their mother.

E. C. McCALL (1900).

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IT IS gratifying to THE ARCHIVE to see the growing interest that the lower classmen are taking in literary work. Some of them are taking advantage of their opportunity and are submitting articles for the magazine. Those who take sufficient pains do good work, and others might do as well if they would only try. There is some good material in the Freshman class and we are glad to see some of the Freshmen manifesting their worth. It is hoped that there will be a general waking up and that a greater number of articles will be handed in by all classes.

If you have anything that may be worthy of publication, do not consider it a breach of modesty to submit your production.

THROUGH the liberality of Mr. B. N. Duke, Trinity has recently been the recipient of valuable and much needed apparatus for the Physical Laboratory. Mr. Duke has purchased and given to the college the latest and most improved X-ray apparatus. The Faculty and students highly appreciate the gift. Mr. Duke has by this beneficence greatly helped the college as he has done many times before.

WORK on the grounds is going steadily on and what is being done bids fair to wonderfully transform the appearance of the campus. We hope that the fountain which has been spoken of for the plot in front of the Washington Duke Building will soon be playing. It would add a great deal to the appearance of the grounds.

AS THE first of our series of games draws nigh everybody is anxious to know just what the prospects are for a successful season. We are glad to say that the future seems bright and that the students have good reason to be proud of their team.

Under the efficient direction of our captain the players have made great improvement, and we cannot stress too much the value of his efforts to maintain the high standard of practice which has been begun. Let every player be on the field promptly at the appointed time and put forth his very best effort during the entire period of practice.

As to whether or not the team shall be a success from now on depends to a great extent upon the student-body. The spirit in which the students and Faculty contributed to the financial support of the team is worthy of the highest praise, but money alone cannot make a team. We must have your sympathy and encouragement, for nothing can put more life into the players than to know that the students are with them and expect great things from them. We are glad to note that quite a good number of the students and Faculty are on the ground in the afternoon to watch the practice, and hope they will continue to come out. It makes the boys put forth a greater effort to see the students taking interest in them.

Quite a number of games will be played here before the season closes and we expect the students to a man to patronize the games. It is the only way to come out on the large guarantees necessary to secure some of the games. We expect to play a "clean," gentlemanly game in every particular, or none at all. Then let us have the support of every man on the Park and we need have no fears for the future.

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WHILE the college is growing so rapidly in other respects, something should be done in the way of facilitating physical exercise. We are badly in need of a gymnasium. It is a necessity which cannot be neglected if the college is true to itself. The bodily and mental health of the students is at

stake. A good gymnasium could be established without any great cost, and it would be wise to spend a small sum of money for this purpose even at the expense of other improvements. Quite a sum is each year invested in books for the library; but important as it is that the library be built up, we believe that just at present a gymnasium is a greater need than new books and that it would be well to spend part of the money that usually goes to the library in equipping one, if the object can be accomplished in no other way.

Trinity is surely behind in this respect and no time should be lost nor efforts spared in bringing this feature of the college up to a consistent standard.

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THE observance of Arbor Day is a beautiful custom under any circumstances, but it is especially appropriate for a college. The grounds and trees of his *alma mater* are always dear to a student. But for Trinity to set apart a day for planting trees, a day when all else was laid aside and the whole college community turned their attention toward beautifying the campus, was more than ordinarily needful and proper: the grounds are broad in area, and many portions of them were not clothed with groves. The trees which had been sent in such great variety and numbers from many sections of the State were planted, and our campus will no longer have the bald appearance that has heretofore characterized portions of it. The prompt and liberal response of the people of the State to the call for trees shows that Trinity's friends are numerous and that they are deeply interested in her.

The appropriate exercises in the chapel before the planting commenced gave all a higher appreciation of the significance and beauty of the custom, and after this fitting prelude all, with an intense feeling of patriotism for their college, set about planting the trees.

The ceremonies in connection with the setting out of the Founder's tree were impressive. Those who are to-day enjoy-

ing the fruits of the long and arduous labors of the great Braxton Craven were made to feel as never before the nobleness and grandeur of this man's life. It was fitting that this tree should be a water oak, an evergreen. Dr. Kilgo's eulogy placed Trinity's founder among the leading southern educators, and the joining of the old to the new by our President and Professor Pegram—the latter being the only one present who had ever seen Dr. Craven—by shaking hands over the spot where the Founder's tree was to be planted was a very touching scene.

As was appropriate, trees were planted in honor of those who have so generously helped in the advancement of the college by their wealth, of all her presidents, and of distinguished alumni.

When these trees have grown a few years it will be difficult to find more beautiful college grounds anywhere. And as the campus becomes more beautiful the students' love for the college will increase. It will greatly help the inner-life of the institution.

March 2, 1897, is a bright day in the history of Trinity. The occurrences of that day bound the life of many a one nearer to his college, and caused him to regard more sacred her traditions and the principles for which she stands.

# Wayside Wares.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

## LETAL LYEL LIT!

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin'
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old flag over 'ead.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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We have heard it yelled at midnight, we have heard it yelled at noon;
We have heard it 'neath the red-nosed sun and 'neath the pale-eyed moon;
We have heard it when our spirits fell, and when our glad hearts rose;—
Give ear all who would hear it now, for this is how it goes:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hip! Whoop! Hee!
Phiz! Boom! Tiger!
Hip Hurrah!
Hip Hurrah!
Trin—i—tee.

When we feel the stings of madness, then we yell our souls to rest;
Tho' in sadness or in gladness, still we yell it with a zest;
If we win or meet a force too strong, of course
We yell our voices hoarse, and we yell our very best—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hip! Whoop! Hee!
Phiz! Boom! Tiger!
Hip Hurrah!
Hip Hurrah!
Trin—i—tee.

I have stood beside the seashore and yelled it to the waves;
I've made its notes reverberate through Alleghany's caves;
I've carved it on the pine-trees along the eastern slope,
And I've writ it on the rock that tops Grandfather's cloudy cope—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hip! Whoop! Hee!
Phiz! Boom! Tiger!
Hiphurrah! Hiphurrah!
Trinity!!!

If ever I this whirling ball do circumnavigate,
I'll carve it on the pyramids and o'er the Golden Gate;
And I'll write it on the Chinese Wall, and in Calcutta's Hole;
I'll burn it in Caucasian snows and round the Northern Pole;—
I'll sing it to the Vocal Gods, if e'er I chance to see 'em;
And on Mar's Hill I'll carve these words, and in the Collosseum:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hip! Whoop! Hee!
Phiz! Boom! Tiger!
Hiphurrah!
Hiphurrah!
Trinity!

MELVILLE PRESTON TROY.

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## A REVERIE.

There are moments in the college life of every man, and especially in the last part of it, which are strangely linked with the past. The dim shadows of the life, in which you feel that you are soon to take part, thrust themselves in upon you in your quiet moments and you have a dim longing to revisit in your fancy the scenes of early boyhood, and of the old home life. As you sit by your window, on some warm spring night, and feel the pleasant breeze upon your face, bringing whispers of spring and of the new life forces at work around you, and gaze out into the dreamy moonlight, your eyes rest, perhaps, upon the city in the distance, with the electric lights glittering here and there like huge stars casting a quiet halo of light over the now quiet metropolis, and as you think of the rush and hurry of its daily life, the mighty movements of commerce and trade, the ambitions, the heart breakings and the sorrow, the joy, and the gladness, which go to make the life of a great city, you wonder what it is all about, and what part you are to take in that strange medley of defeats and triumphs which men call life. You see here and there a tall steeple rising above the surrounding buildings, and it almost appears, in the shadowy night, to point upward, as if there was something above all this mad rush for worldly

wealth and power. You think about the quiet pastor, and of his sermons on the necessity of saving the souls of men and of the few who are faithful to the ideas which he promulgates. You wonder if those few are ever going to save the great multitude, which rushes on, careless and heedless of church and churchmen.

And you wonder if all that story is true about the utter depravity of man, his fall in the garden six thousand years ago, and his sudden and complete redemption, by some supernatural force, from a state of sin into a state of righteousness. Perhaps, after all, man is not all bad and redemption is accomplished by slow evolution of the individual and of society, and the church is the greatest factor in that "Labor working to an end," which is the *Christianizing* of the race. Turning from the city with its problems, your eyes rest upon the hills along the dim horizon and your fancy is away on a journey to the mountains.

On such a night as this you remember sitting alone on the top of some high peak of the Apalachians and looking out over a swimming sea of white vapor as it floats below you, the mountain peaks rising here and there add to the resemblance in their island-like appearance. The margin seems to fade away into the dim outlines of the sky and leaves an impression of vastness and infinity that borders upon eternity. At such a time the soul seems to stand in the very presence of its Creator and its thoughts bear the impress of sublimity. Such scenes and the feelings of awe and wonder which they inspire are never forgotten.

But the scene changes and you are crossing the high crest of the Blue Ridge. It is noon and the sun shines clear and bright around you, while a few miles away to the west hangs a dark storm-cloud. You can see the heavy streaks of rain and the play of the lightning in and out among the dark cloud-masses, and watch the storm as it

advances along the valley beneath you. You are literally above the clouds and have witnessed a storm from above instead of below it. The mountain peaks and ridges stretch away in a confused jumble until they fade into the dim blue of the horizon.

You descend and continue your journey across the hills toward home. Just before sunset on that clear June evening you cross the last ridge which shuts out the view of the valley in which your early years were spent, and pause to take in the beautiful scene. The narrow valley in front and to the left a huge, shapeless mountain peak, which is now casting a dark shadow back across the valley—that shadow seems to have cast a sombre hue upon all your life—seem to contrast nature's way of doing things. A clear, swift stream glides along between the banks of willow and alder. On each side are fields of young corn, of grass, and of oats. Along the hills are fields of wheat almost yellow with the harvest and the green pasture lands where the cattle and sheep are grazing peacefully. You notice a group of lambs as they chase each other around a little knoll and think, as you watch their antics, how free and innocent their lives must be. Just across the valley from you is the old farm house and the out-buildings. There is the old barn where you hunted eggs, scared the cows and worried the pigs in your boyhood days, and there too is the old cellar where you went so often to get apples, and beyond that the orchard, whose every tree you once knew by name and place. The grapevines are still climbing around the eaves of the old home and your mother's flowers are blooming in their neat beds. As you approach the house you look around over the fields and meadows, and muse upon the many days of hard work you have done there in days gone by. You reach the house and father and mother greet you in their quiet, earnest way, and you sit down together on the steps and talk—about the crops and the cattle, and your mother tells you about the garden

and about the flowers until the supper bell rings. After supper—not tea, they have supper in such homes—you talk of many things and at the usual bed time for those healthy old people you go upstairs to your own room, the den of boyhood days, and find everything just as it used to be, even your own narrow cot has the cover turned down as of old, and you sink among the soft feathers with a sigh of rest and contentment almost as peaceful as when you went to bed after an all day hunt, before you knew what it was to have an aching heart and a throbbing brain. By and by you are dreaming and in the village not far away appears another picture floating indistinctly before you at first, but as it gets clearer a pair of earnest blue eyes are gazing into your own, when some one gives you a mighty shake and a gruff voice calls out, "Wake up! it is time to go to bed." You arouse yonrself with a grunt and open your eyes to find yourself not at home in your own little cot, but sitting by the open window of your room at college and your chum still shaking your chair until he forces you out of it. You rise and look out over the city, and as you stretch your arms and yawn, you remark to Tom, "I believe I've been dreaming about home."

# Literary Notes.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

All history, literary as well as social, is a series of actions and re-actions. Ten years ago historians were absorbed in the study of the minor facts and details of their work. Today the re-action against this specializing tendency is well illustrated in the *Cambridge Modern History*, which is to appear in twelve volumes under the general editorship of Lord Acton. The purpose of the work is thus expressed in the prospectus: "The annals of the nations will be exposed at their point of junction with the central stream, where they cease to be inert, and carry tribute to the common fortune of mankind." Events will be recorded "in the natural order of cause and effect, not in the merely outward order of place and time," and special attention will be given to the progress of the present century, "since the opening of archives has quickened the pace, and history has risen to be a sovereign and progressive science serving no cause but its own." Such a work, a survey of the world's history, which begins with the Renaissance, extends through the epoch of discovery, the struggle of the Reformation, the commercial wars, traces the overthrow of dynasties and progress of revolution, keeping in sight the trend of thought from the feudal conceptions of right and wrong, through the anarchy of the French Revolution to the modern Utopias, promises to be a literary monument the most remarkable of modern times. That each part may be completely authoritative, the best students of the two continents will contribute. Among them are: Dr. Bryce, Principal Fairbairn, Frederick Harrison, R. H. Hutton, Prof. Jebb, Mr. Lecky, John Morley, and Prof. Prothero. Here lies the supreme difficulty of the

book. The opinions of these men are the very best on the subjects assigned them, but these opinions must be harmonized. The object of the work is to exhibit the forces of today "in their origin and progress and substance." For this to be done clearly and profitably, the most acute editorial discrimination must be exercised, all conflicting conceptions must be eliminated, only the best accepted, and the whole harmonized like the work of one man. If Lord Acton succeeds in this, the new history will indeed be "a monument of literature and learning." If not, we will have a series of brilliant symposia on the progress of five centuries by the best trained and most cultured scholars of our time.

England's Laureate, Alfred Austin, has made a new venture as his country's national singer. "The Conversion of Winckelmann" is the name of his latest volume, taking its title from the principal poem. Winckelmann was a German who lived in the last century, was of humble parentage, but gained an education by great personal effort. Unlike his contemporaries, Philosophy had no attractions for him, and in order to secure a position as librarian to a cardinal, he renounced his Protestant faith and entered the Catholic church. He was very successful in his chosen work, and became the founder of modern scientific archeology. He was finally murdered through the assassin's cupidity for some rare coins of Winckelmann. This story Mr. Austin has taken and, with a poet's imagination, has idealized, representing the scholar's life as a struggle for the mastery of two conflicting ideals, the religious and the ethical. Especial emphasis is laid upon Winckelmann's heart-searchings after his conversion. But there is no evidence that his conscience was seriously affected by his change of faith, so the poem is only another example of the use of "poetic license."

But the most important point about the work is the style.

The critics have dubbed Mr. Austin "Alfred the Little" in contrast to "Alfred the Great," his predecessor in the Laureateship, whose poetical tenets he has too strictly followed. In the new poem, the author accepts Browning as his master, "deserting the lyre for the bass-viol." A London critic says: "The Poet Laureate has written it as a study in the school of Browning. In style it is something between 'Bishop Blougram's Apology' and 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb in St. Praxed's Church.' * * * We doubt whether it would ever have been written had not Browning set the example of those long, versified monologues in which men are supposed to delineate and betray themselves, and had not shown how to make such monologues effective. Still, it is a clever *tour de force*, though it has but a little of the special flavor of Mr. Browning's curt and very rough-shod genius." "A Florilegrium," "Another Spring Carol," and "In Praise of England," are other poems of this volume.

Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, better known by her nom-de-plume, the "Duchess," has recently died. Her first book, "Phyllis," was written before the author had left school, when she was only eighteen years of age. Like Mrs. Hemans, she was early compelled to write to secure means of support, and her books became so popular that she soon realized enough to place her family in good circumstances. But the bright prospects which surrounded her so soon in life were never realized. She has contributed nothing of permanent value to our literature and is known only as a writer of ephemeral novels. "Molly Bawn" and "Airy, Fairy Lilian" are her best known works. In all, she wrote thirty novels besides many contributions to magazine and periodical literature.

Mr. F. T. Palgrave, author of the "Golden Treasury," is preparing a volume on the history of landscape poetry

from the time of Homer to the present. The book is an enlargement of his lectures at Oxford. If this book equals the "Golden Treasury," it will doubtless be a valuable addition to literary criticism.

*McClure's Magazine* has two very interesting contributions. "St. Ives" is the last novel of Robert Louis Stevenson. The manuscript, as found among his papers, was not complete, but so nearly finished that the necessary parts have been added and the story promises to be one of the author's very best. Sydney Colvin is now preparing a biography of Stevenson.

The other article, distinctly American, is by W. D. Howells on Kipling's "Seven Seas," entitled, "The Laureate of Larger England." Mr. Howells says, "The keynote of his latest volume is a patriotism intense beyond anything expressed by the other English poets." This patriotism is not a love of "little England,

'Encompassed by the inviolate seas,'

but of the great England whose far-strewn empire feels its mystical unity in every latitude and longitude of the globe." Characteristic of the Yankee patriotism, Mr. Howells next traces the origin and source of this new inspiration to that long struggle of England with her thirteen American colonies. "It seems certain that if we had not taught England that sharp lesson of a hundred years ago in colonial government, there would be no such imperial England as we see today, and no such poet of the imperial English race to sing her grandeur as he who holds the first today among English poets." He then quotes "The American," one of Mr. Kipling's late poems, declaring that "The American spirit speaks here as if with the blended voices of Emerson and Ironquoill." On the whole, the article is written in adulation of the new poet, but some of the opinions expressed are likely erroneous, at least egotistical.

Dr. Watson's Scotch stories are being translated into French, some of them finding their way into the best Parisian magazines.

The Macmillan Company is publishing George Meredith's new book, *An Essay on omedy*. This work is a series of lectures delivered several years ago, but will doubtless find a secure foothold in current literature.

"The Pursuit of the House-Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs, the sequel to his "House-Boat on the Styx," is now appearing in *Harper's Weekly*.

D. Appleton announces a new book by a new author, *A Pinchback Goddess*, by Mrs. J. M. Fleming, a sister of Rudyard Kipling. The work is said to be a story of Indian life.

In his "London Letter" in the *Bookman*, Dr. Nicoll promises that some new and important data concerning Robert Burns will soon be brought to light. The third volume of the "Centenary Burns," edited by Henley and Henderson of England, is now ready. The examination of old MSS. has revealed some hitherto unknown facts regarding the poet's life. This may be the "news" at which Dr. Nicoll so mysteriously hints.

Prof. Max Mueller's "recollections" in *Cosmopolis*, the international magazine, not only express the author's opinions on many great literary characters, but also throw interesting and valuable side-lights on his own nature. He says of himself: "I am the son of a poet, and I have tried very hard all my life not to be a poet myself, if poet means a man who tries to make his thoughts dance gracefully in the chains of metre and rhyme. In my own very prosaic work I have had to suffer all my life from suppressed poetry, as one suffers from suppressed gout." He

pays the following tribute to Mr. Froude: "If I call Froude a poet it is because, as I explained before, I do not consider rhyme as essential to poetry. But for really poetical power, for power of description, of making the facts of history alive, of laying bare the deepest thoughts of men and the most mysterious feelings of women, there was no poet or historian of our age who came near him." The magazine has lately entered Russia and there may follow a special Russian edition.

# Editor's Table.

P. V. ANDERSON, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Table is glad to note such a marked improvement of the February exchanges over those of January. The true literary spirit seem to have taken hold of the various college periodicals and almost all of them now contain matter which is well worth reading. This progress in college journalism is indeed gratifying and shows what can be done when the students have once been aroused along this line. The college magazine is for the benefit of the student's and its success or failure depends on the interest which they take in it and the work they do for it.

The literary department of the *Hendrix Mirror* is not very well filled for the February issue.

The *Tennessee University Magazine* is one of the best which comes to the Table and the February number is especially good. The article on "Thackery's Personality" shows that the writer has read Thackery appreciatively and has come to love the man and his works. Thackery has always been to us as a personal friend and so vividly has he painted Col. Newcome, Pendennis, and others that we feel as if we have known them. Nothing is more pleasant to us than to take up one of Thackery's novels and spend an hour with the simple, kind hearted chatty old gentleman. His heart is overflowing with love for his fellow-man and he is truly a personality to the cultivated. We hope this article will stimulate some one to read his works and become acquainted with the man.

"Leigh Hunt's 'A Jar of Honey'" is well written and indeed shows that he had "a playful fancy," if he lacked

a "creative imaginative." The fiction for this issue is also good.

The *Wake Forest Student* for February is filled almost entirely with fiction most of which is very good indeed. The editorials are strong and thoughtful and treat of subjects which are engrossing the attention of thoughtful people to-day. There is rather a dearth of poetry in this issue.

Perhaps the best article in the *Tulane Collegian* is "The Development of the English Periodical. This is well written and shows a thorough familiarity with English literature.

Sturdy old *Yale Lit.* is before us, containing, as usual, excellent fiction. "The House of Rad" deserves especial mention. The story is almost as weird as those of Poe. We hope the writer will solve the problem which he left before us. The article "Lowell's Critical Essays" shows that Lowell's power is chiefly in his critical works.

The *ollege Message* of Greensboro presents quite a neat appearance and contains some excellent matter. The article "Washington as a Lover" shows that young gentleman to have passed through the usual number of disappointments which the gods have decreed shall befall man before their better half is given to them. We will not attempt to criticise "A Plea for Woman's Rights," for not knowing just what these rights may be we fear that we might say something which would not meet with the approbation of our "Greensboro cousins." We congratulate the editors of the *Message* on the excellence of their magazine.

"Hawthorne's Place in American Literature" is perhaps the best article in the *Central Collegian* for January. The

article on the Magna Charta is rather out of date it seems to us.

The *Columbian Monthly* is full of good matter. The article "Sherlock Holmes and His Literary Prototype" gives us quite an entertaining comparison between the works of Poe and those of Dr. A. Cannon Doyle. "My Narrow Escape" is also very interesting.

*Converse Concept* for February is very neatly gotten up and contains good matter. The reviews of "Sentimental Tommy" and "Kate Carnegie" are well written and the article on "Vittonia Collona" shows an appreciative study of the subject.

Perhaps the best article in the *Guilford Collegian* for February is the "Stranded Blockade Runner." This article treats of the blockade runner AD-Vance which played such an important part in the late war. This boat landed most of its cargoes at Wilmington and rendered invaluable service to the Confederates before the war closed. We are always glad to see North Carolina History written up and hope other North Carolina magazines will follow Guilford's example.

The *University of Texas Magazine* for February contains some very good fiction. The poetry for this issue is also good and the editorials are strong and well written.

The sketch "Uncle Moses" in *The Chisel* is quite interesting and the article "Two Scraps of History" is very valuable from an historical point of view. The department devoted to Current Topics is well filled and contains much of interest concerning the questions of the day.

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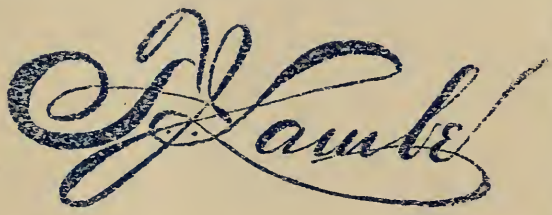


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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, APRIL, 1897.

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# Literary.

## MALADMINISTRATION OF THE POSTOFFICE DEPARTMENT.

"Go, my son," said the great Chancellor Oxenstiern to his son who was setting out on the grand tour of Europe, "go, and see with what little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed." It is true today as then and of Republics no less than Monarchies. We need not take time to refer to Carnegie and the iron armor matter as to which the government was shown to have paid $520 per ton for steel armor which the same establishment was furnishing at the same time to the Russian government laid down in Russia at $240 per ton. There are many similar incidents, though smaller perhaps in the amount of the frauds, to be found in other departments of the government. The object of this article, however, is not to expose frauds—it seems an endless and a bootless undertaking—but to point out some of the maladministration of that great department of the government which comes nearest the citizen and visits him more frequently than any other, the tax collector not excepted, and whose agents constantly go in and out among

us and whose tolls are a daily tax upon our pockets—the Postoffice Department.

The growth of this department is more phenomenal than that of the Republic itself. Starting with 75 postmasters and an annual expenditure of $37,000 under Washington, it had grown in 1886 so as to report 53,000 postmasters and $44,000,000 of expenditures and this with a constantly decreasing rate of charges which by that date had come down to three cents for the carriage of one-half ounce letters anywhere in the Republic. The ten years since 1886 have seen postage reduced to two cents for one ounce letters and the Postoffice Department increased to near 75,000 postmasters and $92,000,000 expenditures. What it will be even ten years hence if the proposed reduction to letter postage to one cent shall be made, and especially if telegraph or telephone offices shall be established by the government, with low rates, at every postoffice in the land, in town and country, no man can estimate.

In the main the subordinates of the postoffice do their work efficiently and honestly. There is no department or organization working a large force of men, scattered widely apart, which can show a smaller percentage of defalcations or of direlictions in duty. There is no complaint of the working staff, of the vast mass of men who do the drudgery and the labor of the great machine which is so material to the comfort and convenience of the public. If there had been shortcomings in them there would have been reform long since. Where the department immediately touches the people it is usually regular and irreproachable. Yet there are vast defects, criminal shortcomings which, stupendous in amount of losses caused, prevent betterments and ameliorations in the service rendered the public. It is of these, that this article wishes to treat.

The two gravest defects in the administration of the Postoffice Department are the enormous overcharges paid to the railway service amounting to fully $15,000,000 an-

nual loss to the Government, and the prevention by corporate influences of the adoption of the telegraph and telephone as a postoffice betterment and facility, although they have been adopted by the Postoffice Department in ninety-five per cent. of all the postoffices in the other civilized governments of the world.

And firstly, the overcharges paid the railways for mail service are such as to stagger belief. According to the Postmaster General's reports the government pays eight cents per pound for the transportation of mail matter in addition to paying rentals of the postal cars, while the express companies, who make large profits, are charged one cent per pound and less for the same service. And not only this, but while the average life of a postal car is twenty years, the Government pays on an average two hundred per cent. on the cost of a postal car as yearly rental, in addition to paying eight times the charge per pound paid by express companies for hauling the freight in the car.

To get down to details, Postmaster General Bissell's Report for 1894, page 53, and Wilson's for 1895, page 31, show that the average price for carrying the mail was eight cents per pound and this for an average distance of 448 miles. The Texas and Southern Pacific Railroad carries caps, boots, cassimeres and hardware for eight-tenths of a cent per pound, from New Orleans to San Francisco 2,500 miles, five times the average haul of the mail for which eight cents a pound is paid; i. e., the Government pays fifty times as much. On an investigation before the Inter-State Commerce Commission Geo. R. Blanchard testified that the express companies carried milk to New York, a distance of 396 miles, at a charge of one-sixth a cent per pound, returning the cans free, and that the distance could be increased to 1,000 miles and there would still be a profit at one-sixth of a cent, while the Government pays for transportation of mails over the same lines eight cents for

an average of 448 miles, besides for annual rental of the cars largely more than two hundred per cent. on their cost. Joseph H. Choate, who appeared for the railroads at the same investigation, testified that at a rate of one-third a cent per pound on forty quart cans of milk there would be a profit of two to three hundred per cent.

The amount paid the railroads for the rental of the postal cars is $3,600,000 annually, a sum more than enough to build outright nearly double the number of postal cars the Government has in use. There are 500 postal cars in use, costing $3,500 to $4,000 each. These the Government could build for less than $2,000,000, and the average life being twenty years, it follows that at the present rentals of $3,600,000 the Government is paying $72,000,000 for property it could acquire for less than $2,000,000. On the Pennsylvania Railroad the Government pays annually $6,327 per car for the rent of sixty-nine cars which could each be bought outright for less than half the money, thus over two hundred per cent. is paid by the Government as rental of postal cars which it should own. On the New York Central the Government does worse, and actually pays $8,500 each for annual rental of postal cars which can be bought for $3,500 or less, nearly two hundred and fifty per cent. interest. In this way $3,600,000 a year are spent for rentals, whereas if the Government would build the 500 cars at say $3,500 each, a full estimate, the outlay would be $1,750.000, being less than half the annual rental. Three per cent. interest on this sum would be only $52,500 per annum. The life of a car being twenty years, the annual depreciation would be $87,500, and the repairs added would not make the entire cost exceed $200,000, instead of the present $3,600,000.

Besides the annual $3,600,000 for rental of postal cars, the sum appropriated to railroads for hauling the mails is $29,000,000, an amount which many deem full $15,000,000 in excess of a fair and moderate charge. Not only this,

but it is in evidence that in the month set apart for the quadrennial weighing of the mails many railroads, if not all, are in the habit of shipping vast numbers of sacks of congressional mail, books and pamphlets to points on their lines, and then reshipping them again and again to swell the gross weight on which they are to receive pay for the next four years, and so common is the habit that when some were caught red-handed the excuse of their officers was "they all do it," and the department was not powerful enough to secure any punishment meted out to the confessed offenders.

So well known are these abuses that when Senator Butler offered an amendment to the Postal Appropriations bill that the Government should not pay for the annual rental of any postal car more than ten per cent. of its value (double pay, if the life of a postal car is twenty years), nor more for the transportation of mails than express companies pay per pound for like service, the Senators did not dare to go on record upon the motion, and protected themselves by refusing an "aye and no" vote upon it.

In the discussion in the Senate (February, 1897,) Senator Vilas, formerly Postmaster General, concurred in the substance of the above statements and the necessity of great reductions. He stated the rate for railway mail had been hurriedly tacked on to an appropriation bill in 1873, that the rate was exorbitant then, and though railroad charges generally had been reduced forty per cent., their charge to the Government, which was extravagant even in 1873, had not been reduced at all. Senator Gorman, who has never been suspected of being on unfriendly terms with great corporations, made the following frank statement: "I do not impute to the men who are in the Postoffice Department or those who preceded them, a want of ability or courage to act; but the fact is, Mr. President, that the great power of those corporations, who control everything, who are powerful enough to dictate policies and make and

unmake public men, is so omnipotent that no executive officer has been found in the last twelve years, except in the single instance and to the extent I have indicated, who has attempted to reduce the compensation for mail transportation."

Were the Government to build and own its own postal cars and merely pay the railroad companies for hauling them—as the millionaires have their private palace cars hauled—over $15,000,000 a year would be readily saved out of the present yearly expenditures of the postoffice. With this done, not only would there be no annual deficit as now, and not only could letter postage be reduced to one cent and postal cards to one-half cent, but even the postage on books and newspapers and pamphlets could probably be somewhat reduced. There could be no further attempt by a "Loud Bill" to stop the circulation of free-silver and anti-monopoly literature under the pretext of a necessity to increase postal rates to prevent a deficit. The way to prevent a deficit is for the Government to own its own postal cars and pay the railroads the same rates only for hauling them that others pay.

The second great defect in the postal service is that the swift mail service, the electric mail, is illegally turned over to private companies who operate it at "the highest figure the traffic will bear," and furnish offices only at the points which will pay handsomely, thus giving the smallest possible benefit to the great mass of the people and the largest possible profit to the multi-millionaires who have confiscated the lightning to their sole profit. This is done illegally, as the Constitution places the postoffice in the exclusive control of Congress, and no one but the Government has a right to operate this best part of the mail service. What would be our condition if the steam mail service had been turned over to private companies as the electric mail has been!

In practically every country except the United States

and Canada, the telegraph and telephone is a part of the mail service. The average rate for telegrams in Europe is ten cents for twenty words, and the average cost of telegrams is thirteen cents each. The average charge for telegrams in this country is thirty-one cents each. Then, too, in other countries the Postoffice Department has a telegraph or telephone at nearly every postoffice in the country as well as in the town. It should be so here. It would go far to destroy the isolation of farm life and would enable those living in the country to procure the service of physicians in less than half the time, and with far less expense than sending a messenger. The market prices in town could be known and whether it would be well to carry in produce or not. Then many a useless trip to the railroad station for freight that has not come, or to the county town as witness in a cause that has been postponed, could be avoided. Then, too, by increasing the number of postoffices most of the advantages of country free delivery could be had, as messages requiring dispatch could be telephoned.

The present Western Union Telegraph Company has a nominal capital stock of $120,000,000, on which regular dividends of six and eight per cent. are paid, besides the $100,000 salary to its president and large salaries to other high officials. Yet the stockholders of that company have never paid in cash into its treasury but $440,000. The other $119,560,000 (or so much of it as is not water) has been created by exorbitant rates. This has been raked out of the public by high rates, in addition to the annual dividends on its watered capital, high salaries to high officials and lobbying expenses and franks to public officials. The plant of the Western Union is estimated to be really worth $20,000,000, so that an eight per cent. dividend on its nominal capital of six times that amount is in truth forty-eight per cent. A firm in New York offered the government, a few years since, to put up a thoroughly equipped line for

$35,000,000, not only to the 21,000 select points the Western Union now operates, but to each of the 75,000 postoffices throughout the Union.

As every postmaster could use the telephone, probably that instrument could be put in at each of the 75,000 postoffices, using the telegraph in addition at 15,000 of the postoffices to forward long distance messages. With the vastly increased number of messages which would follow low rates and the extension of the service to every postoffice, experts express the opinion that a uniform five cents rate for ten body words between any two points in the Union would be profitable to the Government. In England when the telegraph passed from private hands to the Government with a reduction of rates to twelve cents for twenty words, the messages promptly increased thirty fold in number. Other countries had similar experience, the increase in the number of social messages being simply marvellous.

Another great objection to the present system is that while the higher officials are, like the higher railroad officials, paid enormous sums which they cannot, and do not, earn, the vast mass of operatives are screwed down to the lowest possible figure and are in constant danger of losing their places. This would be otherwise when the telegraph and telephone are operated under the Postoffice Department. The high officials would not, as now, all speedily become millionaires, and the men who do the work would receive reasonable salaries and would have, like other postoffice officials, some stability of tenure. The object of Government in operating the telegraph and telephone service will not be to extort high rates to pay great salaries and dividends on a six fold watered stock, but to operate this department of the postal service as it does the others, upon fair salaries to men and officers and at as near cost as possible—no profits are desired. Then, too, instead of restricting itself to 21,000 selected points, the Government

would utilize the 75,000 postoffices and steadily increase their number. The increased business would greatly increase the pay of country postmasters, now inadequate, while the telephones being placed in the postoffices the rents now paid for offices by the private companies would be a clear saving to the Government.

It has been objected by the "Western Union" lobbyists that the telegraph and telephone systems could then be controlled for partisan purposes. But we know that the postoffice officials in the last campaign were not so controlled, while capitalistic pressure was brought to bear, as far as possible, upon nearly every telegraph operator who could be reached. There is every reason to believe that under Government control, messages would be more sacred than under the present system. As to telephones, for private use, the Government in Switzerland rents them to subscribers at $6 per year, and even in Paraguay at $12 per annum.

But it may be asked why the Government has not been pressed to take this step when all other Governments have adopted electricity as a motive power in their postoffice economy. The telegraph in this country originally (1844–'47) belonged to the postoffice, and when from mistaken notions of economy Congress permitted it to go into private hands, Henry Clay, the great Whig leader, and Cave Johnson, the Democratic Postmaster General, earnestly protested and prophetically foretold the evils that have followed. Repeated attempts to restore these betterments to the postoffice have been made, supported by leading men of all parties, including five postmaster generals. No less than eighteen congressional committees have from time to time reported upon bills restoring the telegraph to the postoffice; of these, sixteen have reported in favor of it, one report was non-committal and one slightly adverse. The telegraph monopoly, which finds its revenue better than a gold mine, has always fought for delay, and by its

powerful lobby at Washington, its lavish issue of franks to Congressmen and other public officials and its influence over the daily press, to which it furnishes telegraphic news, has always so far, prevented a roll call on the measure. They will continue to do so as long as possible. There can be no doubt that if the measure could come to a vote, public opinion would force a result in the interest of the people.

In 1868 indeed the "Western Union" was virtually whipped and promised to surrender if given two years to wind up, and the act was passed, which is still on the statute book, that all telegraph lines built after that date should be built with the notice that the Government could at will take them over upon an appraisement of the value of the plant—without franchise being allowed for. But by the next Congress the Western Union was strong enough to prevent a vote and has been so at every Congress since.

Boards of Trade in Boston, New York, Chicago and other leading cities have petitioned Congress for a Postal Telegraph. As far back as 1870 the Legislatures of Massachusetts, Alabama and Nebraska did the same, and the Legislatures of Nevada and Nebraska in 1873, and the Legislatures of other States have followed their example.

The Report of Postmaster General Wanamaker several years since contained a list of official bodies and labor and other organizations which had asked Congress for this great boon and betterment, and the bare list covered several pages. But the people have so far asked in vain. The "Western Union" systematically distributes its franks to every Senator and member of Congress who will accept them, and to every influential official at Washington, and elsewhere whom it deems advantageous to influence. It controls the daily press largely, through its dispensation of news, it has, too, the active co-operation, sympathy and support of the money power, especially of the great trusts,

a system of which it is the pioneer, and it constantly maintains a powerful lobby.

Seeing the great difficulty in getting a postal telegraph and telephone bill through Congress, owing to the dilatory and obstructive tactics of the Western Union lobby, and while waiting the passage by Congress of a postoffice telegraph and telephone act which shall give us a uniform rate of five cents between any two points in the Union, each State whose Legislature represents the people and not the corporations, should pass an act providing for a maximum rate for telegrams of ten cents for ten body words for a message between any points in its own borders, and a maximum annual rental for telephones of $12 at a residence and $18 at an office or store.

This will (1) give the people immediate relief, as the larger part of telegraphing is done within State limits, and it will incidentally cause a reduction in inter-state rates.

(2) By accustoming the people to lower rates and legislative control of telegraph and telephones it will hasten public ownership.

(3) It will reduce the exorbitant profits and salaries of these overgrown corporations and disable them from spending so much money in lobbying and franks to prevent postoffice ownership of telegraph and telephones.

The power of State Legislatures to regulate the charges of telegraphs and telephones within their own limits is well settled by the decisions of the United States Supreme Court.

In Kansas, the Morrill bill is pending to fix telegraph rates ten cents for ten body words between all points in that State. In North Carolina bills were introduced to fix the telegraph rate at fifteen cents for ten words between any two points in the State, and telephone rentals at $12 at a residence and $18 at an office or store, and were defeated only by the narrow margin of one vote in each house, so closely did the corporation lobbyists calculate their

strength. Similar bills may be pending, or may have passed, in other States. They should be introduced everywhere, in every State and Territory, whether they can now be passed or not. Their introduction and the discussion of them will attract public attention to the fact that the people have the power to remove the high rates which debar them from the use of these great facilities which are now practically restricted to the rich and deadheads. The effect will be educational, and the next time the Legislatures meet the bills will be passed, for the people are really the masters when roused to express their will.

If the postoffice were operated in the public interest, Postal Savings Banks and a Parcels Post would also long since have become efficient parts of our postoffice system. They are so operated in nearly every other civilized country, to the profit of the Government and the greatest benefit of the masses. There being no risk of broken Savings Banks, earnings are more generally deposited and the "Parcels Post" largely saves the public from the high rates of our express system.

We miscall this a government "of the people, by the people and for the people." A consideration of the above defects in our postoffice management shows beyond cavil or question that in consideration for the benefit of the public we are far behind most other countries, even those making small pretensions to popular government. Taking our Postoffice Department as a sample, it could with truth be said that ours is a "government of the corporations, by the means of the lobby and for the benefit of the millionaires."

As was said by the inspired prophet of old, "The ox knoweth its owner and the ass its master's crib, but Israel doth not know, this people do not consider." With the wealth of a continent entirely the creation of their own hands they permit a few thousand men to confiscate it for their personal profit; with the wonderful discoveries of

steam and electricity given by Providence for the betterment of the condition of the masses, with apathy they see railroads and telegraphs and telephones used to increase the wealth of millionaires and to bind themselves and their posterity in the chains of hereditary serfdom, and standing upon the shoulders of more than sixty centuries with the advantage of the lessons they should teach, without effort, almost without a struggle, they see the "power of the purse" pass from them and know not that without it freedom is an empty form and the taskmasters of Goshen their certain and early doom. WALTER CLARK.

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## WHAT I KNOW ABOUT "SCHOCCO" JONES.

Leaving out the early chronicle of Lawson, we have had four formal histories of North Carolina, Lawson's being a diary of his journeyings on his professional business of a surveyor, and the history written by Joseph Seawell Jones, of Warren county, North Carolina, being called "Jones' Defence of North Carolina." "Schocco" was a pseudonym, adopted probably because he was born near Shocco Springs, in Warren county, N. C., a place of fashionable resort then, and for some years after. Jones was a young man, full of enthusiasm, with an intellect of brilliant rather than substantial type, with eccentricity on the border line of insanity, sometimes considered the genuine article, and with a love of the sensational, which was the ruling passion of his soul. With the addition of that passion by which Wolsey and the "angels fell," you have a pen picture of a North Carolinian of the olden times, who filled a large space in the public eye of the State and whose sad history was a romance and a failure.

"Jones' Defence of North Carolina" was a development of the period. Dr. Williamson's History of North Carolina had been a failure as a history and not a success as a

medical disquisition upon the fevers of Eastern North Carolina.

Xavier Martin's History succeeded Williamson's, and but for his removal from the State in the first years of the nineteenth century and the subsequent loss of his historical materials, his history would have supplied a great want.

Then came a long interval of quiescence about the State History, and its first revival was by the publication of some accounts referring to the Mecklenburg Declaration. It attracted considerable attention in the State, and the subject was given a new interest by the publication of a correspondence between ex-Presidents John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, in which correspondence Mr. Jefferson had charged that the Mecklenburg Declaration was a fraud, and in connection with it had made some unjust imputations upon the patriotism and loyalty of the North Carolina representatives in the Congress of the Revolution. It excited a furor in the State. It touched our patriotism at the nerve centre. In this tide of popular sentiment in North Carolina, "Schocco" Jones was thrown upon the top of the wave of public indignation. He was fashionably connected, an habitue of the elite society of Shocco Springs, a native of the historic county of Warren, young, ardent and aggressive, and with an individuality of the most eccentric character. Voluble to a degree, his progress was not handicapped by modesty. The man and the occasion met. Jones had literary instinct, ambition, culture to some extent, and surely Mr. Jefferson was an antagonist worthy of his steel. He had the social feeling inordinately, travelled much, knew everybody, and wished to know everybody else, and his purpose to launch a shaft at the memory of the sage of Monticello became widely known. He became a pet of the distinguished men in North Carolina, and men whose lineage ran back to the foundation of the State were fired by his patriotic enthusiasm, and made him the custodian of their valuable family

records, which he had no talent for preserving. It was proclaimed that he would prove that Mr. Jefferson was a plagiarist and that he had the Resolutions of Mecklenburg county on his table when he wrote the National Declaration of Independence.

"Jones' Defence" appeared and it added fresh fuel to the flame of patriotism. It did not give entire satisfaction to the mature judgment of the State. Some said it was inaccurate in statement, and others that it was too "efflorescent in diction," but it fired the youthful mind and was the basis of many a college essay and declamation.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

About the time the "Defence" made its appearance, or while in the throes of expectancy, we were a Freshman or Sophomore at the University, and the news spread through the college that "Schocco" Jones was in the village and had come through the campus riding upon the shoulders of a stalwart negro. We were the librarian of the Philanthropic Society and on duty when the news reached us. Soon after, there came into the Library Hall a man, swarthy, tall, long-haired, wild-eyed, who introduced himself as Jo. Seawell Jones, of Shocco. He was attended by several students. The conversation was led by Mr. Jones, and it soon fell into the subject of his "Defence of North Carolina." His whole soul seemed absorbed in the subject. He was unsparing in his denunciations of Mr. Jefferson. He stated that he was then engaged in preparing a "Picturesque History of North Carolina" to follow the "Defence of North Carolina." We suppose now, that he meant an "Illustrated History of North Carolina," as he casually referred to some of the historic scenes on Roanoke Island.

We neither saw nor heard any more of "Schocco" Jones, except occasional mention of his being in Washington, and his prominence in society circles, until about 1836. Meanwhile his "Defence of North Carolina" had been generally

read and it had various comments. It became a pyre at which the torch of patriotism was fired.

About 1836 it was reported in North Carolina that "Schocco" Jones had been involved in an angry personal dispute in Rhode Island, with a citizen of that State, about the Revolutionary history of North Carolina, which had resulted in a challenge from Jones to the field of honor. The challenge was said to have been accepted and the fight was to come off at an early date. In a short time came a Proclamation from the Governor of Rhode Island, forbidding the violation of the peace within the bounds of Rhode Island. A counter proclamation was promptly issued by Jones, in which he intimated that the fight could be had across the little State of Rhode Island, without violating its laws. Meanwhile the public mind of North Carolina was on the qui-vive of expectancy.

While the public interest was at its height, a Scotch schoolmaster of the town of Edenton, named McLochlin, raw, credulous, sympathizing, came from Norfolk, Va., by the canal-stage route to his home in Edenton. The stage stopped at the "Half Way House" for dinner. While McLochlin was at dinner, there came from an inside door a man, wild-looking, haggard, nervous, abstracted, and took a seat beside him. He confided to McLochlin's credulous ear, the story of the fatal duel he had just fought on the Virginia line, where he had killed his adversary, and all for North Carolina. He said he was pursued by the officers of the law, showed him a handkerchief saturated with blood with which he had stanched the blood of his dying adversary, begged his help in this time of his greatest need, asked McLochlin if there was any one in Edenton who would shelter a man who had shed the blood of his enemy for North Carolina. Jones took his new friend to a private room, where he opened the tale of the tragedy. After long deliberation the name of Hugh Collins was suggested as the friend of the distressed. Oh, yes! Jones knew him

well. Had met him in Washington in society circles. The very man!

It was arranged that McLochlin should go on to Edenton, go at once to Hugh Collins, who was then fishing a large seine at the old Sandy Point Fishery, and get him to meet Jones at the arrival of the stage in Edenton next day. McLochlin hied him home. Jones remained in hiding.

Jones came to Edenton next day. Collins was in waiting. Damon and Pythias were not more cordial than "Hugh" and "Shoc." A carriage was in waiting. Both were hurried in and off, and with rapid speed they were taken to the safe retreat of Sandy Point Beach. When they arrived Jones, for greater safety, asked Collins to put out pickets to provide against surprise and to keep his private yacht manned with four stalwart oarsmen, ready at a moment's notice to take Jones to the southern shore of Albemarle Sound. "Hugh," full of the responsibility of his great charge, had everything ready as requested. The oarsmen never left their rowlocks. After a few days Jones came out from hiding, and for ten days no man in North Carolina has been more lionized, petted and feasted Jack Leary, a veteran wealthy seine fisherman, banqueted him with great and bounteous honor. Thomas Benbury, the oldest fisherman on the sound, claimed him as his honored guest. Others followed. If Jones had asked for $100,000 we believe he could have had an honored check for it in half an hour.

After some time spent in this round of festivity and honor, Jones went to Mississippi, where he hobnobbed with Seargent S. Prentis, whom "he had introduced into good society at Washington." Finally, in the wilds of Texas, in the days of the old Texan wars with Mexico, he died, a hermit, alone, deserted, unknown—with all his eccentricities a patriot, a lover of his old home, having done some good in his day and generation, and left a name among its historians.

R. B. Creecy.

## LANDHOLDING IN COLONIAL NORTH CAROLINA.[1]

In 1663 His Majesty Charles II, out of the abundance of his American lands, granted the province of Carolina to eight of the chief nobles of his court. These gentlemen retained the property until 1629, when they sold it to the King. Here it remained until the War of the Revolution. Although these two supremacies, the one of the Lords Proprietors and the other of the King, represent the two distinct periods in the history of the colony, they indicate but little interruption in the history of its private law. This is especially true of the law relating to land. The basis for the future government was the charter by which the Lords Proprietors received their property. When the purchase by the King was made, there was no beginning the government *de novo*. The Crown simply stepped into the place vacated by the former owners. Proprietary laws were for the most part confirmed or but slightly altered. We thus see the importance of the charter of 1663, and can understand why the people in their periodic revisions of the laws saw fit to insert this instrument as a preface to their codes. It is therefore from this charter[2] that we begin to trace the history of landlording in North Carolina.

Three facts relating to land stand prominently out in the royal charter. 1. Carolina was constituted a feudal seigniority, the Proprietors being authorized 'to have, hold, use, exercise, and enjoy the same [their privileges], as amply, fully, and in as ample manner, as any Bishop of Durham, in our kingdom of England, ever heretofore had, held, used, or enjoyed, or of right ought or could have

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1 Reprinted by permission from the Law Quarterly Review (London) April, 1895.

2 The first charter was issued in 1663. In order to include a strip of territory to the north of the proivince, a second charter was issued in 1665. Except as to boundaries it differs in no material sense from the charter of 1663, but being the later it may be considered the more authentic. I have therefore used it.

use or injury.' 2. The Lords were to hold their lands 'in fee and common socage and not *in capite*, or by knight's service.' 3. They were to hold 'as of our manor of East Greenwich in Kent,' and to pay an annual rent of twenty marks, together with one-fourth of all gold and silver ore found within that region. This rent was a mere formality intended for a recognition of the King's ultimate dominion over the granted lands; still it is well to remember that it was eventually paid. At the time of the sale the Proprietors owed rent for seven and a half years, and that amount was deducted from the purchase price.[1]

The charter[2] prescribes the relation between the Proprietors and their future tenants. The Lords, so we read, may at pleasure 'assign, alien, grant, demise, or enfeoff, the premises or any part, or parcel thereof. to him or them that shall be willing to purchase the same, and to such person or persons as they [the guarantees] shall think fit, to have and to hold to them, the said person or persons, their heirs or assigns, in fee simple or in fee tail, or for terms of life, lives, or years; to be held of them [the Lords Proprietors] and not of us, our heirs and successors.' This grant involved a return to subinfeudation, and accordingly the King relaxed for the benefit of the Proprietors the statute *Quia Emptores*. To them also was accorded the right to erect seigniories and manors with the accompanying privileges of courts leet and barons. By way of being sufficiently explicit, the people who should settle in the colony were granted the right to hold their land on the above conditions, and were guaranteed the recognized personal and property rights of Englishmen.

The above-mentioned provisions represent one element in the development of the colonial land laws. That was the superimposed factor. It came from without. As it embodied the distinctive ideas of the promoters of the enter-

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1 Cf. Colonial Records of North Carolina, vol. ii. p. 723.

2 The charter may be found in Col. Records of N. C. vol. i. p. 102.

prise it may be called the Proprietors', or the King's, contribution to the process of growth which was about to begin. There was another factor, one due to the conditions of life in the colony. As this was interpreted and demanded by the people it may be termed the popular contribution to the same process. These two factors were brought to bear on the English Common Law which the colonists may be considered to have carried with them across the Atlantic. The charter had granted to the Assembly the right to make laws 'consonant to reason and as near as may be to the laws of England.' As more distinctively American conditions arose it was a question as to where the Common Law stopped and where the colonial law began. Confusion arose, and in 1711 the North Carolina Assembly was impelled to declare, not only that the Common Law was binding in the colony, but that all English statutes, especially those confirming inheritances and titles of land, should be enforced[1]. This was not sufficient. In 1749 the Assembly by law declared which of the statutes of England should be recognized in the Colonial Courts[2]. So decidedly did the law swing away from its original mooring that in 1775 it was well out in the stream of a new development. It shall be our task to take up and explain the new features of the law relating to land as they came into existence in the colony.

*Quit Rents.* The most notable kind of landed estates in North Carolina, as in all the southern colonies, was the fee-simple estate held subject to quit rents[3]. It was due to

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1 Col. Recs. of N. C. vol. i. p. 789. 2 See the Revision of 1752, pp. 293 304.

3 Mr. Justin Winsor falls into the error of saying: 'The efforts to colonize the seaboard region of North Carolina without giving the fee of the land to the people and without care in the selection of colonists, resulted in a failure even more complete than that of the Canadian colonists.' (Narrative and Crit. Hist. vol. iv, p. xxii.) If it were not true that lands held subject to quit rents are held in fee simple (cf. Williams, on Real Property, p. 124), it would still be necessary, in order to show the fallacy of this statement, only to remind the reader that lands were held in North Carolina in exactly

two facts: (1) the inability of the settlers to pay for their lands at once, and (2) the desire of the Proprietors to retain the rent as an acknowledgement of tenure between themselves and their tenants. The latter is shown by the later practice in the Proprietary Period of selling land outright while a very small quit rent was retained 'as an acknowledgment'[1].

The use of quit rents was retained throughout the Proprietary and Royal Periods, but it is doubtful if they were ever collected even fairly well. Yet in the Proprietary Period the amounts received from this source were considerable[2]. At two different times Thomas Lowndes alleged that the quit rents were sufficient to defray the ordinary expenses of the government[3]. Governor Burrington, however, does not corroborate this statement[4]. The long contest over the manner of paying quit rents, which was waged by the Assembly against Governors Burrington and Johnston, reduced the revenues from this source to a small sum. It was also difficult to collect them. The chief trouble was to get a correct rent roll. The basis of this roll ought to have been the records of the original grants and of the transfer of land between individuals. These records, however, were so carelessly kept that they could not be used for the purpose indicated. Several attempts were made to secure a general registration, but we have no evidence that any one of them was successful[5].

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the same manner as in Virginia and in South Carolina, and that these two colonies were eminently prosperous. It is more probable that poor harbours and a consequent lack of direct trade with Europe had far more to do with the slow growth of North Carolina than the prevalence of quit rents there.

1 See Col. Recs. of N. C., i, pp. 383, 392, and ii, p. 58.

2 Ibid. ii, p 169. 3 Ibid. iii, pp. 11, 49. 4 Ibid. iii, p. 149.

5 See Ibid. ii, 34–5, and iii, 144. Also Revision of 1752, pp. 275–77, and Ibid. p. 280. [N. B.—We refer to the Colonial Codes as 'Revisions.' They occurred in 1751–2, 1765, and 1773. The laws of 1715 were a revision, but as they were never printed as such they appear in later Codes as original laws.]

Another source of trouble was the medium in which quit rents were paid. In early times the Assembly arranged a table of valuation by which certain products, called on this account 'rated commodities,' were to pass as currency. In these, quit rents were paid[1]. About 1715 the Assembly made these rents payable in colonial paper currency, then much depreciated[2]. To this scheme the Proprietors objected so emphatically that we find no further mention of it until the royal regime. Burrington, the first royal Governor, acting under instructions, brought in a Bill requiring payment in proclamation money. The Assembly demanded that the provincial money should be received also. Each party remained obstinate and the Governor prorogued the Assembly[3]; but that body continuing its demand was alternately prorogued and adjourned until when Burrington was removed from office in 1734 it had passed no Bill on this subject.

The dispute was passed on to Johnston, the next Governor, who at first succeeded no better than his predecessor. After fourteen years of contention this Governor, by heroically suppressing some of the counties and their delegations, managed to pass a quit-rent law that was in conformity with his instructions[4]. Three years later Johnston died in office, and early in the term of his successor the quit rent law was repealed[5]. A new law passed in 1752 seems never to have gone into operation[6]. In the meantime, the small amount of quit rents that was paid seems to have been paid in rated commodities[7].

Closely connected with the above discussion was another about the place for receiving quit rents. In early times they were paid on the farms of the inhabitants, and although Tynte[8], and perhaps other Governors, were di-

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1 Col. Recs. of N. C. iv, 920, and iii, 144. 2 Ibid. iii, 95.
3 Ibid. iii, 143. 4 Ibid. iv, p. xviii, and Revision of 1752, p. 285.
5 Revision of 1773, p. 123. 6 Revision of 1773, p. 167.
7 Col. Recs. iv, 920. 8 Appointed Governor in 1708. Ibid. i, 694.

rected to collect them at specific places, they continued to be paid as formerly. Burrington tried to make the same change, but failed[1]. In 1735 Governor Johnston, after also failing to get such a Bill passed through the Assembly, settled the matter by proclamation, and thereafter the few who chose or were compelled to pay quit rents took them to certain designated places.[2]

The rate of quit rents varied. In the earliest grants it followed the Virginia custom, which was one shilling for each fifty acres. The Proprietors were inclined to put it at a higher figure, but the Assembly petitioned against this, and the Lords agreed in 1668 that henceforth the inhabitants of Albemarle should hold their land on the same conditions on which land was held in Virginia[3]. This concession was known afterwards as 'the Great Deed of Grant,' and it was most carefully preserved. Throughout the colonial period it was considered the fountain of landed rights. Although the Proprietors continually ignored it, the settlers always appealed to it, and in 1731 all the people claimed to hold under it[4].

*Escheat and Forfeiture.* By their grant the Proprietors had the incidents of escheat and forfeiture as well as the minor rights of wreckage, wastes, fisheries, etc. These are the only survivals of the older feudal incidents in the colonial laws.

Land was granted on condition that it should be properly 'seated' within three years[5]. In 1722 it was held that this was done when the grantee had built a house on, and had cultivated one acre of, each tract granted. The Governor and Council decided whether or not this had been done, and the minutes of this body show that a large part of its business was hearing petitions to declare older grants forfeited and to issue new grants for the same.

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1 Ibid. iii, p. vi.
2 Ibid. iv, pp. xiv-xvi.
3 Ibid. i, 175.
4 Col. Recs. iii, 144.
5 Cf. the Virginian grants, Ibid. i, 59-67, and also Ibid. iii, 148.

Land escheated as under the Common Law on failure of heirs and for conviction of felony, treason, or *felo de se*[1]. We find but slight mention of the latter cause, most escheats being for failure of heirs, which was held to have occurred when there were no heirs in the province[2]. Like its English model, the County Palatine of Durham, North Carolina had an Escheator with various local deputies. His duty was restricted to deciding whether or not the deceased had heirs[3]. This he accomplished with the assistance of a jury of twelve men, whose verdict he communicated to the Council. Escheatable lands reverted immediately on the death of an intestate holder without heirs. This was important, because the person in actual possession at the moment of escheat might make composition for the land at twopence an acre[4]. The relatives of the deceased holder who were not heirs were given a preference in taking the escheated land on the payment of the composition money. The following was the order as established by the Assembly: the widow or the widower; the father; the mother; the eldest half-brother; the half-sister or half-sisters, each sharing alike; the nearest of kin; and finally the nearest person who should petition for it[5]. The composition money was all that was paid to secure the land, 'be the improvement more or less.' Heirs to land that had been escheated for seven years were debarred from suing to recover the same.

By the royal charter the Proprietors were granted the privileges of mines—for which they were to pay one-fifth of all gold and silver ore—together with the right to wrecks, fisheries, chases, etc. At first they reserved mines for themselves[6], but by 1712 they were granting them to individuals for a share of the minerals taken out[7]. The privileges of hunting, fishing, and hawking they readily

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1 Ibid. i, 453. 2 Ibid. ii, 317, 323, 305. 3 Ibid. ii, 305.
4 Ibid. ii, 451, 452. 5 Laws of 1715, ch. 30; see Rev. of 1752, pp. 11, 12.
6 Col. Recs. i, 183, 237. 7 Ibid. i, 847.

granted with the land. They also established wreckers whose duty it was to recover 'all wrecks, ambergrice, and other ejections of the sea[1].' This office is mentioned in the early correspondence only, and it is probable that it was soon abandoned.

*Conditions of Granting Land.* In 1663 the land held by the whites in North Carolina was claimed either by purchase from the Indians[2] or by grant from Virginia[3]. The Proprietors recognized the latter grants since they were settled according to the usual Virginia allotment, but because the former were large and irregular tracts it was thought that they ought to be reduced to the conditions of the regular allotments. After thus stating their opinions they left Sir William Berkeley, then Governor of Virginia and one of the Proprietors, to settle the matter as he saw fit[4]. We hear nothing directly from Berkeley, but we have evidence that in each case holders were compelled to take out new patents[5].

The lands first taken were always those along the rivers, insomuch that it has been remarked that the early history of the colony was but the story of a 'search for bottom land.' The Proprietors tried to regulate this demand by saying how much of a grant should lie on a stream. In the Royal Period the King tried to secure a similar result, by directing that of a land grant the side lying on the river should not be more than a fourth of the side at right angles to it.

In 1665 the Proprietors made their first formal proposals to settlers. They offered to each free man who had already come into Albemarle county[6] eighty acres of land for himself and, if married, eighty acres for his wife. A free woman who had arrived with a servant was to have a like

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[1] Ibid. i, 240. [2] Ibid. i, 19. [3] Ibid. i, 17, and 59-67.
[4] Ibid. i, 53, 54. [5] Ibid. i, 253, 270.
[6] Albemarle County lay in the northeast corner of the present State, and was the separate Government out of which the later colony grew.

amount. For each able-bodied man-servant, armed and victualled for six months, the master or mistress was to have eighty acres, and for each weaker servant, 'as women, children, and slaves' above fourteen years, forty acres. Every Christian servant was promised forty acres at the expiration of the period of servitude. Those who should arrive in the next three years were respectively to have sixty and thirty acres instead of eighty and forty. Those arriving in the year 1668 were to have just half as much as those who had already settled there[1]. These amounts were repeated with slight variation in the instructions to Governors until 1684 and perhaps still later, but it is possible that they were not put into practice. In 1694 it was the custom to grant fifty acres to each person brought in without regard to sex or condition. This was in imitation of the Virginia custom with which it was identical. At any rate, from 1694 'proving a right' meant in the colony taking up fifty acres of land for importing one person[2].

Abuses at times crept into the land office. One of these was allowing a man to prove a right for each time he had come into the country. One James Minge proved on one occasion six rights for himself and four for his negro Robin[3]. To remedy this evil the Council ordered in 1712 that thenceforth a man could prove but one importation for one person[4]. Another abuse was in surveying improperly. In 1729 Maurice Moore received a tract whose survey called for 1,000 acres. Twenty years later it was resurveyed and found to contain 3,834 acres[5]. Against this there was a law on the statute-books as early as 1715, and as late as 1752, which provided that if a man suspected his estate to contain more land than his survey specified he might have it resurveyed, and if the surplus were greater than one-tenth of the whole he should either forfeit the

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1 Col. Recs. i, 81, 88. 2 Ibid. iii, 424, 426. 3 Ibid. i, 635.
4 Ibid. i, 865. 5 Ibid. iv, 765, 1012.

same or take out a patent for it[1]. This, however, was a rather lame remedy, inasmuch as it left the initiative to come from the holder[2].

The right to receive land for importations could be proved either before the Council, the General Court, or the Precinct Courts. As the province became more extensively settled it was left almost entirely to the last-mentioned body. This condition, however, was reversed in the Royal Period, where we find it almost entirely in the hands of the Council, called for this purpose the Court of Claims.

A noticeable fact in the history of landholding in North Carolina was the usual smallness of the estates. Large estates would scatter the population and consequently would endanger the existence of a young colony. The people understood this, and one of their earliest laws—confirmed by the Proprietors in 1670—declared that no surveyor should lay out for one person more than 660 acres 'in one devidend,' unless the person had special permission from the Lords[3]. This law was to expire in five years, but its spirit continued. Early in the next century the Proprietors limited all ordinary sales to 640 acres in one tract[4], and the royal governors were instructed to the same end[5]. Larger grants were occasionally met with, but these rarely held over three or four thousand acres. To this there is one exception. In 1737 Murray Crymble and others secured a grant of 1,200,000 acres on which they obligated to settle within ten years one white person for each one hundred acres. The enterprise was hardly a success. When it was finally closed up much more than half of the land lapsed to the Crown, and the remainder was left in the hands of small holders. The whole affair was a speculation and left no impression on the land system[6]. JOHN S. BASSETT.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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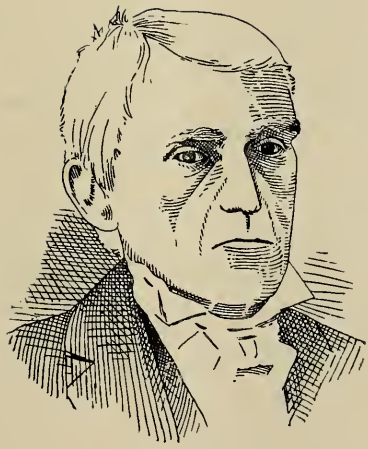
1 Revision of 1752, p. 10 (Laws of 1715, ch. 29). 2 Col. Recs. iii, 184.
3 Ibid. i, 186. 4 Col. Recs. i, 706.
5 Ibid. vii, 512, 543; also see Brickell, Nat. Hist. of N. C., p. 12.
6 See Col. Recs. iv. 253, vi. 718, 773, vii. 453, viii. 52, 63, 254.

## DENNIS HEARTT.

If history consists of the lives of great men, whose names are "wrought into the verbs of language, their works and effigies in our houses," North Carolina should contribute many pages to the epitome of civilization; for her institutions, public and private, have been established by men of superior abilities, who have spared neither time nor resources in the founding of a great State. In journalism, as in economic and political growth, the pioneer work has been done by men of strong personal character, who possessed the art of citizenship as well as the talents requisite for their chosen work. These editors, though the remains of their labor often seem eccentric when compared with our modern journals, had great influence among the people, and their memories are forever perpetuated in the ideals of the State they served so well.

Among these pioneers of our press none were purer in public and private life, more energetic, or held greater favor throughout the State than Dennis Heartt, the foun der, and for nearly fifty years the editor, of the *Hillsborough Recorder*. Like many of our best citizens, Mr. Heartt was not a native Carolinian. His father was an English sea captain, who settled in New England. Here, in the village of North Bradford, Connecticut, November 6, 1783, Dennis Heartt was born. Very little is known of the young man's early life. In 1798 we find him in New Haven, apprenticed to Read and Morse, printers, the latter a brother to the inventor of the electric telegraph. The young compositor soon became very proficient in his work, and was able to set up 5,000 ems in one morning's time. It was while in New Haven that the following incident is told of Mr. Heartt. When setting up an article written by Noah Webster, the compositor changed the word *fashon* in the copy to *fashion*. In the proof-reading, the "Schoolmaster of the Republic" struck out the *i*. The printer then conformed to the copy,



DENNIS HEARTT.

but in the final proof the Lexicographer corrected his mistake, inserting the ubiquitous *i*. Later in life, when success had crowned his labors, Mr. Heartt frequently related this as an illustration of the trials and vexations peculiar to newspaper men.

In 1802, having served his apprenticeship, Mr. Heartt left New Haven, removed to Philadelphia, and began life for himself. Here he married Elizabeth Shinn, of Springfield, Burlington county, New Jersey, whom tradition represents as "a very pretty little Quakeress." In 1807 he was one of the invited guests of Robert Fulton on the trial trip of the "Clermont." In 1810 he commenced the publication of the *Philadelphia Repertory*, a literary paper. Ten years later he migrated to Hillsborough, North Carolina, and on February 20, 1820, issued the first copy of the *Hillsborough Recorder*.

At this time the population of Hillsborough was 805, "of whom there were twenty-nine more males than females. Orange was a large and prosperous county, though its circulating medium was bank notes, there being little silver and no gold, and its bar had Judges Ruffin, Cameron, and Norwood among its numbers. Judges Badger, Murphy, Mangum, and Nash were then on the bench, or had recently resigned." These men were types of North Carolina's best life, and Mr. Heartt, by indomitable energy and constant application, won a reputation in the State second to none.

Many obstacles to a successful career presented themselves to the young editor. A new settler, coming from a distant section, he would naturally find some difficulty in gaining the confidence of the people and adjusting himself to his new social environments. The stage-coach, the only means of communication with the outside world, must have discouraged an editor accustomed to city life and a fast post-line to the nearest centres of trade. To these must be added the excessive labor and vexation caused by the

presses. "In those days the old, double full Ramage press was used with buckskin balls for inking the forms. Printing was executed under many difficulties. Types were costly and were used from ten to fourteen years. The forms were sometimes underlain with damp paper to bring out the impression. Mr. Heartt engraved the head of his paper, and with leaden cuts of various kinds illustrated his articles and advertisements. He made his own composing sticks of walnut wood, lined with brass. They were good sticks and I remember to this day the sound made by the types as they were dropped by the left thumb into their places." (Governor Holden, 1886.)

These are only a few of the discouragements encountered by Mr. Heartt. If "genius is the art of overcoming great difficulties," his name must be classed with those of Carolina's most gifted sons. His early training as an apprentice, his previous experience in journalism, and the energy with which he began his work soon enabled him to conquer his equivocal environments. He gained the confidence of the people, his subscription list quickly rose to five hundred, and for many years the *Hillsborough Recorder* was the best known paper in Central Carolina. For years, some of the oldest citizens have declared, the only literature found in their homes was the Bible and the *Recorder*, and they "would swear by either." The paper was popularly styled the "New Testament," for it was "true as Gospel." Such being the character of this representative of North Carolina's *ante bellum* life, let us examine some files, and behold in a few coarsely printed pages, worn and "seared like the yellow leaf," a true index to the social conditions of an age forever gone but never forgotten.

The earliest issue before me is dated March 1, 1820, Vol. 1, No. 4. "Published weekly by Dennis Heartt, at three dollars a year, payable half-yearly in advance." "Advertisements not exceeding fourteen lines will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for

each continuance." "Gentlemen of leisure, who possess a taste for literary pursuits, are invited to favor us with communications." With the exception of a few advertisements, the first of the four pages is filled with articles clipped from exchanges; such as, "A Sketch of Illinois," from the *National Intelligencer*, a paper founded by a North Carolinian, an essay on "Domestic Economy," from the *New York National Advocate*, and a discussion on curing bacon taken from the *American Farmer*. Here is one of the secrets of Mr. Heartt's success in journalism. Instead of filling his columns with the worthless contributions of local literary aspirants, he gave his readers selections from the best current journals, which were usually of practical value to his subscribers. This issue also contains reports from Congress and condensed news from Spain, Paris and Berlin, which vary from three week to three months in age. Illustrations of the inefficient means of communication with other sections of the State are seen in the local notices, frequently no fixed date being given to events in neighboring counties. One of these reads as follows: "Married, a few days ago, in Franklin county, Mr. Robert Harrison, of Raleigh, to Miss Tucker." The advertisements are about fifteen in number, and are quaint in style and subject matter. They usually begin thus, "The subscriber, grateful for past favors, has the pleasure of announcing to the ladies and gentlemen of Hillsborough," etc. In one of these, five cents reward is offered for the capture of an escaped apprentice-boy, dressed in "a blue home-made coat, tow trowsers, and a wool hat. The above reward will be given for apprehending said boy and delivering him to the undersigned, without charges." On the last page we find two essays, "On Friendship" and "Domestic Happiness," written in imitation of that old, eighteenth century style, the literary ideal of the South seventy years ago.

In 1828 we find the paper enlarged, more modern in

appearance and contents, thus evincing the rapid development of the country. In the issues for this year, we get the first intimation of the editor's political opinions, for a motto, the battle cry of half the nation thirty years later, has found its way to the heading of the *Recorder*, "United we stand, divided we fall."

The next number is September 19, 1839. The paper has been further enlarged, now being about twice its original size. This is the first issue that takes an advanced stand on political questions, and here, also, an index to Mr. Heartt's views is found in the heading of the paper, "The Union, the Constitution, and the Laws—the Guardians of our Liberty." There is an account of the proceedings of an "Orange Republican Whig Meeting," held in the Masonic Hall of Hillsborough, Thursday, September 12. At this meeting a "preamble and resolutions were submitted by Hugh Waddell, Esq.," which fully stated the platform of Martin Van Buren and the failure of his administration; in conclusion they resolved, "That we cling with increasing devotion to the cause of constitutional liberty; that we feel it is a cause which can never be despaired of by freemen; and that we will use all patriotic means to assert and maintain the principles by which we are governed." Delegates were appointed to the State Whig Convention to be held in Raleigh, "the second of November next," who were instructed to support John M. Morehead for Governor and Henry Clay for President. The report is signed by John M. Smith, chairman, Dennis Heartt and Nathaniel I. King, secretaries. In an editorial Mr. Heartt speaks of the recent enlargement of his paper and his hope for its improvement. "But to realize this hope, the active assistance of his (the editor's) friends is required. He has perfect confidence in the justice of the cause and soundness of the principles which he advocates; and having truth for his polar star, he has neither wavered nor faltered, even in the darkest hour. He believes that the entire Whig party

are actuated by the same purity of motive, and in their determination to preserve undiminished their high privileges, are animated by a zeal not less fervent than his own. The rich legacy which was won by the active hands and strong arms of the Whigs of the revolution, the Whigs of the present day know can be preserved only by untiring watchfulness and jealous guardianship." This avowal of his allegiance to the Whig party expresses the spirit of Mr. Heartt's political faith. He was ever firm, but never extreme; always an optimist, too generous to make a charge against his colleagues or opponents of which he himself was innocent.

Within the next decade the political battles waged fiercer each year. The clouds of discontent which were to end in turmoil and disunion were constantly gathering and growing dark with the omens of war. Throughout this period of suspense, Mr. Heartt never faltered in his allegiance to the Union, but stood firmly by the principles of the Whig party. In 1844 the *Recorder* supported Henry Clay and advocated the following principles: "A Bank of the United States, and a sound National Currency. A Tariff for revenue with fair protection to American Industry. An honest and economical administration of the National Government. An equitable distribution of the proceeds of the sales of Public Lands." In 1848 Mr. Heartt supported Taylor and Fillmore. The issue for May 21, 1851, gives an address and resolutions before the "Southern Rights Association of South Carolina," which declare in no uncertain language for States' rights and secession. Mr. Heartt has an able editorial on this meeting, and also defends himself from the attacks of the *North Carolina Democrat*, a secession paper published in Hillsborough. A comparison of the title-pages of these two papers tells better than facts the position of Mr. Heartt during that long political struggle which precipitated the Civil War. The *Democrat* cries for "States' Rights; and a strict con-

struction of the Constitution." The *Recorder* holds to its old principle, "The Union, the Constitution and the Laws —The Guardians of our Liberty."

The last of these papers is dated August 27, 1867. "The cruel war is over," and the darkest days of "reconstruction" are at hand. The *Recorder* has not remained unimpaired by the desolation of the struggle, for its size is greatly diminished. Yet the editor maintains his fealty to the Union unshaken, declaring, "We shall pursue the same lights hereafter that have guided us hitherto—ever holding to our motto, 'The Union, the Constitution, and the Laws,' as the Palladium of our safety; and we are not without hope that wise counsels will ere long lead the country back to its former prosperity."

No one can read these papers without being impressed with the purity of their subject matter, the soundness of their principles, and the liberal spirit of the editor. "Talent alone cannot make a writer. There must be a man behind the book; a personality which, by birth and quality, is pledged to the doctrines there set forth, and which exists to see and state things so, and not otherwise; holding things because they are things." If this be true, Dennis Heartt was a representative man in journalism as in private life. He was never harsh or vindictive, and never allowed personal animosities to be expressed in his columns. In politics he was a staunch Whig. Though he owned no slaves and was opposed to that "dire institution," he did not go to the extremes of the abolitionists. In his own words, he always endeavored "so to constrain himself as

> 'Nothing to extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice,'

but in truth and soberness to do justice to all parties." "He never selected an article, or wrote a line for his paper which, dying, he could wish to blot."

As a man, Mr. Heartt was ever temperate, honest, above

suspicion, and habitually truthful. He was for many years a member and officer of the Presbyterian church. "He loved labor and was an indefatigable worker. We have known Mr. Heartt from our earliest youth and we have never known a purer or a better man. His was a heart that harbored no deception, his was a tongue that knew no guile, and his was an integrity that would not bend or deviate." (Editorial in a Raleigh Daily, November 14, 1870.) He was a man of strong personality, eccentric, but humorous and charitable. Of many who were influenced by his character, none have risen to higher distinction or paid a greater tribute to his memory than the late Governor Holden. A ragged, homeless waif, drifting aimlessly, with no protection from the ills of life, William Holden was taken into the home of Mr. Heartt and became his apprentice. At one time the boy's roving nature gained the ascendency and he ran away from his benefactor. Mr. Heartt advertised for him, offering five cents reward for his capture. The run-away saw this notice, secretly returned by night, entered the office of the *Recorder*, and set up some type which he placed in the form for the next issue. This work completed, the youthful compositor wrote on his desk, "From this day I will be a man." The next number of the paper contained a startling notice which advertised the *Recorder* and its editor for sale, fifty cents being the price set for both. A reconciliation then took place between master and servant. Holden served his apprenticeship, went to Raleigh and founded the *North Carolina Standard*, and was finally elected Governor. In 1886, before the State Press Association he gave the following testimony to his benefactor's character, "His integrity in all respects was perfect. No consideration could have induced him to abandon or compromise his principles, or to do wrong knowingly. I was a member of his family as one of his apprentices, six or seven years, and I knew him thoroughly. There were features in his character and con-

duct which I could not, then, understand, but in reviewing the past I have since seen him in his true light and I declare in this presence that the best man in all respects whom I have ever known was my old master and teacher, Dennis Heartt. * * * What a kind, good man he was! and he was thoughtful, careful, scrupulous and very industrious."

As a printer and editor, Mr. Heartt was devoted to his work. Journalism was his life-work, and he would not prostitute his profession to personal desire or ambition. Political offices and public honors, he could easily have obtained, but he was unwilling to desert the cause which he had early espoused and which had so abundantly repaid him for his labor. He was faithful and energetic. "He generally wrote his editorials two and even three times over, before giving them to the press." (*Hillsborough Recorder*, obituary notice.) "We have seen him, since he passed four score, write his editorials, set them in type, make up his form and even work off his paper at the press and then make up his mails. (He was then postmaster.) He was an ornament to his profession, giving dignity and character to it." (Editorial in Raleigh Daily above quoted.) He was modest and reticent. He was "a good scholar and wrote well, but he seldom presented his readers with a column of editorial in any issue. He was a man of refined taste and his selections were therefore excellent." (Governor Holden.)

In January, 1869, Mr. Heartt sold his paper to C. B. and T. C. Evans, of Milton, Caswell county, N. C., who had formerly edited the *Milton Chronicle*. May 13, 1870, he died. "His death cast a gloom over the whole town. Every store, even the saloons and shops, were closed the day of his funeral that all might attend it." He was greatly beloved by all the citizens of Hillsborough, and his name will long be cherished among the people of Orange county. As journalist he leaves us an example which the

modern press would do well to emulate. Always conscientious and sincere, he never printed a line which he did not believe to be true. His personality was seen through the columns of his paper. There never was a time when, in spirit, the *Recorder* was not Dennis Heartt, or the editor the living soul of the paper.

The *Recorder* passed from the hands of the Evans men to Col. John D. Cameron, who removed the paper to Durham, the name being changed to the *Durham Recorder*. In 1881 the paper was bought by Mr. E. C. Hackney, who still edits it. It is now the oldest newspaper in the State.

W. K. Boyd.

N. B.—Materials for the above article were taken from copies of the *Recorder* and papers of Mr. Heartt's family. W. K. B.

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## A CALIFORNIA CITY.

Nowhere has Nature more richly endowed a village, town, or city than it has Santa Barbara. This picturesque place is situated on a bay taking its name from the city. Its population is about twelve thousand, and along every line it is a thriving, up-to-date city. The climate is most delightful; no other place on the globe can show a record of so many beautiful, sunny days in a year. It is more like the Riviera of the Mediterranean than any other, but those who have enjoyed the charms of both pronounce Santa Barbara far superior.

The quiet bay, with its long wharf stretching out into the water, is dotted with the white sails of fishing boats. In the distance can be seen the Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel Islands. During the summer pleasure parties make frequent excursions to these islands and spend their time in hunting and fishing. The background of the city is formed of rolling foot hills which are almost equal in size to our mountains. Beyond these, stately mountains lift high their sun-crested peaks. One is lost in admiration of

the native flora of these hills and dales, where wild flowers of every color gladden the eye. The light blue flowering of the ceanothus or wild lilac that tinges the mountain sides is very pleasing. Especially attractive is the soft yellow coloring given to the landscape by the wild mustard. In their season matilija poppies and mariposa lilies are found in profusion. Long avenues shaded by almost every variety of shade trees extend in all directions. The gardens are fragrant with the scent of orange blossoms, heliotrope, and Jasmine which adorns the verandas with its white star. Throughout the city the feathery plumes of the cocos palm and the spreading leaves of the seaforthia are seen waving among the surrounding trees.

Santa Barbara is noted for its Flower Festival, which takes place about the last of April. The purpose of this festival is to cultivate the love of flowers and floriculture, and to make Santa Barbara attractive to the many who visit it during the summer months. It would be a difficult task to give even the faintest conception to the reader of the wonderful display of the never-ending variety of flowers, and if I should, an Easterner would not believe half of it, so I will only try to give you an idea of the beauty of one of these displays.

The festival lasts for three days. On the first day and the forenoon of the second there is an exhibition of fruits and flowers. Those fond of fruits and fruit growing are always especially pleased with the display of oranges, apricots, and grapes, for the climate of California is well adapted to their cultivation. The display of flowers, and particularly of roses, is also wonderfully attractive. During the afternoon of the second day the Grand Floral Procession of decorated floats, carriages, carts and equestrians takes place. You will have some idea of the profusion and richness of the decoration when it is stated that many baskets full of flowers are used on a single carriage. One of these equipages covered with wild brodea of the hue of parma violets

represented a Spanish market-wagon. It was drawn by white mules with trappings of white and yellow. The occupants wore the same Spanish costumes carried out in the same colors. Another "turnout" was a high tea-cart covered with marguerites, drawn and outridden by white horses with pink rose collars and ribbon harness. One of the floats representing a pleasure boat was covered with pure white roses, while the sails were of cloth-of-gold roses. The young lady occupants wore white dresses trimmed in cream colored ribbon.

Immediately following this procession is the Bataille De Fleurs, one of the most attractive features of the Festival. All join in this contest and arrows of violets are shot from bows of mignonette until the air is filled with the missiles of the floral war and the wide corso covered with crushed flowers. On the evening of the same day the floats, carriages, carts and equestrians appear again, illuminated with Chinese lanterns. The festival is brought to a close on the evening of the third day, when a Grand Ball is given—the famous "Dance of the Flowers." In this dance young ladies and children are dressed to represent roses, poppies, pinks, pansies, and many other flowers, while small boys, personating butterflies and bees, hover around them. The ball-room, draped in graceful festoons of Spanish moss and made brilliant by electric lights, is transformed into a bit of fairy-land.

So much for the Flower Festival. At some distance from the city among the mountains is located the famous Santa Barbara Mission, founded by the Spaniards about the year 1787. Near it flows a sparkling mountain stream which rises at the head of a grand canon, historic in itself. This mission, as all Spanish buildings of those times, is built of adobe and covered with red tiling. The main division has somewhat of the stateliness about it that I imagine the old Grecian structures had about them. The front part is supported by massive pillars of the Ionic pat-

tern, with many rows of stone steps leading up to the entrance. This part of the mission is used for mass. On either side as you enter are niches in which are placed wax figures of the Saints and around which is a railing. The walls of the chapel are high and are beautifully frescoed.

To the left of the chapel and connected with it is a long building occupied by the monks. Along the whole extent of this building there is a wide passage intended for a veranda. Here, in the summer evenings, I used to love to sit by the hour and watch the old monks as they passed to and fro clad in their coarse cloaks.

Over the chapel and on each side are two square towers in which hang the mission bells. These are rung every hour during the day and night. Especially charming is it, when darkness begins to rest upon the valley, to hear their mellow chimes. As I close, it seems to me that I can almost hear their silvery tones floating out on the night air and reverderated by the distant hills and canons.

W. N. PARKER ('99).

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IT IS strange that colleges and universities that stand for the best in education, that are aggressive and full of life, give such a small mite of their best thought to the literary magazines that represent them. Yet this is as a rule the case, and we are persuaded that no college in America is pictured anything like truly by its magazine. That which is best in college life, the sober, solid thoughts of students, seldom finds its way into the magazine; it is usually made the dumping ground for the worthless products of idle minds. It may be truly said that the mind is almost totally idle when such airy bubbles are produced, for there is scarcely any exercise of mind-power. Made up of such material, the college magazine becomes an encourager of what had far better be left undone, and is thus sometimes a positive evil instead of a benefit to the student. We do not mean to be pessimistic or hypercritical, but college journalism stands greatly in need of reform. It is not pessimism to face the truth squarely and admit it. The sooner college students realize the situation and set about remedying the evil the better it will be for them.

If the college is a place where men go to get a deeper life and a broader vision, why is it that the literary magazine of a college does not give expression to this growing power? College students are considered men who have exceptional advantages which the majority of their fellows cannot enjoy and they are expected to use these advantages in accomplishing some good. But when this fortunate class of men in their independent work for the college magazine mani-

fest no sign of seriousness or depth, but forever give vent to airy nothings, what must other men think of them? If a college training gives anything of worth to a man, why not bring it into the make-up of the magazine, and why not use the forces while at college as well as in after life?

Why not put the college magazine in its proper place where it may be an important factor in the true education of men? There can be no doubt that it would be a great help to students if rightly used. When it is filled with carefully prepared material that contains thought it is of inestimable value; but when superficiality, frivolity and levity prevail, it becomes worthless or even a positive evil. Let it reflect the best that there is in student life.

There is a manifest lack of appreciation of the meaning and value of true literary training among students, and this, no doubt, accounts for the low state of college journalism. Many think that, unless they are going to make literary composition a profession, there is no reason why they should spend time in writing, especially careful, thoughtful writing. When such a one writes anything at all for publication, he does it for a pastime, and that is the way most college magazines are supplied with material. The man who intends to make a specialty of some branch of science considers it of little consequence whether he write well or not. But it is of great importance. There is no thorough education without the ability to express thought in language correct and adequate. The relation between thought and language is such that the one cannot be developed and deepened without a facility in the use of the other. To-day more than ever before it is necessary to have the ability to express accurately and well knowledge in all departments of learning. This is an age of the press and of the popularization of knowledge by means of the press. If one would do the most possible in any field, he must know how to put his thoughts on paper in an acceptable form. The world demands, too, that we shall

think, and for thought and writing to go together is the best way to develop power in both.

Such, then, being the value of literary work, the college magazine should be an important means leading to a well-rounded education. But this opportunity is often neglected and even abused. Instead of giving the magazine something that contains valuable thought, the student usually spends an hour, which he knows not how else to use, in writing a cranky story or a poem on Sophia. Such things often fill the greater part of college magazines and are made the leading feature. The composer is, no doubt, in his moments of sober thought, ashamed of his production; and boards of editors, too, must have repented when their magazines came from the press and they saw what was once clean, white paper soiled by such worthless stuff. We have had such experience.

After all, college life is a serious matter and we must so regard it if we love the truth. A college student should assume some little dignity at least. If levity and superficiality is inevitable, at least a few pages of the college magazine should be reserved for something that is worth writing and worth reading. "So dear to every college man" is usually the excuse given for the thin-spun fabrics. Yes, very dear to many of them, doubtless, but there are some things that college students hold quite too dear and others of great moment they leave in the background. Perhaps a slight change in the trend of our affections would not be amiss.

THE ARCHIVE has been criticised for having too much heavy material. If it is meant that it is filled with articles that contain thought, we take such criticism as favorable. THE ARCHIVE believes in publishing that which will benefit somebody. To use a baseball phrase, it believes in headwork.

AN EXCELLENT treatment of the workings of one of the most important branches of our government is given in the article entitled "Maladministration of the Postoffice Department," which is published in this issue. Judge Clark has made a thorough study of the subject and the article will be of much value to all who desire a knowledge of the inner workings of this department.

Judge Clark has been very kind in contributing to our magazine from time to time, and the ARCHIVE always appreciates his help.

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WE ARE glad to see that the *Christian Educator* has grown into an eight-page paper. It has done a great work for Trinity and for education since the time of its founding about a year ago; it is now ready for still greater usefulness and will carry on the work on a larger scale. The paper is an important factor in the college, and it fills a place that could be filled with equal success in no other way. It upholds in a manly way the idea of Christian education—the basic idea on which Trinity rests—and always stands for principles.

The ARCHIVE has never entered into a discussion of the question of Christian education because such a course has been considered outside its sphere and it has been thought best to leave the important matter to those who better understand it and could do it justice. But while the ARCHIVE does not espouse the cause by means of essays on the subject, it nevertheless feels the effects of the idea, and glories in the success of the periodical that stands for Christian education.

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WE PUBLISH in this issue of the ARCHIVE a part of an article by Dr. Bassett on "Land Holding in Colonial North Carolina." It will be continued and ended in the May number. The paper contains valuable material and should

be read by all who are interested in our State's history. It is the first and all that has been written on the subject. The article has never before been published on this side of the Atlantic, and it was thought well to give it to the readers of the ARCHIVE.

Dr. Bassett takes great interest in historical work and his labors are doing much for the collection and preservation of North Carolina's history. Under his leadership many students have become deeply interested in history, and our college is coming to be considered as an institution that stands in the forefront in historical research.

# Wayside Wares.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

## "PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL."

On a certain cold, disagreeable, morning in March a party of eight students gathered on the porch at the west end of Epworth Hall, and by their actions and words it soon came out that they were going over to Chapel Hill to witness the first ball game of the season. From their conversation it was learned that they were going over in "good shape," the liveryman having promised to put four horses to a roomy hack and take them over in style. They, of course, feeling the superiority of their prospective traveling advantages, took occasion to guy some of the other boys who departed in modest one and two horse carriages.

In a short time their equipage arrived, and to their chagrin, with only two rather questionable looking horses attached. After giving vent to their wrath, somewhat, they decided to drive by the stables and try to get another pair of horses. The effort, however, was a failure, and they started off in a rather quarrelsome mood, the driver coming in for his share of the abuse which they took turns at heaping upon the liveryman's head. The team was about as poor as could be found, consisting of a slim bay, which did not seem to know how to stay in the road, and a suspicious looking gray, which did not have any fondness, whatever, for the collar, but by dint of running them up the hills and resting them as they went down, the party managed to reach their destination in good time.

After the game they spent an hour looking through the buildings and wandering around the campus. At six o'clock in the afternoon they met at the hotel and started for home. The wind was cold, and as they drove out of

the village the sun was just touching the western horizon, and his feeble rays only made them aware of the cold. They were in good spirits, however, and rattled along down the long slant at a good gait, singing and yelling, as college boys usually do when out on a lark. Not far from the foot of the hill the fore wheels of the hack ran into a mud-hole and the gray stopped and stuck his ears up in a rather ominous way, but after some coaxing the bay pulled the hack out and they proceeded to the next mud-hole, where both the gray and the bay stopped short and refused to move another inch. There was nothing for it but for all hands to get out in the mud and try to get the team started.

Then the fun began. "Little Washington" climbed a bank, lit a cigar and began to make suggestions to the Senior from Littleton as to the most improved methods of driving. ("Littleton" was holding the reins and the driver was trying to lead the gray.) The cow-boy Senior was all the time making remarks to the driver, which I dare not repeat here, and various other members of the party having found suitable places for observation, were also making remarks about the team, the liveryman, the driver, the cold, the mud, and other, just then, interesting subjects. "Henderson" suggested that the rest of the boys push and roll the wheels, while he got in and drove the horses. "Rooster" decided that he would stand on the bank and shout "all together!" when they got ready to roll. After spending half an hour in this way they finally succeeded in getting the gray started again, and off they went at a balky-horse gallop toward Durham.

At the next bank the team stopped again and the same process of coaxing and pushing began again. Finally, a friend came along, in the shape of a farmer, driving a pair of mules. These were attached to the tongue of our "vehicle" by means of a chain fastened to the rear axle of the wagon to which they were hitched. The mules had

pulled team, wagon and all only a short distance, when our gallant gray decided that he didn't want to be pulled as well as not driven, and so pulled back until the chain broke. It was then decided to take the horses out altogether and let the mules pull the carriage to the top of the hill. The driver took the horses back to a little stream to water them, and "Little Washington" suggested that he "feed and curry" them also.

At the top of the slant the farmer deserted us and we started on again in the direction of Durham; about half way down was a little level and the team came to a halt again, but by pushing the carriage on the horses we managed to start again, only to stop once more at the next deep rut. As long as they would keep going they could go, but to keep the team from stopping was the problem. The last arrangement was for two or three to start the wheels and then swing up behind as best they could. In this way "Winston" lost his balance and discovered the degree of hardness represented by Durham county rock, and was left far in the rear, as the team made one of their balky runs. It was rather amusing to hear the cries of the party, some to stop and wait for the fallen brother, and the others saying "don't stop or we will never get started again," and so it proved when we did stop at the foot of a little up grade. Matters began to look serious now and the fellows went at the rolling and pushing with a will, and by main strength forced carriage and horses a short distance up the slope. During this spurt someone suggested that we were doing our best to take the turnout back to the liveryman who had treated us so well.

It was now eight o'clock, the night dark and cold, and we were tired, hungry and discouraged, and finding that we couldn't push the "box-car," as the vehicle was dubbed, home, however much we might wish to return it to its owner, a council of war was held to decide what to do. "Little Washington" and "Winston" wanted to go

back to Chapel Hill, "Rooster" and "Cough Syrup" wanted to stay where they were and make another attempt to get the team started, but as to how they were going to do this they did not say. The "Cow-boy" and the Littleton Senior had already gone ahead to try to hire another team, but could not get one for love or money.

At this juncture "Henderson" suggested that we walk on home. This move was seconded by the "Freshman," and after a heated argument it was decided to back the vehicle off the road and leave it to the spirits of the night, and take up the journey on foot to Durham. So, at about eight o'clock we took the road in true "weary" fashion for a tramp of ten miles on a dark night and over a rough road. Much time was wasted, in the first mile or two, asking at all the houses we passed for a team to take us home. Repeated failures in that direction convinced them that there was nothing for it but to walk, and we proceeded, mostly in silence, except for a low muttering now and then as some one of the party fell into a ditch or stumbled over a bank. What they said we will not repeat and will, charitably, let fall the curtain on the steady march of the party as they tramp away into the night. It suffices to say that they arrived on the campus about midnight, and when a trip to Chapel Hill in a "four horse" turnout is mentioned, they smile a sickly smile and say nothing.

---

## A CLASS MEETING.

This was a great evening for the Freshmen. It had been set apart for them to meet and to discuss a great problem of vital importance to the state, the country, the world and the Freshman class. This meeting had been widely advertised, and as the stars began to peep out and the moon was just appearing in all her beauty above the horizon, a motley crowd was gathering in front of the Gymnasium. They were Freshmen, real, live, Freshmen.

After they had all collected at exactly 7:56 p. m., they began of one accord to march into the Gymnasium. They reminded one of Noah's animals marching into the Ark. They all seemed to feel the importance of this occasion for they walked with a stately step and with an I-know-it-all expression upon their faces.

At last they were all seated in the spacious hall and just as the clock was striking the hour of eight the president of the august assembly solemnly arose and, bowing most impressively, asked if anyone could state the object of the meeting. He knew why the meeting had been called, but he desired exceedingly to see if anyone else knew. After this question there was silence for the space of three and one-half seconds and then our "Demosthenes from Henderson" arose and glanced timidly around and said he knew why the meeting was held. It was to settle for weal or for woe the colors for the Freshman class. Having announced the question, to be discussed and decided, he sat down with a learned expression upon his swarthy face.

As soon as the president declared the question open to discussion seven or eight of the healthiest boys of the class of 1900 arose, terribly anxious to devise ways and means for the settlement of this intricate and abstruse question. The president seized this opportunity by the elbow and sat down upon a cotton-bale poised upon a pair of pants-stretchers. Only two men were allowed to speak at one time, so all but two had to sit down and keep quiet, which was a great cross to them. The two men had spoken at some length, one in favor of red and the other for black, when the "Raleigh Beauty" arose and slightly interrupted them by hurling at their learned heads three dumb-bells and an Indian club. The president called the house to order and the two men went on with their arguments. Things continued in this way for about an hour. Then "Little Washington" moved to adjourn. This motion

received no second, but it put a stop to the speaking Freshmen, who were by this time almost broken down. They sat down and held their peace.

Everything was quiet when the "Yellow Kid" arose. His appearance was greeted by applause and shouts of horror. He discussed the question with great dignity. Of course he advanced arguments to prove that yellow was the most suitable color for the class to adopt. He told of his journeys in foreign countries and related narrow escapes from certain death. He said these narrow escapes were caused by his being yellow, and as it saved him it would save the class. He spoke of the class as a great factor in the civilization of the country, and he did not think it would sink into *innocuous desuetude.* No one can ever know the arguments he would have advanced, but at the climax of his argumentive discourse a beer-bottle thrown from the rear part of the assembly took him in the small of the back and he was carried out on a stretcher. They now sang "I don't Lovey Nobody," led by one of Asheville's most gifted sons.

After the singing, "Monk, the Ball Player," occupied the floor. He advocated as the most suitable thing for the class that they should have yellow, black and blue. He made a short talk on his colors and then sat down like a white man. After him came the cornet man from "Bowery Heights." He advocated that they should choose green as the class color. It is needless to say that he retired under care of the marshal.

After much discussion they then agreed to appoint a committee of seventeen to choose the colors. The committee was appointed by the president, and after this they sang "Down upon the Swanee River." There being no further business before the house, they adjourned. Each returned to his room, feeling that a great question had been settled.

C. L. HORNADAY.

# Literary Notes and Reviews.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

In the death of Professor Henry Drummond both science and religion have lost a faithful devotee and sincere believer. Born in the land of Knox and the Presbyters, he was influenced by those rigid ideas of faith and destiny that characterized the Roundheads. After graduating at famous "Edinburgh," he continued his studies in Germany, and so became intimately acquainted with the problems and claims of science. He then aided Mr. Moody in his evangelistic work and later was assistant to an Edinburgh pastor. The turning point in his life was his appointment in 1876 to the Professorship of Natural Science at the Free Church College in Glascow. The result of his work in these various fields was "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World," the first attempt to solve the problems of science and religion by a scientific method. Professor Drummond conceded to science all its claims, but also recognized the fundamental doctrines of christianity. But, as the title indicates, the spiritual as well as the material was held to be under the control of Natural Law. This, briefly, is his contribution to modern thought. He was greatly misunderstood, assailed both by scientists and theologians. But however much the "Natural Law" may conflict with our ideas of the universe, we can but admire "The Great est Thing in the World," the *summum bonum* of life, which is neither a scientific theory nor ecclesiastical dogma, but a spirit, love. So he stands like a prophet in an unsettled age, pointing in no insignificant way to the final union of faith and reason, religion and science. He recognized in his creed "the fairy tales of science" as well as the "abiding faith" of his fathers, one of the first men of

his age who approached the mysteries of the spiritual life in an unbiased scientific spirit.

Although the "Napoleonic revival" has reached its high tide, there is, as yet, no abatement of new publications concerning the historic figure who has recently monopolized the attention of literature as much as the energies of Europe a century ago. The "Memoirs of Marshall Oudinot, Duc de Reggio," is the history of one of Bonaparte's greatest generals, published by Appleton. M. Masson's "Napoleon and His Family" is the sequel to his previous work, "Napoleon and the Fair Sex." Another book, "Secret Memoirs of Napoleon," by Charles Davis, one of his valets, is announced by Stokes & Co. In fiction, Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac" is a romance which gives glimpses of some of the marshals and camp-life around Paris. Two other Napoleonic romances are announced, "The Fourth Napoleon" and "L'Imitation de Notre Maitre Napoleon," the latter by Ernest La Jerevnesse. Prof. Sloane is now in Paris preparing a bibliography for the last volume of his "Life of Napoleon."

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have just issued "Southern Statesmen of the Old Regime," by Prof. W. P. Trent. The book is a series of essays on Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Davis. Perhaps no man could be found better suited for this work than Prof. Trent. Southern born but educated in the North, he combines a Southerner's sympathy and appreciation for the political issues which he treats with the historical insight obtained from an unprejudiced study of facts. Consequently he treats events from a new point-of-view. He has been favorably criticised, especially by some Northern magazines. A review quotes the following description of Jefferson Davis: "The fate-devoted protagenist of the greatest of modern tragedies, forced by the madness of the gods to turn against the nation for which he bled at

Buena Vista, and to lead his own people into the valley of the shadow of death."

Two new volumes of American verse are soon to be issued by Richard Watson Gilder and Dr. Henry Van Dyke. The title of Mr. Gilder's volume is "For the Country," to be published by the Century Company. The book will contain his poems on "Washington at Trenton," "The Life Mask of Lincoln," "Grant," and "The Hero of Peace" and the Heroic Age." Dr. Van Dyke's will be his first volume of collected poems, entitled "The Builder and Other Poems." Its notable feature will be the commemoration ode read at Princeton's Sesqui centennial. Prof. Dowden has pronounced this little poem "a permanent contribution to English literature."

"Charles Egbert Craddock" has recently made another contribution to Southern literature, "Young Mountaineers," which is primarily a story for boys. Miss Murfree, as usual, goes to the Tennessee mountains for her material. She will hardly attain the position in American letters which her many admirers have hoped for, yet she shall always be cherished for her beautiful description cf natural scenery.

Mr. W. D. Howell's latest novel is "The Landlord at Lion's Head." The author makes two studies in our American civilization—the rural life in New England, and the social life of Boston with special reference to its relation to Harvard University. The book is greatly praised for its "rare subtlety in its presentation of contrasting types of character and by exquisite beauty in its feeling for nature, the opening chapters making one of the best pictures of New England country ever achieved in our literature."

SISTER JANE. By Joel Chandler Harris. (Boston: Haughton, Mifflin & Co. 1896. Pp. 363.)

This is a tale of middle Georgia life at about the middle of the present century. The characters are a wealthy Colonel, who has married in a romantic way a member of the Virginia family of Brandon's, Mandy, an orphan girl of much beauty, whose life had been ruined by the Colonel; William Wormley, the narrator; and his Sister Jane, prim spinster of fifty or more years, who is as much distinguished for her kindness of heart as for her sharp tongue. These are the chief characters. They live in a village of the regulation dullness, and events run with the monotony of such a Southern town of the long ago.

*Sister Jane* is not a delightful story. It is rather disappointing. One does not find all through it the spice of "Uncle Remus" or "Free Joe." There is a lack of skill in dealing with the chief characters. Sister Jane, and the narrator also, are caricatures The former, although she has much shrewdness and not a little kindness, continually mocks everything in range, except Mandy. The latter is a good-natured simpleton, still a successful lawyer, and his dullness is unrelieved by the legitimate levities of folly and succeeds in making the reader wish almost continually to give him a sound drubbing. The culminating scene, in which the wife of the Colonel declares she has not seen a happy day with her husband, becomes a source of chagrin when this same woman rapturously declares herself madly happy with love for him, because she has heard the villain offer money to Mandy for her fall, but never a kind or penitent word, while he continually whined about his desolation because of the desertion of his wife. One cannot help thinking how much better Romola would have done it. Mr. Harris, it seems, is not an adept in constructing a plot.

It is in the smaller characters that the author appears best. Jincey Meadows, Mrs. Beshears, Uncle Mose, Uncles Johnsy and Jimpsy, and Free Betsy are drawn with an admirable touch. They combine the wit and pathos that have made the author of Uncle Remus world famous. The dialect is very accurate and the feeling appropriate. On the whole the book indicates that Mr. Harris should confine himself to this class of fiction. In it he is easily king.

# Editor's Table.

P. V. ANDERSON, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The Table would like to say a word concerning the fault of indiscriminate criticism which some of our exchanges have fallen into. They are *destructive* not *constructive*, and seem to think there is necessarily some wrong in all articles, and if possible they intend to find it. Now to say the least, this is uncharitable and is in bad taste, especially so when their own magazine is often guilty of the same faults or worse than those which they criticise. What these critics need is a "clearer vision, a calmer and manlier judgment," and a correct idea of the nature of criticism. A good definition of criticism was given long ago by Aristotle. He says, "Criticism is a standard of judging well, the chiefest part of which is to observe those excellencies which should delight a reasonable reader." It has been said that we notice faults in others in order not to perceive them in ourselves. This is partly true, and as Dryden says, "'Tis malicious and unmanly to snarl at little lapses of the pen, from which Vergil himself stands not exempted."

The literary department of the *Wofford College Journal* is not very well filled for the March issue, but the few articles it does contain are very good. "Wordsworth's Attitude to Nature" is well written and shows an appreciation of Wordsworth and his poetry. Perhaps the best article in this issue is "Some Comments on Washington Irving as a Writer of History." This goes on to contrast Irving with Coleridge, Shelly, Southey, and other English writers, and shows that he was not like them so much influenced by the great questions of his time. He indeed "formed no

wild schemes," but was rational, accepting existing conditions and allowing his thoughts to "rest on those things which had happened years before." Irving's "gentlemanly, chivalrous disposition and knightly character" are well portrayed, as is also his humor. Behind this humor, though, there are solid facts, and his "History of New York" is in some respects accurate, though by no means in all.

*Yale Lit*, as usual, is full of good reading. "Emerson As a Poet" is very well written and shows a true love and a thorough appreciation of the poet. The writer begins by saying that it is useless to discuss the question whether Emerson is a poet, for the world has become to believe not so much that he could write poetry, as that he could write nothing else. The whole of his poetry, says he, lies in his "message," and "he is forever suggesting more than he reveals, breathing hints of that soul of beauty which no man can utter, bidding us to look within us, in our hearts, and without us at the stars and finish the great story for ourselves." Another characteristic he attributes to Emerson, that he was an "observer of men and things." This all true poets must be, and as Emerson must possess the "far-seeing eye" and "penetrating soul." Again he acknowledges that Emerson is often rough and rude in his metre and rarely musical, yet he sees in each line beauty and thought. Each line "a separate thought," a poem, indeed, "One thought never waiting to tell itself out, but dazzling for a moment by its brilliancy and then hurrying to give way to its still more brilliant sister." He also brings out well the sensuous and imaginative quality in Emerson, and the wonderful elevation of his poetry as a whole. Altogether the article is very fine indeed, and gives us quite a new and interesting view of Emerson as a poet. The fiction for this issue is also good.

The March issue of the *Richmond College Message* is not quite up to its usual high standard. The articles are well written, but the subjects are poor and rather Sophomorical. We would suggest that our neighbors work up United States history rather than that of Macedonia. The field of United States history offers a much greater reward to original research. We think that State history should be especially looked into by young historical students, and we shall be glad when the colleges take more interest in their State history. Gibbons, Guizot and other historians have about exhausted the field of ancient history, so there is little left for the young writer in that field. We extend a cordial welcome to the new editors of the *Message*, and wish them much success in their new field of labor.

The *Public School Record*, published by the Senior Class of the Winston City Schools, is a very creditable magazine and contains a great deal of interesting matter. All the departments are well filled and show thorough, painstaking work.

Perhaps the best article in the *University Beacon* is "Matthew Arnold." This is a fair criticism of Arnold as a man, and is well written. Arnold is well characterized in these lines:

> "For he pursued a lonely road,
> His eye on nature's pean—
> Neither made man to much a God,
> Nor God to much a man."

"Jean" is also quite an interesting story and the Scotch dialect is very good indeed.

The *Davidson Monthly* for March is before us. It contains quite an interesting article on the "Relation of Criticism to Literature."

"The Battle of Elizabethtown," in the *Guilford Collegian*, is an interesting article and brings out many new

facts concerning this battle. These facts were originally gotten by Mr. Troy trom one of the participants in the fight, one James Cain. The article is based on these facts. We are glad to see Guilford taking such an interest in North Carolina history, and hope all the colleges in the State will soon begin to make original research into this rich field of State history.

### THE GIRL THAT SMILES ON ME.

There dwells a maid in Holy Glade,
  So meek and fair to see,
Her eyes are dark as midnight shade
  And as devoid of glee.

No seeming care, a modest air—
  She only smiled on me;
And often do I wander where
  This maid may smile on me.

Her silent face, her wondrous grace,
  Thrill me with ecstacy,
And in my soul she'll hold a place
  Until eternity.

But till you know how bright the glow
  Of those dark eyes may be,
Her outward beauty 'll never show,
  The girl that smiles on me.

—*C. R. B. in Ex.*

### AN IMPRESSION.

I met her at a dance one night;
  The exposure was a strong one,
Although I must admit with you,
  'Twas not a very long one.

The whole development was quick,
  I thought it was succeeding,
But when I got her negative
  My hopes fell crushed and bleeding.

In doleful tones I plead with her,
  She looked up at me slyly,
"A negative is but a proof,"
  She answered, laughing shyly.

—*Vassar.*

## THE BACK NUMBERS.

The bald-headed man in his family pew
  Leaned back on the cushions and slumbered;
And he dreamed that the preacher these words had proclaimed:
  "The hairs of your head are all numbered."
The bald-headed man awoke with a start
  From his weekly devotional slumbers;
Then he sank on his knees and fervently prayed,
  "O Lord, send me down the back numbers."

—*Exchange.*

## SUCCESS.

"I'll never kiss a man," said Mae,
  "In any land beneath the sky."
So firm was she it seemed to me
  A useless task to try.

But perseverance won the day
  Ere desperation drove me frantic;
I kissed her—not in any land,
  But on the broad Atlantic.

—*Uni. of Tex. Mag.*

## SORROW'S DROUTH.

When death doth in our chambers move
  The souls of dear ones to depart,
The tear springs from the fount of love.
  The eye speaks gently for the heart;
But when we are denied the love
  That none on earth can e'er supply,
Then vainly weeps the lonesome heart
  While dry and tearless is the eye.

—*The Univ. of Va. Mag.*

To-day brings back the past. Thy children dwell
  In fond remembrance on that earlier scene,
And the old lessons that were here learned well;
    New hope and faith revive
    Around the busy hive
Where once the lonely Ewell tolled the bell.

'Tis sweet to love, but oh, how teasing,
To love a girl when you are freezing;
When the fire is out and the parlor's cold,
And you can't keep warm to save your soul.—*Ex.*

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
  And I thought I'd put up a bluff,
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
  For I knew she liked such stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
  In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
  Best expressed her sentiments.

For that Boston maid, who in classic shade,
  Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said:
  "I sing of men and of arms."—*Ex.*

Working there with all his heart
  Beneath the spreading trees,
He moulded with unconscious art
  Whatever seemed to please.

Men and fortress, plates and pies,
  All out of clay he made,
Then rubbed with chubby fists his eyes,
  And slumbered in the shade.—*Ex.*

A maid, a man,
An open fan,
A seat upon the stair,
A stolen kiss,
Six months of bliss,
Then twenty years of care.—*Ex.*

**Resolutions of Respect Adopted by the Hesperian Literary Society in Honor of J. W. Wolfe.**

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom has removed from our midst Mr. J. W. Wolfe, who was a true and consistent member of this Society, and a true and earnest Christian, who shirked no duty, therefore be it resolved:

1. That this Society has sustained an irreparable loss; the church of which he was a member, a true follower, and the State at large a most valuable citizen.

2. That this Society extend to his family in the hour of their bereavement its deepest sympathy, assuring them that their loss is no less than ours, and praying that the God who bore the afflictions of the deceased will also bear theirs.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased; a copy be spread on the minutes of the Society, and a copy be published in THE ARCHIVE and *The Christian Educator.*

J. C. WOOTEN,
J. P. GIBBONS,
J. T. HENRY,
*Committee.*

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May, 1897.

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# THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, MAY, 1897.

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# Literary.

## A STUDY OF CHARLES LAMB IN HIS ESSAYS.

It would not be at all impossible to write a life of Charles Lamb if we had nothing but his essays and letters to rely upon for information. The life and experiences of Lamb are so interwoven with that of his sister that a discussion of the one necessarily means a discussion of the other. Their relations to each other must be as carefully considered as the relations of Wordsworth and his sister would demand in a discussion of the Lake poet.

To get at the real meaning and significance of Lamb's life it is better to follow his essays and letters than to rely upon contemporary evidence and biographers who could never understand him. He was born 1775, and, as his essays tell us, the first fourteen years of his life were passed "between cloister and cloister," or in the "quiet temple and the busy school of Edward VI." We know that he was of humble origin, and that his family were sometimes in straitened circumstances. At about the age of fifteen he left Christ's Hospital, having received an appointment in the South Sea House, from which, a little

later, he was promoted to a clerkship in the East India Company, where he was to spend the remainder of his working days. This was a step that meant a great deal for Lamb, for here it was that he was to gain support for a father and mother that were already entering into second childhood. Not much of his life is known while he was there, but he was always glad when a holiday came so he might spend it in his "favorite Hertfordshire." In the essay on "The Superannuated Man" can be found an account of the anxiety he had over his accounts. He could see in his dreams columns of figures added up wrong and entries made in the wrong place in his ledger. He tells us that he was utterly lost when he retired from his clerkship; he felt as if he had stepped "out of time into eternity." That is good evidence that he adhered closely to the duties of his office.

The struggles of Charles Lamb are among the most pathetic in literary history. No one can read them without wishing to enter into that family circle and extend the hand of sympathy. There was the fearful curse of insanity in the family, and it seized Charles in 1796 when he had to spend several weeks in a mad house. After he was released from this dreadful enemy, he wrote to Coleridge, who had been his school-mate for seven years, and told him of his confinement at Hoxton. Lamb's mind was running on Coleridge while he was in the asylum, and it is only necessary to know their eternal friendship to understand why that should have been the case. Biographers, as well as Lamb himself, think that his love for Alice W———n" had something to do with his mental derangement. It is certain that Lamb loved a young lady, and it is also known that his unbounded love for his sister caused him to abandon the idea of marriage. This year 1796 was a memorable one to the Lamb family, for their means of sustenance was at a low ebb, Mary Lamb having been forced to take in needle-work for the

support of her father and mother. This endless toil and the great strain of ministering to her aged parents caused her reason to give way, and in a fit of insanity she seized a knife and stabbed her mother to the heart, and inflicted an ugly wound on the forehead of her father. This necessitated her confinement in a mad-house, and only added to the great burden that was already on Lamb's heart. It is a great wonder that this tragical occurrence in the home did not throw Lamb's mind off its balance, for he was sensitive and excitable. The following from a letter to Coleridge shows his attitude in such a perilous moment: "My dearest friend, My poor, dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. * * * God has preserved to me my senses. I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. Write as religious a letter as possible, but no mention of what is done and gone with."

A few days later another letter followed in which he praised God that he had such tranquillity when his sister stabbed their mother. He says that by-standers may have regarded it as indifference, but there was something else for him to do besides to regret the awful calamity. The world will always wonder how it was that he slept and had no terror when his mother was a corpse in an adjoining room, but it will only be another instance of misinterpreting his actions. His life, with all its courage, dutifulness, and affection, was never thoroughly appreciated by his contemporaries.

The personal characteristics of Lamb deserve especial mention. Leigh Hunt says that no one has ever drawn a correct picture of Lamb, but Lamb gives an idea of himself when he says that he is a compound of the "Jew, the gentleman, and the angel." He had an impediment in his speech which made him the pet of his schoolmates and master when he was in school. They indulged him to a great extent, and this may have had something to do with the whims and caprices of his later years.

He was fond of wine, but he never allowed it to get complete control of him. It frequently had much to do with the impression he made on his company. When he was around the board with those who liked him, he was especially agreeable, and often flashes of wit emanated from him, making him the autocrat of the company. If he imagined that there was some one in the company who disliked him, he very quickly showed in some way that he was embarassed. He was agreeable or disagreeable, as he chose; he could make one love him, or he could cause himself to be hated. Thus Carlyle misunderstood him and passed a very undeserving criticism on him.

The preface to the second series of *The Essays of Elia* furnishes the best characterization of Lamb. Writing of the late Elia whom he represents as dead, but who, indeed, is no other than himself, he says: "My late friend was in many respects a singular character. Those who did not like him, hated him; and some, who once liked him, afterwards became his bitterest haters. The truth is, he gave himself too little concern what he uttered, and in whose presence. He observed neither time nor place, and would e'en out with what came uppermost. * * * It was hit or miss with him; but nine times out of ten he contrived by this device to send away a whole company of his enemies."

Many accused him of trying to be witty, when he was simply trying to give utterance to his thoughts. At times his thoughts were much faster than his poor stammering speech would allow him to utter, and a class of superficial thinkers chose to call this an attempt at being witty.

Lamb used to walk for miles and miles all alone. It was in these long walks when he was in deep study, observing everything on his way that he was storing up incidents and experiences that were to come out in his essays. Doubtless the ideas on "The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis" were suggested by faces he had seen on some of his tramps through the dingy streets.

Another characteristic of Lamb is found in the essay on "Witches, and Other Night Fears," where he shows how sensitive and superstitious he was. He says that the "dark and solitude" are his hell. When he lies down he expects to see some frightful spectre.

Lamb's first experiments in literature were attended with but little success, but he felt his way along, as it were, until he attained the grace and ease that we find in his essays. The essays are autobiographical, being the unpretentious expression of the writer's own mind. He is deceitful only in so far as he would attempt to mislead his reader by the use of initial letters where one would expect him to be open and frank. He shows eccentricities, but he does not apologize for them, because they are a part of his life, and he leaves the world to say what it wants to about his views. We may expect to find in his essays all the experiences of his life, for there is nothing that he objects to disclosing. He had a desire to be honest in everything, so we may enter into a study of his essays with the assurance that we are going to see into the very heart of the man Lamb.

The essay on "Mackery End" reveals much of the domestic happiness and many of the little experiences of Charles and Mary Lamb. In this essay we see the tenderness and affection that were characteristic of the two. The Bridget Elia in "Mackery End" is no other than Lamb's own sister, though he would mislead us by calling her his cousin. The very first sentence indicates it, where he says: "Bridget Elia has been my housekeeper for many a year." But there comes out a little further on in the essay still greater proof: "We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness." This is a true picture of them after the death of their father and mother. Again, the essay represents them as reading in different directions, Elia (which was Lamb) brooding over some quaint passage in Burton, Bridget feeding on some mod-

ern narrative. Elia was inclined to search for something odd. Bridget enjoyed a story in which there was great stirring and life. Such a method of reading and study developed in them the positive element, for occasionally there are found instances in which there were slight disagreements; each had strong convictions, but Elia acknowledges that he was frequently brought over to Bridget's way of thinking. Bridget would read in company, and Elia would correct her for it. The picture Lamb gives in this essay of Bridget's early education is confirmed by the biographers of Lamb. She was early admitted into a library of "good old English reading," so the essay goes, and this was doubtless the library of a Mr. Salt, where she actually read and studied when she was a girl.

The account of their visit to the old farm-house in Hertfordshire is simply a recollection of their visit to the home of their "great aunt." The essay shows how Bridget "traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd." The meeting of the family that then occupied the old mansion, the almost immediate intimacy that sprang up between them, and the faithful tribute that Lamb pays his country cousins, form a fitting close for the essay in which there is wrapped up so much that endears the life of Charles and Mary Lamb to their readers.

Lamb does not conclude his essays without throwing some light upon his brother's character, and this information is to be found in "My Relations." It is known that John Lamb, the brother of Charles, did little towards the support of his father and mother. Charles calls his brother the "inexplicable cousin," James Elia.

"J. E.," in the essay, has a hundred fine notions, has a distinct way of his own, and "makes slender guesses at what passes in your mind." He was not a sentimentalist,

but had the deepest feeling for dumb animals, often causing him to spend sleepless nights on account of some injury inflicted on the animal tribe. Turning from the essays that deal with Lamb's family relations to those that bring out his views on various subjects, we see him from another point of view. In the essay on "The Two Races of Men," being those "who borrow" and "those who lend," we see what Lamb thought of some of his friends. Coleridge used to borrow from Lamb's libraray, always returning the books with copious annotations. Coleridge was never refused anything by Lamb, and the following extract shows in what high esteem Lamb held him: "I counsel thee, shut not thy heart, nor thy library against S. T. C."

Ralph Bigod, another friend of Lamb's, often made use of his books, though Lamb did not have so great feeling for him. They were out walking on one occasion, and Lamb was astonished at the number of people that spoke to them. He did not understand it, and on inquiring, Bigod told him that they were only "the feeders of his exchequer, his good friends to whom he had occasionally been beholden for a loan." Lamb's keen observation of such a character as Bigod doubtless prompted him to express his views on this subject. He was quick to notice a thing that was unnatural or singular.

The best picture of Lamb's own mind is found in "Imperfect Sympathies," where he says: "I am a bundle of prejudices. I can feel for all indifferently, but I can not feel towards all equally." The famous analysis of the Scotch character occurs in this essay. Lamb says that he has been trying all his life to like Scotchmen, but he is forced to give up in despair. They will not like him, and he does not think that one ever tried it. He says that the Scotchman is satisfied with a fragment of the truth. With him everything is either right or wrong, there can be no compromise.

Since Lamb claimed to be part Jew, it is strange that he should express such antipathy for that race, but he could not forget the story of Hugh of Lincoln, neither could he be reconciled to be "in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation." He could not understand what he calls the "half convertites;" he says, "I like fish or flesh." He also says, in a humorous way, that he likes the Jewish female physiognomy, but with trembling." The negro does not escape the notice of his capricious mind, for he expresses a yearning of tenderness for these "images of God cut in ebony."

Lamb venerates the Quaker principle, yet he says he would not like to live with them. A very correct expression of Lamb's disposition is contained in the following: "I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simpler taste can do without." He was greatly impressed with the presence of mind of the Quakers, and the manner in which they weighed every word before speaking. It must be remembered that Lamb never did this.

Lamb must have had some comical relations, if he has given us a correct idea of them in his essay on "Poor Relations." His male relation always turned up just at meal-time, and usually when there was a birthday dinner. Every one knew his knock, and all the guests felt that they had seen him before. "Leaving grace" was something that he knew nothing about, and his departure always brought great relief to tne family. Lamb says there can be but one greater evil—that is a "female Poor Relation." His own expression, "your indigent she-relative is hopeless," shows his attitude toward this class. He says that she is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. She mistakes the piano for the harpsichord, calls the servant "sir," and at the table insists on being helped after the men.

As a proof that Lamb could think on subjects that

were outside the family experiences, or in connection with some friend, the essays on "The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis" and "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers" may be cited. The former shows that he did not walk the streets alone without some purpose, or stand by his window and look out upon a sea of humanity without feeling that there was in every city great problems to be solved. The beggar cares nothing for the "ups" and "downs" of this world, he is not forced to study appearances, neither is he interviewed about his politics or religion. Lamb says that no one can properly contemn the beggar, nor can any one dare to go to law with him. The key-note to the essay is the following extract: "If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, aled captain, or a poor relation, I would choose, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a beggar. He is the only free man in the Universe."

In the essay "The Praise of Chimney Sweepers" Lamb simply shows his "yearning towards these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses"—that from their little pulpits, (the top of chimneys) in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind."

We cannot stop to call attention to all of the essays of Lamb; suffice it to say, that those we have left unnoticed, are in no sense inferior to the few we have examined. All of them are strong indications of a far-reading vision and a loftiness of conception. He never stooped to anything that was low; the entire trend of thought is along lines of pure and noble purposes.

The personal note in his writings is one of the strongest characteristics of his literary style. This was begun by Montaigne, followed up by Hazlitt, reaching its culmination in the subject of this sketch. The strong personal note in Lamb would lead superficial critics to regard him as an egotist, but a careful study of his essays ought to over-

throw that error. The "I" in his essays is not the expression of one seeking notoriety, but rather the method he seeks by which he would give the world an opportunity to see into the very recesses of his heart. His writings do not savour of the dogmatism of Jeffrey; he never impresses one that way.

There is a close resemblance between Lamb and Hazlitt in their selection of miscellaneous subjects. Hazlitt was at home when he could get a subject that would allow him to revert to the past. Lamb was delighted when he found a theme through which he could introduce his readers to himself. Hazlitt loved to go on a journey to the country where he could be all alone. Lamb was satisfied to tramp for hours through gardens and dingy streets. Neither could become eloquent, because the former was discontinuous in his thoughts, the latter abrupt, often choosing a subject and then going into many digressions. This is one fault that readers must overlook in reading Lamb.

Lamb was, without doubt, a very careful student of literature, especially the authors of the seventeenth century. He began a study of these authors when a boy, and that partially accounts for his inability to expound passages that his contemporaries cared nothing about. His love for Burton, Fuller, and Browne was next to reverence, and the extent of their influence over his diction will never be understood by many of his critics. From them he got a "diction of unsurpassed brilliancy and charm," yet his writings are rather a reflection than an imitation of their works. Nearly every essay contains a quotation from one of these authors, but he had the happy faculty of using it with a double purpose, that is to show his appreciation of their works and to express his own idea in phrases that have great charm for the reader. The essay on "New Year's Eve" furnishes an admirable example of the spirit of melancholy and gloom that Lamb catches from Browne. He introduces a quotation and then says: "How say you

reader—do not these verses smack of the rough and magnanimity of the old English vein?''

The vein of humor that runs through the essays can never be forgotten by any one who reads them. It is not the boisterous humor of Sydney Smith that would provoke one to course laughter, but a humour that is ''touched with cross-lights of pathos,'' to use the words of DeQuincey. The union of pathos and humour in him gives his humour an additional charm. The humourous side of the writer never predominated enough to to turn the subject into ridicule; there was never any offense.

Saintsbury says that Lamb's style is ''as indefinable as it is inimitable.'' It always has charm, is always smooth and calm; it is not impassioned utterance, neither is there anything emotional about it. It can not be called simple; there is to much association in it. Occasionally a slight incongruity is found. ''Many of Lamb's passages are simply parodies on Elizabethan authors.'' His style is not ornate like Hazlitt's, not rugged like Carlyle's, but yet not stern and argumentative like Sydney Smith's.

Could Lamb have devoted all his time to literature, doubtless he would have accomplished much that poverty and certain other inevitable circumstances prevented him from attempting. He experimented along many different lines—romance, poetry, and tragedy—finally discovering what he could do, he did it well, and left us a life simple, honest and pure. We owe him a great debt for his sincerity, and his uncompromising devotion to his sister ought to be enough to place him among the immortals.

Zeb F. Curtis.

## SHORTHAND—ITS PROGRESS.

Few things have contributed more in the last half century towards stimulating thought and disseminating information, and at the same time offering to men and women pleasant and profitable employment, than the art of Stenography. It may be interesting then to know something of its origin and growth.

I might say in the beginning that Stenography has as its object, to enable one to write legibly at the rate of speech. To do this it is necessary to employ a system of brief, arbitrary signs to denote sounds or combinations of sounds. No well developed systems of writing ever spring suddenly into existence. In the history of Greek writing, we find the uncial, or capital style, advancing to the calligraphic stage. It was superseded by the minuscule, or small letter style, and this also was subjected to various changes. In Latin the very same process took place, leaving us the modern Italian hand. Likewise our modern stenography had its crude beginning in the distant home of the Greeks and Romans. For more than a thousand years before the Christian era, the Hebrews and the Egyptians employed a method of shorthand. Among the Greeks shorthand was called "tachygraphy," coming from two Greek words and meaning "rapid writing." It was also called "brachygraphy," meaning "short writing." With them shorthand is said to have originated from a system of secret writing adopted by the early Christians for their own private use. In those days, you remember, the facilities for writing were very meagre, and, to save space, frequently recurring words or sounds were provided with arbitrary signs. How far back shorthand dates among the Greeks and Romans, for one good reason I decline to answer. It is said, however, that Zenophon and Cicero both used it, and it is to their faithful amanuenses that the students of American colleges, especially the Freshmen, will ever owe a lasting gratitude.

In the tenth century A. D., all acquaintance with the Grecian and Roman systems of shorthad had practically been lost, and not before the opening of the seventeenth can a revival of the art be said to begin. Yet during this span of years men felt a need of some means of rapid writing, and invented for themselves rough systems which, for speed, seem to have approximated shorthand. In the sixteenth century, when the Saxon monk was promulgating those great principles which have revolutionized the world, little did he think that he was giving a new impulse to the cultivation of an art that was destined in turn to bring an increased vitality into every phase of life. A desire to preserve Luther's discourses suggested the idea of a system of accelerated writing. The impulse was felt in England, where we may turn now as the birthplace of modern shorthand.

In the sixteenth century, Dr. Bright and Peter Bale published systems of stenography, in which nearly every word was provided with an arbitrary sign. This necessarily made a clumsy, cumberous system, a practical knowledge of which could be acquired only with a gignntic memory and by Herculean toil. The first system worthy of mention is that of John Willis, published in 1602, and entitled "Art of Stenographie." Though possessing many points of merit, it was, upon the whole, impracticable, and passed through many revisions. Between the dates of his system and Isaac Pittman's "phonography," published in 1837, there appeared over two hundred systems by various authors, each system mainly a revision of the one preceding. They were all stenographic but not phonographic—employing characters to represent letters instead of sounds, and hence their failures. Nearly all of them were based upon the alphabet and were called a, b, c systems, in which reporters omitted all vowels, leaving the same consonant forms to represent scores of words related to one another in sound. So that in such words as "like" and "leak,"

"seek" and "sake," the inevitable result was confusion and gross mistakes. As an example of the characteristic clumsiness inherent in all these early systems, Thomas Heywood said that Shakespeare's plays

> "Did throng the seats, the boxes and the stage
> So much that some by stenography drew
> A plot, put in print, scarce one word true."

A system came out in 1786, edited by Samuel Taylor and published in London. It met with more popularity than any of its predecessors, and was introduced into France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Hungary, Portugal and Roumania. At last phonography heard the cry of "Westward ho!" and started in quest of newer fields. In the year 1848 it planted itself on American soil. It has been only in the last few years, however, that it has made such rapid strides. In America, those who use shorthand are called "stenographers," while in England they usually take the name of "shorthand writers." Mr. Edward F. Underhill of New York City, when he set himself up in business in that city in 1854, called himself a "stenographer." At the suggestion of this word the people fell readily into its use, and since that time our shorthand writers have been known as stenographers.

With some it has been a matter of conjecture how, with systems nominally phonographic, those who practice them should, in America, be called stenographers. The fact is that at the time the word began to be used, most of the systems were stenographic, and even today a great many that claim to be phonographic, upon examination are found to be only partially so. Yet today we have some systems that seem to be perfect—capable of expressing, not approximately but accurately, every necessary sound. With the use of such systems the practical art has advanced to a stage of usefulness little dreamed of fifty years ago.

At a later date I hope to be able to call attention to some of the possibilities and prospects that lie along the stenographic road.

D. W. NEWSOM.

## LANDHOLDING IN COLONIAL NORTH CAROLINA.

[CONCLUDED.]

When the King purchased Carolina one of the Proprietors did not sell his share of the land. In 1744 this share was laid off to him, and it fell in North Carolina[1]. The Proprietor was Lord Carteret, or Earl Granville as he had been created. He possessed his estates like any other private citizen. He continued to collect his fines, escheats, and forfeitures, as formerly, and to sell land for quit rents. When war broke out with Great Britain the State Government confiscated this property.

*The Fundamental Constitutions and Land.* We cannot pass to the more technical phase of our subject without speaking of the Fundamental Constitutions. As the Proprietors did not seriously attempt to put them into operation a few words will be sufficient here. In respect of persononal freedom they were liberally conceived. In respect of landed property and the social organization depending on it, they were decidedly reactionary. They were ill-suited to the people for whom they were intended, and met with slight respect from those who originated them. While it is doubtless true that the Lords desired to put them into possession, it is also true that they never seriously attempted to do it. Along with the first copy that arrived in the colony came a set of rules which were to be followed until the more elaborate system could be made to work[2]. These rules constituted a temporary constitution, and under that the government was conducted. This is as near as the famous system ever came to a vital existence. The political development of the people was steadily away from it. Being intended for a full-grown cock it remained but an unhatched chick, with a few oscillations but never a sturdy stroke. It lingered in an uncertain state for about forty years, and then passed out of sight so quietly that the most painstaking research has not been able to determine when it ceased to exist.

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[1] Col. Recs. 655.

[2] Ibid, i. 181.

The Fundamental Constitutions[1] recognized six classes of landholders; Proprietors, Landgraves, Caciques, Lords of Manors, freemen and leetmen. The first three classes constituted the hereditary nobility. The size of their estates was prescribed by law. Their lands were indivisible, inalienable, and descended according to the rules of primogeniture. These nobles could grant lands for not exceeding three lives or twenty-one years, provided they retained one-third of their property as demesne. Each of these three ranks were to constitute one of the four estates which made up the parliament. There were to be eight properties—one for each Proprietor—one Landgrave, and one Cacique in each County. The land of all these together was to be two-fifths of the County. Manors could be created within certain limits. They were alienable but not divisible. The Lord of the Manor could not grant a part of the manor for longer than three lives or twenty-one years. Each of these four classes had leetmen and could hold courts leet. The freemen held directly under the Proprietors as a body and were required—as well as all other landowners—to believe in a God, who was 'publicly and solemnly to be worshiped.' A leetman could not move off from his lord's estate without that lord's written permission. The rank was inherited or entered voluntarily. On the marriage of a leetman or a leetwoman the lord was to give the pair ten acres of land for their lives, and for this not more than one-eighth of the yearly produce could be taken as rent.

*The Indians and Land.* Sir Walter Raleigh's first expedition to Roanoke Island carried to England a young Indian chief called Manteo. Him the next expedition brought back so full of Christian ides that he was forthwith baptized and made 'Lord of Roanke.' This incident illustrates the attitude of the white man towards the red man's

[1] They may be found in any collection of Locke's writings; also in Col. Recs. i. 187.

land. Everywhere the former claimed all the land and then assumed to allow the latter to hold a part of it as a tenant. For a space the two parties lived side by side, usually as allies. Then there was war. The European won and was in possession to establish his claim.

This process is clearly seen in North Carolina. In 1691 the Proprietors declared that they had long since taken the Indians under their protection 'as subjects to the monarchy of England[1].' War came twenty years later, and immediately afterwards the Indians' lands were surveyed, that is to say, the savages were restricted to what we should now call 'reservations[2].' In order to secure this land to the Indians a law was passed which forbade any white man without the consent of the Council to purchase any land that was claimed, or actually possessed, by an Indian[3].

The estate of the Red Men in their land was merely one of possession. An Act of 1729 (chap. 2) stipulated that the transaction under consideration should not be construed to 'invest the fee simple of the said lands in the Indians.' If, however, an Indian held land individually this Act was not to apply to him[4]. In 1748 (ch. 3, 2d section) an Act was passed to ascertain the bounds of the Tuscarora lands. These lands had been confirmed by treaty in 1713. They were now confirmed anew to the Tuscaroras, their heirs, and successors for ever, or so long as they should live on them. The Indians were to pay quit rents, and no person for any consideration was to purchase any of the land. Those whites then living on it were required to leave at once, but persons who had received grants for parts of it might enter and enjoy the same as soon as the savages had moved off[5]. When in 1776 (ch. 29) the Tuscaroras as a tribe sold their lands and left the province,

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1 Col. Recs. i. 378.
2 Ibid. ii. 140, 316.
3 Revision of 1752, p. 39 (Laws of 1715, ch. 59).
4 Ibid. p. 72.
5 Ibid. p. 247.

the transfer was sanctioned by the Assembly. The mere consent of the Council does not seem to have been considered sufficient[1] to convey a good title.

*Alienation.* The ordinary form of land transfer in North Carolina was the deed. Its popularity was perhas as much due to the fact that it was employed by the Proprietors in granting lands to settlers as to its superior convenience. It seems to have supplanted all other forms, except perhaps lease and release. Certain it is that fines and recoveries were not in use in North Carolina[2].

The absence of fines and recoveries caused inconvenience in reference to two kinds of transfers: (1) conveyances by femes coverts, and (2) the barring of entails. In regard to the former it was the early custom for the husband to convey with his wife's consent or for both to convey jointly, acknowledging the conveyance in Court after the wife was privately examined. By Act of 1715 (ch. 28) the latter was made the proper method, but the law was declared not to apply to entails. A difficulty arose from the inconvenience of getting the consent in Court of a feme who was either seriously sick or out of the province. In 1751 this was remedied by requiring in such cases, in addition to the husband's acknowledgement, a commission from the clerk to some third party who was to examine the wife as to her consent and report under oath to th Court[3].

In the early period entails were barred by private Acts of the Assembly. The expense of this prevented ordinarily the alienation of small estates tail. In 1749 (ch. 4, 1st session) the Assembly enacted that entailed estates of less than fifty pounds value should thenceforth be alienated by a deed of bargain and sale for a valuable consideration actually delivered. Such a conveyance was to pass the fee and to bar the entail, remainder, and reversion. To determine the value of such an estate the Secretary of the

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[1] Revision of 1773, p. 369.

[2] Revision of 1752, p. 9 (Laws of 1715, ch. 28).

[3] Ibid. p. 337.

province was to issue a writ *ad quod damnum* under which the Sheriff was to appoint a number of 'good and lawful men' to value the land in question and to report on the same. Such a deed of bargain and sale must be acknowl edged in Court and duly registered[1]. The more valuable entailed estates continued to be barred, as formerly, by means of private bills.

Alienation by inheritance followed the general English practice, which was primogeniture. This view is supported by two facts. (1) There is not on the statute-book any law which interferes with primogeniture. We should therefore expect the English practice to prevail. (2) We find in various records several references to the 'heir-at-law' in a way which indicates that one of the heirs[2] of an intestate ancestor had landed right superior to those of the other heirs[3]. The Act cited in note 3 indicates that primogeniture was stronger in the colony as a custom than as a right. Its importance was generally lessened by the free alienation by wills and by the ready sale of land for debt. As for wills, they were made under the statutes 32 & 34 & 35 Henry VIII. Social and economic reasons made it difficult for an estate to pay off the debts of its owner,

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1 Revision of 1752, p 291.

2 It will be remembered that the American use of the word 'heir' is much wider than the English use of it.

3 An Act in 1766 (ch: 5)—which is not the first time this Act appears in the Laws—directed the administrator of an estate to give the widow one-third and to distribute the remainder among the children. If any child 'not being the heir-at-law' had received property from the intestate by settlement or otherwise, it was to be counted in his share of the distributed property. 'But the heir at law, notwithstanding any land that he shall have by descent, or otherwise, from the intestate, is to have an equal part in the distribution with the rest of the children, without any consideration of the value of the land which he hath by descent or otherwise from the intestate.' In this Act the term 'heir-at law' is used three times. See also Revision of 1773, p. 343; also Revision of 1765, p. 282. We also note that in 1729 Governor Burrington complained that certain executiors in trust had detained 'the residum from the heir-at-law,' after paying legacies. Cf. Col. Recs. iii. 28.

and consequently it was thought best to sell it. By an early law the lands of persons who had left the colony were held for debt[1]. This was repealed in 1746. An English statute (5 Geo. II), called 'An Act for the more Easy Recovery of Debts in His Majesty's Plantations,' relaced these laws. In 1764 North Carolina made a law supplementary to the British Act, but it was disallowed by the King[2].

*Registration.* From the beginning land deeds were required to be registered. In 1665, twelve years before the Statute of Frauds, the proprietors established the office of Registrar. The Registrar's duty was to record grants from the Lords as well as 'all conveyances of land howse or howses from man to man, as also leases for land howse or howses made or to be made by the landlord to any tenant for more than one year[3].' The first deed registered was the valid one. At first a deed must be proved by two witnesses before the Governor or 'some Chief Judge of a Court.' Gradually the function was taken away from the Governor, and by 1715 it was centered in the local, or Precinct, Courts, where it remained ever afterwards. This law of 1715 (ch. 38) provided that all land deeds, except mortgages, must be registered within twelve months or they would not convey a valid title. Deeds thus executed passed 'estates in land, or rights to other estates, without livery of seizin, attornment, or other ceremony in the Law whatsoever.' The first deed registered was the valid one, but if a first mortgage should be registered within fifty days a second one previously registered should not invalidate it. The giver of a second mortgage, the first remaining in force, was to lose its equity of redemption. Finally, a mortgage should not bar a widow of her right of dower[4].

This law did not entirely accomplish its object. In 1741

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1 Laws of 1715 ch. 18; also Col. Recs. iii. 182.

2 Revision of 1765, p. 358, and Revision of 1773, p. 328.

3 Col. Recs. i, 79.

4 Revision of 1752, p. 20.

many persons through either ignorance or neglect had failed to register their deeds within the proper time. These were relieved by having their time extended one year. In 1756 the same class of delinquents had the time extended two years, and this same law was after that re-enacted five times before 1773.

An interesting fact in this connection is the adherence to the ancient custom of 'processioning lands.' In 1723 (ch. 4) an Act was passed providing that 'the lands of every person in this government shall be processioned and the marks renewed once in every three years.' Two freeholders, appointed for the purpose, and such others as would go along, were to go over the bounds of the land, finding and renewing the marks. These two men made report of their action to the Precinct Court, where the report was preserved by the clerk. Persons whose lands were twice 'processioned' were to be considered sole owners and might plead this Act to that end; provided, however, that this law should not defeat the rights of reversion and remainder, or the titles of orphans, femes coverts, lunatics, &c. Persons having these rights were to have liberty to sue for their rights within three years after the removal of disabilities[1]. The law for processioning remained on the statute-books in 1773, but it is likely that it was but poorly enforced[2].

*Occupation.* In the laws of 1715 (ch. 27) it was provided that all persons who who held titles through sales made by creditors, by husbands and wives jointly, by husbands in right of their wives or by endorsement of parents and who without suit in law should continue in possession for seven years, these persons should have the legal title. Moreover, persons claiming lands, tenements, and hereditaments must present their claims within seven

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[1] Revision of 1752, p. 54.

[2] It was re-enacted in 1792, and further amended by chap. 28, 1816.

years after the rights descended or accrued, or be debarred from suing afterwards. Orphans, femes coverts, and infants were allowed three years in which to make claim after the disabilaties were removed[1]. This law may possibly be very old law, for as has been said, the laws of 1715 were mostly revisions. Perhaps it is not too much to connect it with a provision of the Proprietors in 1665 which declared that all who quietly enjoyed their land for seven years should not be required to resurvey them for any consideration whatsoever.

The above law deals with occupation where there is 'color of title.' As to occupation 'without colour of title,' we find no mention of it in the early history of the colony. It is as late as 1755 (ch. 5) that we find a law allowing a good title to those who could prove undisturbed possession for twenty years. Here also infants and femes coverts could sue within three years after removal of disabilities[2]. This law was on the statute-book of 1765. but in that of 1773 it was indicated as 'repealed by proclamation.' It embodies the only legislation on the subject that is to be found in the colonial laws.

JOHN S. BASSETT.

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[1] Revision of 1773, p. 4.

[2] Revision of 1765, p. 270.

## THE HUMOUR OF THE CLASS-ROOM.

There be good humours . . . *Henry V.*

The man who can spend the years of a long and eventful life in the class-room and note only its dull routine is deserving of our most profound commiseration. He has been a deaf man while Orpheus wielded the baton, a blind man amidst the most stupendous scenery. I am astonished beyond measure that no great writer, save Max O'Rell, has attempted the class-room in the style of modern realism. The humour is there. The pity is it is so little appreciated. Many a knotty problem of Euclid, the impenetrable sense of many a line of sentence-writhing Pindar would have been a thing of beauty and a joy forever had it been punctuated with a laugh or illumined with a phosphorescent gleam of humour.

Not that we should assume a virtue if we have it not. Far be it from me to advocate any attempt at witticism on the part of either laity or clergy. What I contend for is this, pure spontaneous bubbling mirth of the irrepressible sort may be safely encouraged even in the cap and gown, and I claim the right to burn the Papal bull that consigns this essay to the index expurgatorious.

I remember very distinctly a lesson in physiology which but for a bonmot? would long since have passed beneath the waves of Lethe. The learned doctor, whose books were already in many languages, was demonstrating the "weary spot in the retina," and taking up a yellow piece of cardboard he moved it slowly around his head several times, asking us to follow it closely as he did so. Suddenly he dropped the cardboard and said, "Now each of you look straight at me and see if you don't see something green." The hearty approval of the class showed that the experiment was a decided success.

We all like to see overweening self-esteem properly squelched from time to time, provided that it be done

genteelly and not in a way to harrow up our feelings. Our school was visited one time by a pompous school commissioner who had been elected by machine politics and was accordingly conscious of the awful dignity that would be required and his own ability to supply the demand. The Fourth Reader class had just finished intoning the morning lesson all in their noses full sweetly. The teacher respectfully handed the book to the commissioner and asked him if he would not like to ask some questions. The commissioner ran his eye down the now thoroughly frightened bench of boys and girls and in Goliath tones said, "Now, children, I have an impression. Can any little boy or any little girl tell me just what an impression is?" Up went a chubby little hand. "Well, my little man, what is it?" "Pleath, thir, an impression ith a dent in a thoft thpot, thir." Fortunately it was then just time for recess.

If one be a teacher of language he must steel his nerves to a point where he can look on unflinchingly while untold surgical operations are performed by inexperienced hands upon the choicest verses of his favorite authors and the *disjecta membra* are so carelessly scattered abcut that his class-room more than anything else resembles that Cyclopean cave where Odysseus once had a similar experience.

But in this sad picture which so often darkens the canvas, there is still to be found here and there a mellower tint of sunshine and of gold.

A recitation in Vergil comes to my mind. A bewitching girl just turned sixteen was translating the farewell to an ungrateful world by that Carthaginian queen who could no longer brook the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Her eyes vied with Iris, her cheeks with Hebe and her lips looked as if they possessed at least their share of the quintessence of Juno. She had reached that point where the stately Vergilian verse is "*Pro Iuppiter ibit?*" (My God, is he going?). Her breath came quicker, her cheeks paled, we could see that she was possessed of the true

poetic rapture that caught the heavenly flame and would turn the thought from Latin into English like some precious perfume from one vial into another and none of its sweet odour be lost. We forgot to breathe, her lips parted and in the breath that escaped from between her teeth and sought its home in the heavenly blue we heard these accents, "By Jupiter, there he goes." . U. V. W.

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## EMERSON, THE INSPIRER.

Humanity has always believed in great men. The search after great men occupies a large place in mature manhood and is the constant dream of enquiring youth.

Among American authors Ralph Waldo Emerson stands as a unique genius and personality. He was a man who could not be bound to routine thinking and the observance of established forms and customs, but he looked forward and saw things in a new and more perfect light.

Having been ordained as a minister in his native city, he soon after embraced some peculiar views in regard to forms of worship and abandoned his profession. He had invited anti-slavery lecturers into his church and helped philanthropists of other denominations in their work. After leaving his charge in Boston he retired to the quiet village of Concord "after the manner of an Arabian prophet" and gave himself up to thinking, preparatory to his appearance as a revelator.

An oration entitled "Man Thinking," delivered in the summer of 1837 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, attracted universal attention. He began now to be understood. His peculiarity was not so much his system, but his point of view. He is not a reasoner but a discoverer; not a logician in the trues sense, but a seer; he announced but never argued. His was the struggle of a soul after its ideals and he himself was the embodiment of moral virtues. He stands not so much as an artist, but as the pro-

claimer of a new message and the prophet of a new faith. He is the prophet that called the people to a higher life.

Emerson is a seeker with but little reference to the past. He evidently aims to break the moulds of popular beliefs and to get at the very heart of every matter. He has none of the ill humor which would deny because others affirm; he simply takes leave to look for himself. His demand is Truth and he must stand face to face with the absolute.

He lived in an era when America demanded a man, when America demanded a thinker; and he elegantly filled the want in the heart of the people. Great men are usually born in times of great struggles in which civil or religious liberty lives or perishes. A convulsion which upheaves and overturns and brings commonplace things toppling down and sends small men to seek swift shelter from impending danger rouses great souls into true grandeur. And so with Emerson; he was the man that the young manhood of New England most needed and he was true to them and true to himself. He was a loyal, home-loving American, and with a keen perception he was ever on the alert and ever ready to arraign his country-men sharply for their faults. He recognized the faults of new civilization and labored diligently and patiently to correct them.

Emerson demonstrated a great capacity for love and his home-life is one of the most beautiful. Love in life was the only thing that could keep the whole world "alive and significant" to him. His great love for his brother Charles is shown in a few words. He said, "The best of my strength lay in the soul with which I must now no more on earth have communion. I shall never hear such speaking as his, for his memory was a garden of immortal flowers." He also had a remarkable love for children and he looked at the birth of a child into the world with all its vast possibilities as a serious matter. The nursery was always his favorite resort. The death of his five year old boy was almost more than he could bear, for the child had been a

great inspiration to him and he eagerly looked forward to the time when he could send him to his friend Carlyle. He said, "A few weeks ago I counted myself a very rich man but now all is gone."

Under such depressing circumstances he finds sweet consolation in Nature. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men." Nature was to him the temple where God and the mind are to be studied and adored. He resorted to Nature for joy, consolation and spiritual truth. There is always about Emerson a profound sense of the good and the beautiful. Nature was to him the very incarnation of holiness, virtue and loveliness, and his address on "The Methods of Nature" show us his profound enjoyment and the world truths he drew from it. "The world proceeds from the same spirit as the body of man; it is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God; a projection of God in the unconscious."

Emerson from childhood was a great reader and lived, moved and had his being in an atmosphere of letters. He would hide books under his desk at school and would read when the teacher was not looking. He was not distinguished at college in his text-books, but he knew Shakespeare by heart. He was a dunce in mathematics but consoled himself with Shakespeare, Plutarch and others. To him must be attributed the great idea of literature as it is taught in modern colleges. While he was a great reader, he still kept his own style and individuality.

Emerson not only identified himself with the people of Concord but with the world. In Baltimore, Philadelphia and in the West enormous crowds attended his lectures. The first great lecture was "The American Scholars," which Lowell called "The Declaration of Independence." This great lecture has become almost classic. He clearly notes the different influences which must come to a scholar. The first influence must be the inspiration of "Nature," then the mind of the past in books and solitude. Throughout

the country he went carrying his great thought. He lectured mostly on English Literature, delivering ten lectures in Boston, and was in great demand as a commencement addresser. His tendency towards mysticism renders him obscure and often almost, if not altogether, unintelligible. He takes a hopeful view of the universe and its future, and though sometimes hard to understand his wonderful personality kindled the thoughts of all with whom he came in contact.

He gave humanity the largest conception of intellect and soul, and portrayed the three great elements which bind man to man and man to God—Friendship, Love and Truth. His style is epi-grammatic, incisive and authoritative and his brittle sentences break apart and resolve themselves into independent units.

Emerson had a very striking appearance, being tall and slender with slightly stooping figure, small head and blue eyes. His manner was gracious and noble; he was calm, sedate and kindly, with always a smile on his lips. There was a sweet seriousness in his voice and he brought man face to face with the infinite. George Elliott said that he was the only real man she had ever seen.

His mode of living was very simple. He took coffee in the morning, tea in the evening, animal food only once a day, wine occasionally, but always pie at breakfast. He hated invalidism and had not much patience with general complaints of the health.

His voice had a great charm in conversation and in the lecture room. He was always very exact in the choice of his words and would often hesitate to find the right word. His study was his work-shop and he preferred to labor in "sweet solitude." After he became famous he was constantly interrupted, but received all visitors with a courtesy and kindness which was always the same.

Emerson has brought us life and light and has put us into communication with a larger style of thought.

LUTHER M. CARLTON.

# Editorial.

M. TROY DICKINSON, - - - - - - - CHIEF EDITOR.
SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

## GROWTH OF THE COLLEGE DURING THE YEAR.

A LIVE college must continuously grow. There are always new demands to enter larger fields of truth, and these demands require larger equipments and better facilities for work. The evolutions of a college are always interesting. From high schools the great universities of this country have been brought to their present development. Among southern colleges, none has had a more marvelous growth than Trinity. Beginning as a country school of no pretensions, it has reached its present growth in a comparatively short period. It has been a constant growth. Each year has been marked by new additions to its equipments, better fitting it for enlarged usefulness. The past few years have seen its most rapid progress. Without attempting to review all of these years, it is the purpose of this short review to note some of the additions made during the present collegiate year.

The enrollment of students shows a larger per cent. of increase than any of the other leading colleges of the State. The general preparation of the students for college work shows a gratifying improvement, while the college spirit has grown into a college enthusiasm.

Fully five hundred new volumes have been added to the various departments of the Library. Among these are a very handsome set of scientific works presented by Col. J. S. Carr. This set of books cost Col. Carr a hundred and fity dollars, and greatly adds to the scientific department of the Library. Besides this gift from Col. Carr, Mr. J. G. Brown of Raleigh, an alumnus of Trinity, presented a large number

of volumes to the Library, while Mr. Bass of Durham donated Webster's Internation Dictionary to the College. Other friends have donated books of rare historic interest. There have been large additions of the best and most recent books on Biblical literature, thus adding greatly to the efficiency of "The Avera Department of Biblical Literature." The Library has grown to such an extent as to require larger room, and during vacation the authorities expect to move it into the "Crowell Science Hall," devoting to it the entire first floor of this building, except the class-room now occupied by the School of Economy and Sociology. A special library building is already a necessity.

An excellent X-ray machine has been placed in the Scientific Department. This was the gift of Mr. B. N. Duke. It is the handsomest X-ray machine in any college in the State. Besides this handsome gift, Master Angier Duke, son of Mr. B. N. Duke, presented to the College an excellent telescope.

Much work has been done on the Park. Through the generosity of Mr. B. N. Duke improvements were begun more than a year ago, and his purpose to make at Trinity the most attractive Park in Eastern North Carolina, has been pushed with great zeal. The curbing about the drives has been finished, and preparations for lawn grass are being made, so that the grass can be sown in the early fall. Five hundred trees have been planted, and a number of Durham women who love the College have planted a large number of flowers. Perhaps the handsomest fountain in the State has just been constructed in the circle in front of the Washington Duke building. This fountain is the gift of that large-hearted woman, Miss Annie Roney. Trinity College is her pride and this donation to it is but an evidence of her great love for it. The circle in which this fountain is placed will be named in honor of her.

The year has marked a decided growth in the publica-

tions of the College. The first number of *The Trinity Historical Publication* made its appearance in January, and met with worthy commendations from the press. *The Christian Educator* has been greatly enlarged, and improved in very many other respects.

Perhaps no other department of the College has grown more than the "Historical Museum." During the year a large number of cases have been added to it, and these have been filled with rare historical relics. The collection of old documents is said by some to be the finest in the State. The friends of Trinity throughout the State are taking great interest in this department, and constantly additions are being made to the collections. The Historical Society has maintained a growing interest in the study of North Carolina history, and the records show that this has been a year of much profitable work by the members. A new chair has been added to the School of English, and Dr. Few will take charge of it. This gives Trinity two full chairs in English, and puts it in advance of any college in the South in this department of work. With Doctors Few and Mims in the School of English, Trinity will open its next session offering advantages in the study of English Language and Literature not to be found elsewhere in the South.

The endowment of the College has increased one hundred and one thousand dollars. Dr. J. A. Cuninggim, a member of the N. C. Conference, endowed last fall a loan scholarship valued at one thousand dollars, the income from which will be loaned to worthy young men to pay their tuition fees. In December Mr. Washington Duke gave to the endowment one hundred thousand dollars, on condition that women be admitted to all advantages of the College. This princely donation is the largest ever made by a southern man to the endowment of a college. Mr. Duke is a close observer and showed his confidence in the work and future of Trinity by this great gift. Dr. Cun-

inggim and Mr. Duke have set the noblest example to men of wealth, and in the years to come the State will reap the highest results from their investments.

The admission of women to Trinity marks a new departure in education in the South. Very many southern women have been going to northern colleges to better fit themselves for literary work. The conservatism of southern colleges made it impossible for them to enter the male colleges of their own section, but the great foresight of this philanthropist has made it possible for our young women to secure at Trinity the advantages of higher education, and at much less cost than it can be secured in northern colleges. All of the friends of Trinity are enthusiastic over the idea, and many women have already indicated their intention of entering Trinity.

In every respect this has been a year of great prosperity at Trinity, and the future is full of brightest prospects.

President Kilgo assures THE ARCHIVE that the growth of Trinity College in the high esteem of the people has been marvelous. Everywhere he meets the most enthusiastic interest in the College.

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## COMMENCEMENT PERSONNEL.

### DR. W. B. SMITH, OF TULANE UNIVERSITY.

Dr. W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, will deliver the Literary Address Tuesday evening, June 9. Dr. Smith is one of the foremost scholars in the South, and is an entertaining speaker. He is Professor of Mathematics at Tulane, and it is no exaggeration to say that he ranks among the foremost mathematicians of this country. His works on mathematical subjects are studied in several of the leading institutions of the North.

He is a frequent contributor to prominent periodicals on philosophic and economic subjects. "He is at present engaged in, and has pushed to an advanced stage, a critical

work on a part of the New Testament that promises to be of great value."

Dr. Smith's services are very much in demand by educational institutions, for literary addresses. In New Orleans he takes an active part in all that pertains to good government and to the welfare of the city.

The College is to be congratulated on securing his services this year. It is the policy of the College to obtain, if possible, the foremost scholars of the country to deliver the literary address at Commencement. Dr. Smith made a profound impression at Clemson College, S. C., where he delivered an address last year. President Craighead, in writing to a friend at Trinity, said: "You could not have made a better selection. In my opinion you will have the best address you have ever had at Trinity."

### DR. JAMES ATKINS, OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

It gives us very great pleasure to announce that the Baccalaureate Sermon will be preached before the Faculty and students of Trinity College on the 8th day of June by Rev. James Atkins, D. D., Sunday-school Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. We are sure that the large audience which will assemble upon that occasion will greatly enjoy the privilege of listening to this distinguished preacher. It is keeping strictly within the limits of the truth to say that, as a pulpit and platform orator, he is one of the foremost men in the great church to which he belongs. Though now a member of the Western North Carolina Conference, Dr. Atkins is a native of East Tennessee.

Dr. Atkins was educated at Emory and Henry College. Immediately after leaving school he entered the itinerant ministry, and for a number of years occupied important stations, in all of which he acquitted himself in such a manner as to win the hearty commendation and earnest love of the flocks to which he ministered. For many years

preceding his election to the Sunday-school Editorship, he was engaged in school work, having been President of Asheville Female College, and of Emory and Henry (Va). As a teacher and school administrator he achieved the same success that followed his work in the pastorate.

After the death of the lamented Dr. W. D. Kirkland in 1896, Dr. Atkins was promptly chosen to be his successor. The wisdom of the choice has been abundantly demonstrated. Both in the office and in the field Dr. Atkins is showing himself "a workman that need not be ashamed." His recent tour of the Annual Conference was almost an ovation. Wherever he has gone he has made hosts of friends for himself and for the cause which he represents. Nowhere is he more esteemed than in North Carolina, and we are sure he will get such a welcome when he comes to Durham as will make his heart glad for many days.

### MR. STONEWALL J. DURHAM.

The Alumni Address will be delivered Tuesday afternoon, June 8, by Mr. Stonewall J. Durham, of Bessemer City. The Association could have made no wiser selection. Mr. Durham belongs to the young Alumni, and has always been a warm friend and defender of his "Alma Mater." Mr. Durham belongs to a family distinguished for oratorical ability. His father, Plato Durham, was one of the most gifted speakers the State has ever produced. Mr. Durham graduated at Trinity in 1892. While a student, he frequently represented his Society in contests. He won the Wiley Gray Medal, given by Mr. Robert Gray, of Raleigh, in honor of his brother, to the speaker delivering the best oration at Commencement. He also won the medal in the intercollegiate oratorical contest at Morehead City.

Mr. Durham lives at Bessemer City, where he is engaged in extensive manufacturing enterprises, and in the practice of his profession, law. The Alumni are to be congratulated on their choice. It is to be hoped that a great many of the Alumni will attend Commencement this year.

## NEEDED IMPROVEMENTS IN THE LIBRARY.

DURING the summer the Library is to be removed to the Crowell Science Halll. A careful fitting out of this room and proper arrangement of the books would greatly enhance the value of the Library. It should be neat and well ordered. If it were made a more inviting place, the students would visit it oftener and use the books more.

A coarse carpet of some sort would conduce to pleasantness and quiet; the noise made by many feet tramping on the bare floor is often annoying. This could be avoided by the expenditure of but little money.

The books have recently been re-arranged and numbered, but the work should not be allowed to stop with anything less than a thorough cataloguing of the Library and a system of card reference. It is to be hoped that these improvements will be made when the books are carried to their new home.

While the spirit manifested toward students in giving them work as librarians is commendable and while there is some saving in expenses, yet we cannot believe that this mode of management is for the best interests of the student body as a whole. A student who is taking regular work in the College cannot from the nature of the case do justice by his courses of study and at the same time serve efficiently as librarian. Again, with this arrangement a change of librarians is made once a year or oftener, and thus there is never any skilled service. No one serves as librarian long enough to learn to do the work properly. It is often necessary for the regular librarian to get somebody to keep the Library in his stead, and it is thus merely kept open and every man who wants a book must look it up for himself. In this way much time is lost. A permanent librarian who can devote his whole time and attention to the work is what is needed. The value of the work done in all departments depends in a

large measure on the Library, and any lack of efficiency in its management will have a deadening effect on the work of students in prescribed courses, to say nothing of outside reading and study.

These needed improvements would necessitate a slight increase of expenses, but the advantages gained would more than justify the additional cost.

## THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Since the public has been so pronounced in its condemnation of football, Trinity has begun to turn her attention to baseball. In football she won and held a high place among the institutions of the South which took interest in athletic sports, and the record of the past year has shown that she is capable of taking the same high position in baseball, having lost only one game out of eight against amateur teams, and that with men who have had the training of only two seasons. Our relations with these teams have been pleasant, and in every case we have endeavored to entertain them well, both in the buildings and on the ground. Last season we began in a small way to prepare for future success by training the members of the lower classes so that we could later send out a strong team. This season, under the management of Mr. J. P. Gibbons, more games were arranged and a larger development has been the result, with the promise of a still wider field next year. Captain Johnston at second has far surpassed his hitherto fine record, and by the hearty support and co-operation of the players and students has led the team successfully in almost every contest. Below is given a brief summary of the games played, with the official record of the individual players:

AT TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, April 2, 1897.

*Oak Ridge vs. Trinity.*

OAK RIDGE.—Runs, 3; base hits, 5; struck out by Lambreth, 3; errors, 11. Battery, Lambreth and Brake.

TRINITY.—Runs, 22; base hits, 17; struck out by Crawford, 7; errors, 4. Battery, Crawford and Howland.

TRINITY PARK, April 6, 1897.

*Brooklyn vs. Trinity.*

BROOKLYN.—Runs, 18; base hits, 18; struck out by Daub, 3; errors, 3.

TRINITY.—Runs, 2; base hits, 4; struck out by Crawford, 1; by Curtis, 2; errors, 8.

TRINITY PARK, April 7, 1897.

*Brooklyn vs. Trinity.*

BROOKLYN.—Runs, 13; base hits, 16; struck out by Payne, 3; errors, 1.

TRINITY.—Runs, 1; base hits, 3; struck out by Korwan, 1; errors 6.

Brooklyn furnished battery for Trinity in above game.

TRINITY PARK, April 10, 1897.

*A. & M. College vs. Trinity.*

A. & M. COLLEGE.—Runs, 3; base hits, 7; struck out by Watkins, 10; errors, 5.

TRINITY.—Runs, 7; base hits, 8; struck out by Crawford, 5; errors, 8.

TRINITY PARK, April 17, 1897.

*Guilford College vs. Trinity.*

GUILFORD COLLEGE.—Runs, 5; base hits, 9; struck out by Petty, 4; errors, 11.

TRINITY.—Runs, 7; base hits, 5; struck out by Crawford, 5; errors, 8.

TRINITY PARK, April 19, 1897.

*Guilford College vs. Trinity.*

GUILFORD COLLEGE.—Runs, 7; base hits, 10; struck out by Petty, 2; by Kerner, 3; errors, 11.

TRINITY.—Runs, 17; base hits, 16; struck out by Crawford, 3; errors, 5.

AT RALEIGH, April 28, 1897.

*Wake Forest vs. Trinity.*

WAKE FOREST.—Runs, 8; base hits, 14; struck out by Williams and Edwards, 3; errors, 6.

TRINITY.—Runs, 5; base hits, 10; struck out by Chambers, 12; errors, 5.

AT TRINITY PARK, DURHAM, May 5, 1897.

*Franklin, Va., vs. Trinity.*

FRANKLIN.—Runs, 5; base hits, 8; struck out by Edwards and Williams, 7; errors, 12.

TRINITY.—Runs, 16; base hits, 13; struck out by Chambers, 8; errors, 9.

TRINITY PARK, May 15, 1897.

*Presbyterian High School vs. Trinity.*

PRESBYTERIAN HIGH SCHOOL.—Runs, 0; base hits, 4; struck out by Hopkins, 0; errors, 10.

TRINITY.—Runs, 10; base hits, 9; struck out by Crawford, 4; errors, 1.

Played seven innings only.

TRINITY PARK, May 22, 1897.

*Wake Forest vs. Trinity.*

WAKE FOREST.—Runs, 1; base hits, 3; struck out by Williams, 5; errors, 12.

TRINITY.—Runs, 11; base hits, 12; struck out by Chambers, 12; errors, 2.

Wake Forest scored one in ninth inning.

RECORDS OF THE PLAYERS.

The record of each player for the season is given under these heads: The number of times at bat, number of games played in, base hits, number of times made first base, number of put outs made, number of assists made, and number of errors. Passed balls and wild throws not included under errors:

| | A. B. | R. | G. | B. H. | 1 B. | P. O. | A. | E. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Johnston, | 45 | 16 | 9 | 15 | 24 | 18 | 55 | 6 |
| Dailey, | 47 | 11 | 10 | 13 | 20 | 8 | 56 | 12 |
| Card, | 46 | 15 | 10 | 11 | 27 | 19 | 5 | 4 |
| Chambers, | 19 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 10 | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Howland, | 45 | 14 | 10 | 14 | 34 | 64 | 17 | 4 |
| Parker, | 28 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 15 | 3 | 6 | 3 |
| Curtis, Z., | 38 | 7 | 9 | 8 | 13 | 7 | 4 | 5 |
| Curtis, B., | 32 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 15 | 3 | 23 | 6 |
| Flowers, J., | 37 | 9 | 8 | 6 | 19 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Crawford, | 30 | 4 | 7 | 4 | 10 | 3 | 19 | 0 |
| Anderson, | 13 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 3 | 3 |
| Bohannon, | 17 | 2 | 5 | 4 | 7 | 3 | 18 | 4 |
| Mann, R., | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 |

# Wayside Wares.

SANDERS DENT, - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

What sort of wares have we for the weary traveler along the toilsome way this month? Let us see. Here is a well-selected bunch of final examinations for the Seniors. Among them is a solemn bud, looking as if the universe depended upon the secrets folded in its petals and bristling all over with questions about itself and the world around it. "A century plant?" you ask. Yes, it has taken centuries for it to develop, and it is only a half-open bud now. Men call it Philosophy. By its side is another rather staid-looking flower, but clean cut and accurate in its dimensions. It doesn't claim everything for itself, but it is a very sceptical, independent sort of plant, and holds itself up among its fellows as if conscious of its power. It is not a popular flower with most college men, but still it must form a part of the diploma bouquet, and it is called Physics. Off to one side is another modest, half-open bloom full of life and vigor, because its existence is most important to the toilers along the way. On its petals are many inscriptions to warn and guide the traveler of his duties to those who are journeying by his side. Along its healthy stem is written "Social Science."

Around these are grouped the various languages, some old and some new, each beautiful in its blossom and inviting to the eye in its perfection. Beginning somewhere down among the stems, is a rough-looking vine, which twines round and round them all as if binding them together and putting forth a blossom now and then among its tendrils. It seems to travel in circles, but every time it goes round it rises higher, and is just now ready to peep above the petals of the more pretentious flowers. Its topmost bud is the

Greeco-Turkish war, and is called current events. The vine is History.

Around the bouquet is wrapped a piece of sheep-skin, on which some Latin sentences are engraved, which men seldom take the trouble to read. This, gentlemen of the Class of '97, is what the peddler presents to you, with the prospect after examinations of a few days of rest and dreams before commencement day. During this short period you will be found more in the company of your class-mates than has been your habit formerly. You have lost interest in the affairs of the classes below you, and you have a kind of fellow-feeling for each other. You have forgotten the bitter rivalries and jealousies of the past four years, and have learned to appreciate the strength and forgive weaknesses of each other. Social and intellectual differences fade out during these last days among the few veterans who have seen so many of their fellows go down in failure since their college life begun, and as they wander over the campus and along the halls, which are soon to become only memories for them, they are drawn together in a common bond of sympathy in their ambitions and hopes for the future.

But there is one more trial of strength for you and you are preparing for it during these quiet days, not with the resistless ambition and unrest of your earlier contests, but with fixed purpose of men who have experienced victory and defeat. On commencement day, gentlemen of the Class of '97, you will contest for the bauble and the victor will receive the congratulations of his friends, and in the little excitement of the social life of the day the vanquished will forget their defeat.

You will enjoy in a half-sad way the brilliant life of a social gathering, and "as the night wanes, you will wander, for a last look, toward the dingy walls, that have made for you so long a home. The old broken expectancies, the days of glee, the triumphs, the rival-

ries, the defeats, the friendships, are recalled with a flut tering of the heart, that pride cannot wholly subdue. You step upon the Chapel-porch, in the quiet of the night, as you would step on the graves of friends. You pace back and forth in the wan moonlight, dreaming of that dim life which opens wide and long, from the morrow. The width and length oppress you: they crush down your struggling self-consciousness, like Titans dealing with Pigmies. A single piercing thought of the vast and shadowy future which is so near, tears off on the instant all the gew-gaws of pride, —strips away the vanity that doubles your bigness, and forces you down to the bare nakedness of what you truly *are!*

"With one more yearning look at the gray hulks of building, you loiter away under the trees. The oaks which have bowered your proud steps through four years of proudest life, lift up to the night their rounded canopy of leaves, with a quiet majesty that mocks you. They kiss the same calm sky, which they wooed four years ago; and they droop their trailing limbs lovingly to the same earth, which has steadily, and quietly, wrought in them their stature, and their strength. Only here and there, you catch the loitering foot-fall of some other benighted dreamer, strolling around the grassy campus, which lies like a prairie-child, under the edging shadows of the town. The lights glimmer one by one; and one by one—like breaking hopes—they fade away from the houses. The full risen moon that dapples the ground beneath the trees, touches the tall church spires with silver; and slants their loftiness—as memory slants grief—in long, dark, tapering lines, upon the silvered Green."

## A MOMENT OF REST.

Still and low the wings of evening spread
  And fan the air into a feathery breeze,
While o'er my spirit steals, with airy tread,
  A feeling strange as if by lonely seas.

Trembling deep in yonder blue immense,
  A pensive star in modesty retires;
The day is done; the sun is now far hence;
  The heavens glow with feeble sunlit fires.

Upon the breeze there comes a soft refrain
  That leads my thoughts to wander and to roam;
The words are those of that familiar strain,
  "There's no place like home, sweet home."

Emotions rise upon those plaintive airs
  And buoyant hope comes bounding, breathing full;
Old memories come trooping o'er the years,
  And scenes that once I held so beautiful.

With book half closed, and head against the chair,
  I rock, and wrap my thoughts in floating dream,
My weary mind shifts every clinging care,
  And drifts away to some more restful theme.

Far onward through the mellow twilight still,
  By rustling leaves in dreamy, restless sleep,
I pass in rapid pace some haunted mill;
  It seems to call, and then in silence, weep.

Through cool and shadowy woodlands swift I stray,
  The sleepy streamlets breathing dull and low;
Watchful sprites and neiads guide their windlng way
  And seem to trace my footsteps as I go.

All things are hushed. A melancholy trill
  Through dusky distance softly, faintly falls;
Poor friendless bird! complaining whip-poor-will,
  Ever alone, and none to hear its calls.

At last, how glad! my feet are quickly turning
  Towards a hill I long had pined to see;
Through the dark a lamp is brightly burning,
  And there it seems to burn and wait for me.

As I approach mid flowers and dewy grass
  And onward rush through yard and open door,
What grief to find,—ah me, alas! alas!
  My book had slipped and fallen to the floor.

D. W. NEWSOM.

# Literary Notes and Reviews.

W. K. BOYD, - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The chief feature of current fiction is its historical basis. Novelists are deserting the sentimentalism of Crockett and the Scotch school, and are turning to historical facts for the foundation of their work. One of the most popular of recent books is Mrs. Flora Annie Steel's "On the Face of the Waters," a thrilling story of the famous Sepoy mutiny. Concerning her purpose in writing this novel, the author says: "I have not allowed fiction to interfere with fact in the slightest degree. The reader may rest assured that every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Indian mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even to the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather. Nor have I allowed the actual actors in the great tragedy to say a word regarding it which is not to be found in the accounts of eye-witnesses, or in their own writings. I have chosen the title, because when you ask an uneducated native of India why the Great Rebellion came to pass, he will, in nine cases out of ten, reply, 'God knows! He sent a breath into the world.' From this to a spirit moving on the face of the waters is not far. For the rest I have tried to give a photograph—that is, a picture in which the differentiation caused by color is left out of a time which neither the fair race nor the dark race is ever likely to quite forever forget or forgive. That they may come nearer to the latter is the object with which the book has been written." This work has been so successful that Mrs. Steele has found inspiration to write a new story, whose title is somewhat mystically related to its predecessor. "In the Tideway" is the name of this new volume, but here the relationship ceases, for the scene of this story is among the "banks and braes" of Scotland, far removed from tropical India.

During the last month the most popular book, according to sales, was "In Vadis," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, another example of the historical revival in current romance. The story portrays the life of decadent Rome; the sensuality of Nero's court is suggestively described, while the heroic struggle of the Christians is well contrasted with the baseness of their persecutors. The hero is a young Roman, in whom the blood of his ancestors has not degenerated, but retains the noble traits of the Fathers of the Republic. The book is said to be one of the strongest of modern historical novels. Mr. Sienkiewicz is a Pole, and is the Scott of that literary renaissance which has been the distinctive feature of Poland for the last few years. "Without Dogma" and "Yanko" are other volumes from his pen, but neither of these has attained the popularity of "In Vadis." The book is translated by Jeremiah Curtin, and published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

"Barbara Blomberg" is the title of George Ebers' new romance, an historical study of the reign of Emperor Charles V., soon after the death of Luther, when Protestantism was gaining ground in its struggle with the Catholic church. The story treats of the love of the Emperor for Barbara Blomberg, a beautiful singer, who becomes the mother of John of Austria. The life of Duke John is told at length in the second volume.

Whether Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas" is to be a permanent contribution to the literature of his native land, time only will prove. But the title of this popular book has been a puzzle to all, to those who condemn his art as well as those who admire the strong patriotic tone of the poems. Nathan H. Dole suggests the following solution: "Many people have tried to explain the meaning and origin of the title of Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems, some even reckoning on their fingers the various seas that the author might be supposed to have crossed in the course of

his wanderings. I think it is more likely that the title is derived from the last line of the forty-seventh quatrain in the 1872 edition of Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam:'

> 'When you and I behind the Veil are past,
> Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last;
> Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast.'

The term 'Seven Seas' (in Persian 'Heft Kulzum') is used as the title of the Great Dictionary and Grammar of the Persian language, containing many Persian poems, published in 1822 at Lucknow."

Admirers of Mr. Kipling's genius will rejoice to hear that he now aspires to write a novel, "a real novel—not a one-volume or a two-volume, but a real three decker."

Sufficient funds have been subscribed to erect a memorial window to Oliver Goldsmith in the church of his old home, Pallas, County Longford, Ireland. Most of the subscribers are English men-of-letters. The design proposed by a South-Ireland firm has been accepted and the contract closed.

A bust of Sir Walter Scott is to be unveiled in Westminster Abbey some time in May. Bostonians are rejoicing over the three hundred dollars which the "Hub" has contributed to this enterprise.

Colonel John Hay's "Pike County Ballads and Other Poems" has received an enthusiastic welcome by the English public. Fortunately, Colonel Hay's book appeared simultaneously with his appointment as United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James. His daughter, Miss Helen Hay, contributes a sonnet, "Days to Come," to the May *Century*.

The next number in the Scribner's "Great Educator's Series" will be on "Thomas and Matthew Arnold and Education in England." The author is Sir Joshua Fitch,

an intimate friend of Matthew Arnold. Thomas Arnold, though not so well known as his brother, has led an active and useful life, and is now seventy years of age. He once held an educational position in Tasmania, where he married the Governor's daughter. His oldest daughter was born in 1851 and is now Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

Edward Bellamy has just completed his "Equality," a successor to "Looking Backward." The book is a romance of the twentieth century and the characters are the same as those in Mr. Bellamy's former work. However, the publishers claim that "Equality" is larger and more comprehensive than any of Mr. Bellamy's writings, and consequently expect a large sale.

The Harpers are soon to publish in book form John Kendrick Bangs' "Pursuit of the House-Boat," the sequel to his "House-Boat on the Styx," which has appeared as a serial in *Harper's Weekly*. Richard Harding Davis' "Soldiers' Fortune" will be published by the Scribners. The Macmillan Company has at last issued that long-delayed novel of James Lane Allen, "The Choir Invisible." Another contribution to Southern literature will be by Thomas Nelson Page, who is at present at work upon a work longer than any he has hitherto written.

Apropos of the large number of books being issued by American publishing companies, we quote the following from M. Brunetiere, the eminent French critic, who has recently lectured at Johns Hopkins: "I believe that the effect of democracy on literature is going to be very good. It is not good yet. I only say it will be some time. Just now your literature is very crude; it descends too much to the level of an unrefined body of readers; but when your public is educated the literature will be the better for being democratic, for it will escape the sidetracks, the dilettanteism, the more rhetorical ornament, that usually

encumber it where it is the product and the expression of a class. It differs in this from the other arts, like painting, which even at their best are something apart from the people, representing ideas which they do not have, while literature should take subjects of importance to the whole nation; it should express broad social conditions, and so touch everybody."

## REVIEWS.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. By James Lane Allen. (New York: The Macmillan Company 1897. Pp. 361).

Any book from the author of *The Kentucky Cardinal* is well introduced. There is a refinement of style, a grace of illustration, and an elevation of purpose about this gentleman's work that is distinctive in American fiction. In spite of a recent tendency to an immoral kind of realism the popular taste, other things being equal, still prefers fiction that deals with chaste and innocent life. Nothing proves this more clearly than the avidity with which the stories by Mr. Allen have been taken by the public. To be sure one does not find much of a plot in them; yet life normally is not much of a plot. But one does find sound human nature, not angelic enough to be unnatural and still ideal enough to be beautiful. The characters are relieved of excessive saintliness by continual gleams of temper and by other human frailties, and still they stand for lofty principles that appeal to our higher nature.

The scene of *The Choir Invisible* is artistically chosen. It is laid in Kentucky in 1795. In the background are the "Long Hunters," the Salt Licks, the Buffalo Trails, Boone, Kennon, and Clark, the Indian raids, and all else that goes to make up the fascination of the "Winning of the West." Relieving the present are the questions of the navigation of the Mississippi and the dark threats of secession from the Union. While one reads his mind continually runs down the future following up the early traits of character that have since then given a peculiar cast to Kentucky life. The treatment is, for the most part, up to the author's best style. There is the same humor, refinement, and grace, the same healthy spirit of sensuous beauty, the same love of nature, and the same ideal manhood and womanhood that have characterized the author's previous works. In this respect the book is a success.

The close of a story is a matter of great importance. To bring *The Choir Invisible* to a close must have had special difficulties. The heroine, who loves, and is loved by, the hero, is a married woman, pining for her more cultured home in the East. It would be easy enough to kill the husband and marry the hero and the heroine; but it would be very commonplace. The author does indeed kill the husband, but he leaves the two lovers still

apart and brings them down to old age softened and sweetened by a higher love that has never known the disillusion of the trials of married life. In doing so he has striven for a high ideal. Perhaps the majority of his readers will say that he has not attained it. Certainly the person of a prosaic turn will regret that the curtain does not fall on a scene of wedded bliss in which the shadows of great trials are forgotten by the enraptured pair.

"FUGITIVE LIVES." By Henry Jerome Stockard. Putnam & Sons. New York. Price $1.00.

The appearance of this volume of poems by a writer who is a native of North Carolina, and until recently a citizen of the State very naturally renews interest in the author. Mr. Stockard was born in Alamance County, N. C., Sept. 15, 1858. His father, James Gibbs Stockard was a Methodist Minister. Mr. Stockard began teaching while young. For a number of years he taught in what is now called Elon College, but afterwards moved to Graham where he taught for some time. In 1892, he was elected Instructor of English in the University of North Carolina, but remained there for only one year. He became Principal of Monroe High School, and continued in that position until he was elected Professor of English in Fredericksburg College, Va. in 1896. Mr. Stockard has been for several years a frequent contributor to magazines. The greater part of his poems have appeared in the *Century*, but he has also contributed to the *Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey*, *Peterson*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Youth's Companion*, etc. Many of the poems reprinted in *Fugitive Lives* have already appeared in the periodicals mentioned above.

The author has devoted his time largely to the writing of sonnets and it is in this field that he has achieved his greatest success. His works have received much favorable comment. The poems give evidence of poetic genius.

An idea of his style may be gathered from the following short poems:

"THE HAND THAT BINDS THE STAR."

The hand that binds the star
  In its far centre and around it rolls,
Through space it, worlds, with never halt nor jar
  No less my steps controls.

That same unfailing Hand
  Hath lead me forth from still eternity
'Twill guide me around through star-vistas, and
  I follow trustingly.

Probably one of his best is the short one on Shakespeare.

He heard the voice that spoke and, unafraid,
  Beheld at dawning of primeval light
  The systems flame to being, move in flight
Unmeasured, unimagined, and unstayed,

He stood at natures' evening and surveyed
  Dissolute worlds,—saw uncreated night
  About the universe's depth and height
Slowly and silently forever laid.

Down the pale crevices of death he trod,
And trembling gazed on scenes of hate that chilled
His blood, and for a breath his pulses stilled,—
When clouds from sun-bright shores a moment rolled
And blinded glimpsed he one with thunder shod,
Crowned with the stars, and with the morning stoled!

THE ARCHIVE has had occasion before to speak in high terms of the literary work of Mr. Stockard, especially in the illustrated literary number of March 1896. For this reason a critical review of his works will not be attempted in this issue.

The author prefers that all North Carolina subscribers send to him direct at Fredericksburg, Va., instead of the publishers.

THE ARCHIVE commends *Fugitive Lives* to all lovers of poetry, and hopes that we have not received our last volume of his works.

# Editor's Table.

P. V. ANDERSON, - - - - - - - - - - MANAGER.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* for April is a good number and contains much interesting matter. The fiction of this issue is especially good. The article, "A Sip of Ether," is quite a weird story and shows that the writer has a talent for fiction, which he should cultivate. The poem, "In Ole Tennessee," is also good, and the negro dialect is the best we have seen in some time. The type of negro represented in this poem is fast passing away and he will soon be known only in the verse and prose which describe his life and habits. He is essentially a part of the old South; a loyal, faithful servant, and his loss will be mourned by every true Southerner who appreciates the faithful service rendered by him when our homes were unprotected and in distress. Perhaps the only adverse criticism we would venture against this issue, is that there is rather too much fiction and not enough solid matter. Fiction is good in its place, but we think it should not occupy the whole literary department of a college magazine.

The *College Message* of Greensboro Female College is before us. With this issue the *Message* closes volume seven. The editors are to be congratulated on the high standard of their magazine, which they have so well maintained through the past year. If the past is any guarantee for the future, we predict that the next year will be even more successful than the past. "A History of the Private and Church Schools and Colleges of North Carolina," by Prof. Chas. F. Raper, will be published by the *Message* next year. The editors are fortunate in obtaining this work.

The *Davidson Monthly* for April contains much that is interesting. The articles are well written and if there were a little more solid matter, we could find no fault with this issue. We notice in the Editorial department that Davidson has organized an Historical Society. This is an excellent way to study History and we wish all our State colleges would organize Historical Societies, and in this way try to make the youth of North Carolina familiar with their State history. Davidson is in the centre of historic associations and we see no reason why her society should not flourish.

The *Wake Forest Student* is one of the best magazines received by the Table. It is always full of interesting matter. The May number is up to the usual standard and contains many interesting articles. The fiction of this issue is especially good and the editorials are strong and well written.

The *Criterion*, Vol. I, No. 1, is before us. It presents quite a neat appearance, but there is a serious lack of contributions. This is the first issue, though, and we hope to see this magazine soon take its place among our best exchanges.

The *State Normal Magazine* (N. C.) is one of the best magazines received by the Table. All its departments are well filled and show careful work. Its editorials are especially well written and show good thought, and "College News" is free from the frivolity which is generally seen in this department of some of our exchanges.

The April number of the *Hendrix Mirror* contains a well written article on "Civil Service Commission and Its Votaries." The editorials are also strong and thoughtful. As a whole, though, this issue is rather dull and we think it would be well to put in at least one story to give some

life to the magazine. A magazine should contain both that which will entertain and that which will instruct.

The *Richmond College Message* for April is not up to its usual high standard. The article, "The Grecian Law-Giver," is well written, but the writer brings out no new facts. He simply gives a rehash of the material found in almost all school histories which treat of their period of Greek history. The alumni notes are good and the "Recollections of an Old Boy" is quite an interesting article.

The literary department of the *Wofford College Journal* is well filled. Perhaps the best article in this issue is "Hawthorne as a Novelist."

A LETTER.

From that far land, of which I often spake
When I was with you, where the summer breeze
Comes all a-dream, and drowses through the trees,
That nod their heads in sleep; the grasses make
A little rustling, and the flowers wake
And lift up heavy blossoms, and the bees
Sing them again to sleep; but the old sweet ease
Is gone. O Love! I pine for your dear sake.

For you have been the spirit that awoke
My slumbering fancy, the sweet voice that broke
The siren's spell, and lilted on beneath
The burning stars that night I met you. From
This summer-wealth of beauty all aneath
I write; but soon, O Love, I come, I come!

—*C. P. W. in Vanderbilt Observer.*

Whatever trials Adam had
No one could make him sore
By saying when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."

And Cain and Abel's little hearts
No doubt beat wild with joy,
Because the old man couldn't tell
What he did when a boy.

—*Exchange.*

## THE SENIOR.

Culture's most potent and striking invention,
  Gazed at with wonder, accosted with awe—
Lo, his light bearing, his kind condescension:
  Ah, such a being the ages ne'er saw!

Erudite lingo, profuse information,
  Flows in a stream from those exquisite lips;
Nature and art in complete combination,
  Working along without catches or slips.

Hasten not, Fortune, thy rude undeceiving,
  Keep him in ignorance yet for a day;
Soon shall come anguish and sorrow and grieving,
  Gnashing of molars and blackeat dismay,
Soon shall he find to his deep consternation,
  Soon shall those optics in agony see,
Scattered in numbers all over creation,
  Others as wise and polished as he.

—*House, 1900, in Miami Student.*

## MY CHOICE.

Now-a-days things go by doubles;
  Rowboats, sofas, the canoe,
Hammocks, dog-carts, all such things,
  And bicycles are built for two.

But for these if you have praises,
  Waste them on some oteer man.
My devotion I pledge to thee
  Muff run on the partner plan.

—*Dartmouth Monthly.*

There's meter, spondaic, dactylic,
  There's meter for style and for tone,
But the meter that's far more idyllic
  Is the meter by moonlight alone.—*Ex.*

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